THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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FLORA AND FAUNA

He Tells Me Later That Modern Surgery Has Achieved Downright Miracles, and What Fine Eyes Miss Thompson Has

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MA PETTENGILL paused in a process that she would call shucking the evening mail and conferred upon me the spicy items that Flora would grow up to be a stepper if not killed by violence in the meantime; that her brother Fauna, a hard-boiled brat of nine, would likely be soon put away in some good reform school, though gifted with a low animal cunning that might keep him free till he reached a ripe penitentiary age. This was rain from a clear sky. No names had been mentioned. I had merely remarked that since my last visit she must have suffered a loss by fire.

Taking a new trail that day from the creek bottom up to the ranch house, I had passed the site of what used to be known as Bunk House No. 1. Nothing remained of it but the blackened foundation timbers. The loss had been total and the holocaust recent. Various charred remnants of furniture and bedding made it seem that the place must have been occupied at the time of its destruction. There was even a suggestion of drama in the head and torso of a doll lying amid the ruins, staring fixedly skyward from eyes that had proved invincible. I had mentioned my discovery only to evoke the character etchings of an unknown, an unsuspected Flora and Fauna. Was here, perchance, one of those fragments of Arrowhead legendry that are so often my refreshment?

I played the waiting game and won. Ma Pettengill was now absorbed in the shucked mail; indignantly absorbed, for it familiarly appeared that the cattle business was nothing to engage the energies of one above the level of a witling. She looked up at me from what proved to be a chilling statement from her bank. She glared, indeed, over the tops of her glasses. Then she rumbled as follows: "Every day in every way, I grow debter and debter." I let it pass, while with eloquently moving lips she added and subtracted the various sums attesting her penury. Presently a just perceptible ray of hope lightened her gloom. She had evidently figured to some result unexpected and faintly promising solvency for perhaps another ten days. She thrust the trouble from her to the back of her desk, seemed to shrug the memory of it from her stout shoulders, briskly made a cigarette and said it was true she hadn't had to go on the county, though not boasting of it yet. Of course, if beef prices didn't look up, even this would be something to brag of. And about the burned cabin —— She thumbed a match into flame and drew with gusto on the new cigarette.

"Of course the old shack was no great loss. The wind had picked it up and looked it over half a dozen times—been any good it would of took it along. And the women and children was saved."

"I noticed the remains of a doll ——"

"Flora's doll. She called it Adeline. One of them that squeal when pressed. I tried to break that squeal, but I couldn't get in where it was without tearing its chest to pieces. Flora first slept on a cot in my room, and she had to have Adeline there, and she was a turner and a roller; and every time she turned or rolled over on the doll it would squeal, and I'd be waked out of my good sleep about six times per night. No wonder I was glad when she went to have her welfare took up in the cabin. I bet that doll will still squeal if you go down and tromp on its stomach."

I said post-mortems were gruesome even when necessary, and this would be but morbid curiosity; besides, the evening waned. Tomorrow, perhaps. Meantime——

"Meantime," said the lady, relaxing in her favorite chair before the fire, "ever notice how this generation of grown-ups has gone silly over the child? The young of the human species is sure getting noticed.

"Look at the advertising in them magazines on the table. When I begun to take magazines they advertised a sewing machine and a patent clothes washer and mebbe something to restore the hair to its natural color. And now it's nothing much but schools for the young. Of course, there's a page or two about how to acquire a magnetic personality, or how to remember this here Addison Simms of Seattle on sight—say, I'll bet that man is a pest in his own home—or how to be a bank president, short hours, big pay, and so forth.

"But the other pages give schools for the little ones of both sexes, where they can have their welfare took up seriously and their personalities built and can learn self-discovery and self-direction and corrective gymnastics and foreign tongues and prob'ly reading and writing, though it don't say so. And they're for all ages. As soon as an infant is weaned, which seems to take about thirty minutes nowadays, it can be sent off to a personally looked-after school in a pure health-giving climate, where it can form good habits and get close to Nature and religion and outdoor sports and learn interior decorating, oratory, agriculture and basket weaving, and the fond parents don't have to look on its face again till it comes out of college twenty years later, because as soon as the school has a vacation the summer camps, that take up the rest of the magazine, open their doors to teach high diving and tree climbing and the use of wild animals, and how to stand up on a horse while the photo is took for the advertisement. This gives the parents leisure to think about the worthwhile things of life, even if they don't form more than a bowing acquaintance with their get.

"Then if parents ain't got the means to get shut of their offspring the year round, there's magazines to tell 'em how to culture the child even if they do have to keep it in a mere home. Here's one."

She reached for a magazine and held it up, its cover in three colors showing a tiny tot having its bath—The Earnest Mothers' Helper.

"It was left here by Mrs. Genevieve Pratt, that wanted me to subscribe for it at only three dollars a year. It's the easiest three dollars I ever saved. In my time directed play for the boy was bringing in stove wood, and for the girl helping ma with the dishes. The little ones hadn't begun to have psychology yet, though nowadays I understand there's severe cases of it developed as early as six months, and no one had found out that they had personalities to build.

"They lived along with the family, being more or less coddled and cosseted, though licked in a sane proportion, and was raised by hand. Now they seem to be heaved or hoisted up by trained strangers or directions from these three-dollar magazines.

"I don't know—mebbe we're getting wiser about children, finding out about their adenoids and complexes and such; but then again, these new methods is certainly producing young ones that get viewed with alarm. Ain't someone writing to the papers every day that the young of both sexes is on the skids for the bad place and disclosing things about their night life that—well, it often leaves me with goose flesh, and I'm no sensitive plant. You get the general idea that girls are made to promise nowadays that they won't smoke nor drink before they're fifteen. I don't know. I really don't."

I Smiled From the Teeth Out and Said, Yes, Yes, How Wonderful, Thinking She Was Only a Woman Talking Before a Man for Effect

As this pitiful confession of ignorance seemed to end the lecture, I again sounded for Flora and Fauna.

"I'm coming to that," said the lady. Forthwith she did.

The father of them two is Professor Virgil Dorcy, and he's a widower and principal of the Red Gap High School, a nervous little man of very thoughtful habits who pretends that children ought to have a free rein, so his own won't bother him none. He's one of the defenseless kind that makes every woman want to be his indulgent mother. He made me feel that way. Last spring I was in town when school let out, and he tells me he's all run down and looking for some quiet spot in the great outdoors where he can rest close to Nature and win him back the vim needed for next school year. He certainly looks ailing and neglected, with his long pale face and long pale hair that needed roaching, and his nerves jazzed till he can't look you in the eye for three seconds without glancing away quick and tightening up to dodge something that ain't there.

He'd of appealed to the mother in any woman that had both feet on solid ground. So me, the old softy, I slopped over and said why not come up here for his vacation. I said we was entirely surrounded by the great outdoors, with Nature simply reaching for you on every hand; the food was plain but plenty, lots of sound-backed saddle horses and a trout stream with dense centers of population that was easy discovered.

He brightened and wanted to know was there also butterflies. I said we grazed a large herd from which the common stuff had been culled till only pure-breds was left; and, further, I was sending East for a yellow-winged bull with blue polka dots that was pedigreed a mile and would be sure to give us something still fancier. This seemed to go just over him, but he said it was rarely thoughtful of me, and he might accept the invitation, not alone on his own account but for the sake of his motherless babes, who, perhaps, needed peaceful surroundings more than himself. He said he was teaching 'em to be self-directing in their growth, allowing the fullest play of their budding instincts so they could come into their true individualities with no opposition, and so forth—only in the Red Gap public schools this theory was not yet fully valued, and his little ones, and even himself, had been harshly criticized at times by folks that wasn't up in modern child culture.

I got a slight chill listening to his last verse. I'd forgot his kids when I asked him up. I like a peaceful life myself at odd moments, and this free-budding-instinct stuff didn't sound winning. I'd noticed such talk before in two or three people that make up a theory about child culture to fit their not having the pep nor the public spirit to give their offspring its severe needings from time to time. But I couldn't welsh, so I said the kids, too, would be welcome and would prob'ly find many innocent sports to while away the summer days. See this new patch of white in my mane? It hardly showed a bit gray when I uttered them laughing words.

The prof and I have this chat in the door of the Cut-Rate Pharmacy, and when we was closing the deal who should come in on the last of it but Mrs. Genevieve Pratt. Any common gypsy fortune teller could of told me right then for two bits to beware of a nice feminine-looking widow lady with arch and artful manners and two children of her own whose culture had been took up seriously. I knew it was Red Gap tea-table dirt that this dame was trying to be more than a mother to Virgil Dorcy, but I didn't know the rest of her baneful activities. I thought it was only woman's wiles when she horned into our talk and coquettishly accused the prof of wishing to desert his dearest friends. And I wasn't much startled when she said, oh, how darlingly perfect it would be if only their Earnest Mothers' Circle could make my place on their summer outing with the little boy and girl persons! What a treat it would be for these town younglings to penetrate the vast woodsy silences close to Nature's pulsing heart, where they would be hourly reminded that their bodies was God's little temples!

I admit I forced a kind of a throaty laugh at the jolly idea, not having the manhood nor the foresight to tell her she'd be jailed if she tried any such outrage. I smiled from the teeth out and said, yes, yes, how wonderful, thinking she was only a woman talking before a man for effect, the way God's noblest women will, and that ten minutes later she'd be thinking of something else. I hadn't then heard of the Earnest Mothers' Circle—didn't know that children have psychology before their voice changes, and certainly did not know Genevieve Pratt's talent for pulling the outrageous.

She's a plump, bubbling little woman with fluffy light hair and a doll's face, you think at first, till you notice she has a cold, stony blue eye without a sign of human emotion in it, which makes her more doll-faced than ever, because these eyes are reg'lar doll's eyes that open and shut with a click and never change their look even if murder happens.

We parted that day, still laughing over what a good joke it would be if the Earnest Mothers' Circle should ever get earnest enough to beset me with about a dozen of God's little temples in full swing. And me muddle-headed enough to forget the idle threat of a woman trying to show off and being only a little scared by the prof's self-directing progeny. He said he wished 'em to develop initiative. They did.

In a couple of weeks along he comes with the motherless pair. He turns 'em loose on the range, no halters, hobbles, sidelines, no nothing, and puts 'em thoroughly out of his mind except at mealtimes, when their self-direction with different foods is likely to claim the notice of all beholders. But even here he don't try to correct their habits. And between meals he devotes himself to butterflies and the better-class insects. He did try fishing once, but come back with two trout so small they couldn't of

learned to swim good, and was probably weak-minded to boot. Butterflies was his long suit. When he wasn't hitting the butterfly trail he'd be talking about the complex-inhibited conflict between the child's primitive wish-feelings and organized society, or some such truck that would be symbolical and peculiar in every way.

The kids was just a pair of ordinary heathens the first couple of days, till they got it through their heads that there wasn't a policeman within thirty miles. I could see 'em giving me steely cold looks, trying to measure up how strong I was organized against this primitive wish-feeling stuff. They had gimlet eyes you couldn't deceive, too. They decided rightly, after a couple of looks and a little bland conversation, that I was one who simply would not let self-directed intellects do any budding whatsoever in the house, but that outside they could wild up to any reasonable extent.

Flora was seven, and had an angel face with golden curls that would keep most folks from guessing her moral infirmities. Clifford was nine, and had a legible face that wouldn't of fooled anyone but his father, who seldom looked at it. Clifford was plain outlaw, poison hostile from the feet up.

After they got me sized up right they behaved in the house like a couple of slinky wild animals that know they'll be shot at the first false move, but outside they curbed no instincts. They roved and ranged, strayed and straggled. If they made a noise, yelling, howling, bawling, you'd know it was innocent merrymaking. But any time they kept still you knew it was some depraved enterprise like setting a steel trap that would catch the dog, or chasing the cat so high up a tree it wouldn't dast climb down, or pecking rocks at the barn swallows' nests, or trying to ride some colt that had never been set on, or pretending the hens was bisons to be shot with a bow and arrow, or seeing would anyone break a leg when they tripped over a wire stretched across the path, or ringing the Chink's dinner bell at odd times and yelling fire, or bringing live frogs to the table. That was about the first day's program, with mebbe a few numbers I've forgot.

The prof got little of the entertainment, nothing to disturb him. He said at the supper table how delighted he was that they had found a place where they could romp merrily without exciting narrow-minded criticism; and went on to say that children had wondrous possibilities, and if anyone threw a newborn babe into the water it would swim the same as a duck. The children wanted to know why he hadn't pushed them in, because they couldn't swim even yet; but he was talking about something else symbolical or scientific by that time.

The second day Flora picked a beautiful bouquet of poison ivy that took a lot from her witchery after it got going good, and brother gets out that star-faced buckskin that would buck off a porous plaster and started to have a nice gallop over the lea. He was sore, too, that night, with a lot of skin off and a sprained wrist; but I was as philosophic about 'em as the prof this time. They'd been told about the poison ivy, and not to get gay with horses. But neither of 'em was cast down a bit. Brother wanted to know why I kept a dog that would bite children in the leg; why didn't I sell him and buy a tame dog; and sister nearly drove me crazy wanting to know a riddle that the answer of was "A white horse." She'd forgot the riddle, but knew the answer. And then brother wanted to know if you could shoot a sheriff, because he'd seen it done in the films, but didn't hardly believe it; and sister asked if she climbed a tree one hundred feet high would they have to get her down with a ladder or an airplane, and if I was a real cowboy, why did I put on a dress like ladies when I come in at night. I finally got to sleep while she was telling me how she would love to go down on the floor of the main ocean and catch fish. She said you could use a pincher pick to catch 'em with, and that after she learned to swim this would be her favorite pleasure. I slept till the first time she rolled over on Adeline.

But they was so bright and well-behaved at breakfast next morning that I got as weak-minded as an earnest mother and said I'd give 'em a nice safe horse to ride, thinking it might keep 'em out of some unlawful iniquity. I had old Dandy Jim caught up and saddled. He's fat and lazy, having been retired on a pension at the age of twenty-five; but to these two he looked like a bounding steed of the prairies, and when I left they was taking turns trying to scare him out of a walk. After I'd gone they found a couple of poles that would do for spears and had a Wild West show. Flora said they was good spears and would stick into a hostile person first rate, and she had nearly rammed brother's right eye through his head. She told her father she had done it because brother was a cruel Indian that had scalped her child in the Far West, and father merely said how sincere the child mind was in its instinctive dramatics, they being true artists on account of having no self-consciousness.

And they'd been artists in another event. Down on the creek flat they found a coyote that had been poisoned about two weeks before and brought it up here, pretending they was returning from the hunt. The Chink out there ain't especially sensitive, but he was getting ready to tear out the kitchen sink when I come in that night, thinking something unfortunate had happened to the drain pipes. But I snooped—and I ain't any bird dog, either—and was no time at all locating the infamy. It was under the front porch, where it was going to be kept as a plaything from time to time. It wasn't. Flora was nice enough about it. She said she'd knew I mightn't want it in the house, because it had not been alive for too long; but she hadn't thought I'd mind it under the porch. But brother was right sullen when his treasure was took off. He said what was the good of finding things if you couldn't keep 'em.

Next day they put on a movie show by robbing the bunk house of some chaps and spurs and a couple of loaded forty-fours. It seemed brother wanted to keep both of 'em and be Two-Gun Gus or someone and rescue sister from a band of train robbers; but sister wouldn't have it. She said give her one of the guns and she'd rescue herself. So they wrangled over this till one of the things went off. There's the hole still in that front window, and the bullet went clear through to the Chink's room, where it busted one of his best devil charms.

I don't know how they fired twelve shots that day without some human or animal being all ruined up. A spent bullet pinged into the gatepost just as I let myself into the yard that night, and I ducked behind a tree while two more shots was fired. I didn't come out, either, till I heard the prof rebuking the mischiefs. He'd had the narrowest escape. Coming up that cabin trail with his daily mess of butterflies, he'd got the last bullet neatly through his straw hat. A couple inches lower and he'd of had his last say about child culture. But, of course, them guns are heavy, and childish hands can't hardly hold 'em from overshooting. I cheered the prof with this information.

It was Flora nearly got her pa, and she explained it was entirely an accident. She was keeping this last bullet for herself because she was besieged by red devils and must shoot herself to escape a fate worse than death. So she said. And she'd got nervous with her trigger finger. Ain't it grand how the movies teach what young children ought to know? And the prof was right severe with me for leaving loaded firearms where the exploring intellects of the young would be sure to wonder about their uses and so be led to experiments that might prove calamitous. He was poking a finger through the hole in his hat when he said this. I stayed meek and said it wouldn't happen again, and that was another day. I was getting right jumpy by this time if I heard a scream or a fall or caught a threatening smell.

All weapons was under lock and key next day, so no one was shot. They only got sick. They still played movies only now they was Arabs living far off in the Sahara Desert in a tent made from two of my real linen sheets they'd found at the bottom of a chest. They still had the horse, so the he Arab would ride off into the sandy waste to hunt gazelles and mebbe come back with one that looked much like a chicken, or they'd go round to the kitchen and stick up the Chink for provisions, both being food weevils, and the Chink never argued any after the shots of the day before. He handed out what was called for. This he Arab was the Sword of Islam, he said, and the other one he'd captured from a caravan and brought to his desert home. He had a towel round his head, and wore my best silk kimono with the belt stuck full of carving knives and such. He'd found the kimono in a closet, after finding the key to the closet under a pincushion.

Still, it wasn't such a festal day, because in a sideboard drawer that he found the key of on the clock shelf he found a box half full of cigars that was left here by someone, and him and sister had smoked themselves pallid and empty by the time the blessed children's hour come round. Sister was a hollow and shocking sight, and the Sword of Islam had been ravaged a whole lot and neither of 'em wanted supper. When you got the two together they smelled like a cheap saloon late Saturday night.

The prof said he'd never made the common mistake of forbidding his little ones to smoke, but had merely asked 'em not to indulge in the habit by stealth. They both said they'd never again touch tobacco. It seemed to distress 'em even to think of it. The prof said this showed how wise it was to let the exploring minds find out things in their own way. So next day I locked

They Decided That I Was One Who Would Not Let Self-Directed Intellects Do Any Budding Whatsoever in the House, But That Outside They Could Wild Up

(Continued on Page 42)

Highboy Rings Down the Curtain

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HELEN OF TROY, out of Suydam Queen, was a high-stepping mare, one of the best tandem leaders that ever sidled out for a turn, and she was killed by an overdose of the joy of life. Bimbo, the stable trainer, was to blame; but only in part. Going back to the true source of cause and effect, it was her genial owner, familiarly known as Kindly Crewe, who was at fault, because he had been away for three weeks and because the last thing he had said to Bimbo was "Keep your hands off Helen; I like her full of oats."

She had grown so full of oats in that short space of time that in trying to race them out of her system in the Lower Paddock she took a header over the fence, breaking one slim ankle and her neck. It was small comfort to say that no horse had ever before done such a fool thing, and that if the mare had so little sense as to try to stop a twenty-mile pace in three yards rather than jump a four-barred barrier, she deserved her fate. No; there was no comfort whatever in putting the blame on Helen of Troy, darling of the stable and of her master's heart.

On the day that Kindly was to return Bimbo took a twenty-four-hour leave by assault. He told Mrs. Crewe that he would rather spend the rest of his life mucking out the stalls of the Grady Short Haul Trucking Corporation than be on the place when the master came back; and, as to performing the feat of actually breaking the news to him, why, he'd rather run at the fence the way Helen did and break his own bally neck.

Staring at Bimbo's corpulent figure, Mrs. Crewe did not smile; she trembled. She wished she, too, could run away, and then thought for one cowardly moment of sending a telegram which would catch Kindly as he came through town. Promptly she put the impulse behind her and fell back on love to help her through the ordeal with such effect that Crewe was to remember the soft, firm feel of her straining arms for the rest of his days with a sort of adoring wonder. It was not Mrs. Crewe but Kindly himself who spoke first after the blow of the news was struck, and then only to comfort:

"Buck up, Nelly girl. Don't take it so much to heart, my dear."

That was all he ever said in regard to the death of Helen of Troy. He braced his shoulders and went calmly about his business, but not his pleasure. In person, he was one of those young-old men whose spines have been ramrod trained in the saddle and on the box seat, and who paint their cheeks with the brush of the keen morning breezes of autumn. Florid, you might have called him; tousled of hair shot with gray, bulky, but with the kindliness which had nicknamed him radiating from his eyes and face in a benign and perpetual glow.

He and Nelly had no living children. He loved Nelly—and horses; she loved him.

Horses had been his sole pleasure, but with the tragic death of his adored mare the love of a lifetime seemed to shrivel within him, and let no man wonder. For a blue-ribbon tandem leader is a rare thing. Leaders can and have been made; but such are mediocre. Your true leader—a rhythm of lovely flesh, slender bone and taut nerves, that beats the signal of the slip of the rein and the caress of the tossed lash at a turn with an instinct sympathy which makes horse and master one heart, one pulse and one understanding love—is never made, but born.

Such had been Helen of Troy. Watch Kindly Crewe bringing his team along at a spanking trot, shoulders squared, arms out, whip at the salute and Helen in the lead. See the ripple and the spring of her glossy body, the red glow of her wide nostrils, the forward prick of her nervous ears and the wise flashing of her noble eye.

"B-r-r-r-u! Ho, my pretty! Up with your knees! Swing wide! Swing wide! See the people stare! Out you go for the turn, girlie! Cluck! Cluck!"

Was that the song that was ringing in Kindly's ears, making him deaf to all other calls? No harsh word escaped him, and he uttered no breath of reproach against Fate or Bimbo, and least of all against Helen of Troy. He was still the kindliest of men, but it was cruel to see the way he turned his back on the paddocks and the stables and crueler still to watch the withering of his youth. Golf! Bridge! How pitifully ineffectual were his mind and hands, so adept at a grander game!

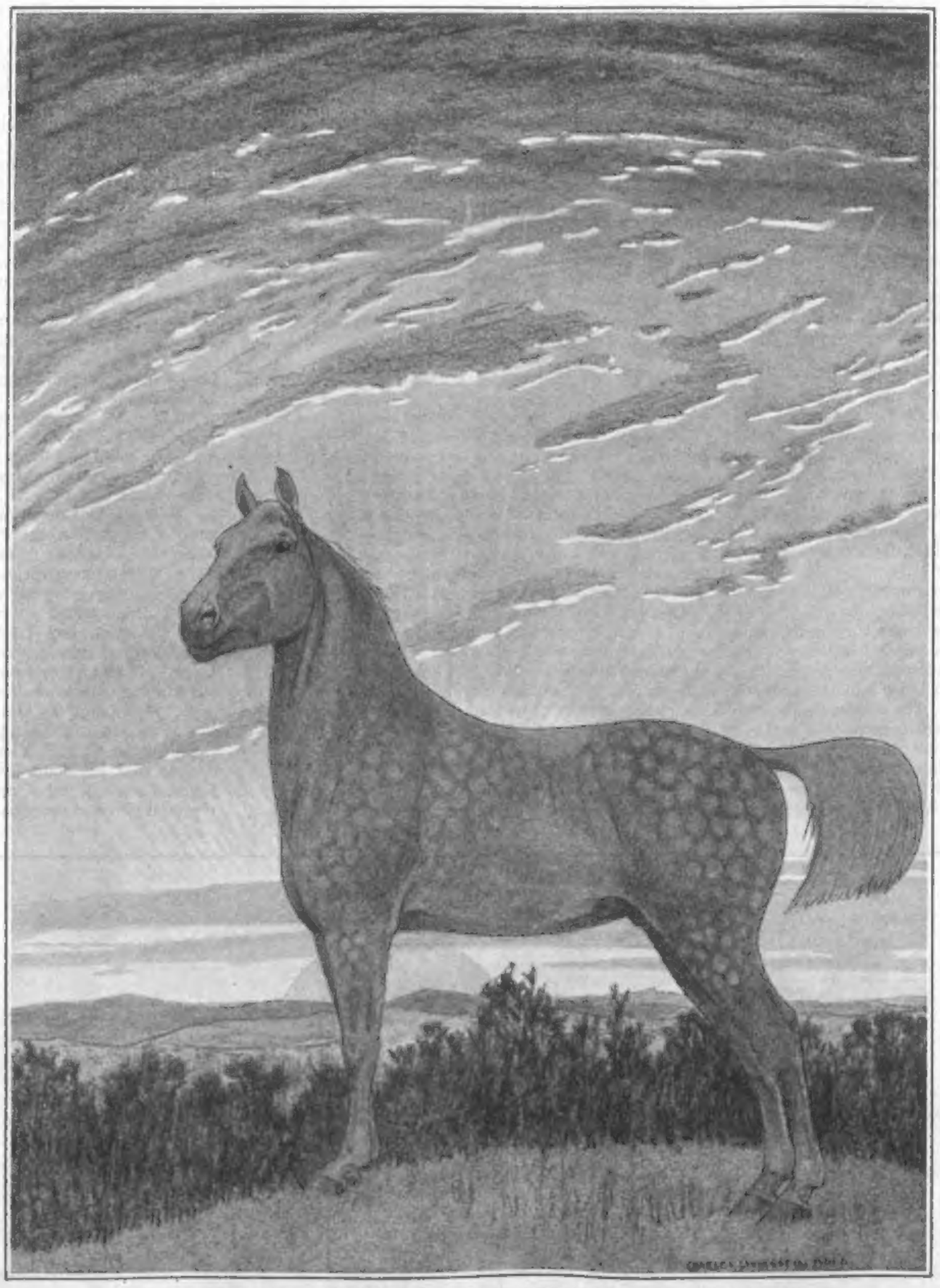
And that was not the worst of it. His cheeks grew pouchy, his shoulders drooped and his big chest looked as if it were beginning to cave in. He would start to go somewhere and then stop, as though, after all, it were not worth while. Even in town, in the executive offices of F. S. & K. D. Crewe, his eyes would suddenly quit work, but stay wide open, so that they gave his secretary the creeps.

Mrs. Crewe was at her wits' ends to know what to do, for a mood is not like a single moment of sorrow. It is continuous, intangible, something that cannot be surrounded by two arms.

Bimbo had run away, leaving to her the whole burden of breaking the terrible news, and she had handled the crisis magnificently. Now he felt that it was his turn. He knew horses and he knew his master. He knew just what was the matter with Kindly and he knew the only cure. A man's love for a woman is one thing—an individual loyalty; his love for horses is quite another. Your true horseman may have a great affection for a special pet, but what he loves and reveres from deep down in his being is not a horse but horseflesh—horseflesh as a temple of noble qualities, of endearing foibles, of an astonishing capacity for understanding and coöperation, and alas, for going to the bad. Horses have all the great traits of man and a few of the mean ones; courage, strength, loyalty, fortitude, and a kick below the belt for an enemy. They are more knowable and scarcely less lovable than women. Comfort does not depend in any one of them, but in all. These things Bimbo knew thoroughly, however far short he might have fallen of expressing them in words.

He mooned about the stables, sat on the top rails of the Upper and Lower Paddocks and stood for hours watching the Crewe string put through their paces at the end of a longe or hitched to the drag or a sulky. If there was an answer to Kindly's trouble, and his own, it was nuzzling its oats, rollicking on the fallow turf or trotting up and down before his eyes, if only he had the shrewdness to see it. He did not deceive himself for a moment with the thought that he might go outside for something to take the place of Helen of Troy. He knew instinctively that though Kindly's cure lay in a horse, it would be hopeless to attempt to force his purse in order to salve his heart. Spontaneity, surprise, joy in possession of an undreamed treasure—all these must Bimbo wrest from the gods that his intuition might come to full fruition.

And here was horseflesh in plenty. He began at the bottom. The two colts and the filly came in for first consideration, but they were too young; they represented



A Form, Silhouetted Against the Evening Sky on a Near-by Knoll, Drew His Attention

altogether too long a wait. He discarded them with a sigh, but finally. There was quite a class of two-year-olds. These he mulled over in his mind during long wakeful hours and then watched for as many more as they were paraded before him in every type of harness from the dishabille of a hackamore to silver tabs and patent-leather blinkers. But never once did his own hands itch to grasp the reins with adept touch and send a message quivering down the oldest telegraph line known to man. Then came the hacks, and last of all the coach horses.

Crewe's four-in-hand of dappled grays was famous on two sides of the Western ocean. They had carried off more blues than any one combination of horses is entitled to, if the indoor sport of showing teams in harness is to endure. They formed a close corporation which was next door to a monopoly, and would have been cordially hated had they been the property of any man less beloved than Kindly. It was with this renowned team that he was scheduled to lead the coach parade through Central Park in a last effort to bring back the days when a coach and four had the right of way in the public's heart no less than on the road.

Bimbo watched them swinging by, hitched to the drag ballasted with every stable hand that could climb aboard. He knew these horses so well—every ripple and swell of their muscles; every shade of their color, in and out of sweat; every dapple, every hair! He knew their moods and their power, their infinitesimal failings and their transcendent perfections; he knew them as a mother knows her own young. Alas, he knew them so well that, though his eyes dimmed with pride at the staccato thunder of their passing, he did not ask himself even subconsciously if there was another such as Helen of Troy among them. They were not individuals; they were a team and gloried in the fact. Hence their extraordinary collection of decorations.

There remained only the waste—the outcasts of the stable, few in number, each marked by some bar sinister of ineradicable fault either in disposition or physical ensemble.

And in Front of the Wheeler Stood Highboy, Erect on His Hind Legs and Looking as High as the Woolworth Building

These could not even be sold as from the Crewe string. They were doomed to be shipped away via the back door as soon as a nondescript auction offered the chance of an ignominious and unostentatious exit. Besides the Upper and Lower Paddocks, there was another inclosure, also a paddock, but never spoken of as such. It was called the pasture in a tone that made one think of cows. Here were penned the outcasts—the pariahs of the equine House of Crewe.

Bimbo climbed down from the perch from which he had been sampling the top of the cream in horseflesh and walked with dragging feet and lowered head toward the pasture. He walked as one without hope, but dogged in duty. Long since, he had abandoned all thought of casually picking out a winner by the exercise of sheer perspicacity and had fallen back by an unperceived transition to the ancient formula of deduction through elimination. He would not thus have named the process going on in his mind as he scuffed heavily along on his way to look over the despicable remnants of a great stable; he would have called it simply, passing up no bets.

He reached the gate to the pasture, folded his arms on its top bar, settled his chin on them and stared with lackluster gaze at the small bunch of blemished horses which was gathered in a hollow some distance away. At that range the most expert buyer would have been at a loss to pick and choose among them, but Bimbo needed to go no nearer. The mere sight of pastern, gaskin or hock, withers or buttock, was enough for him to reconstruct an entire tragedy. It was as he had foreseen. No glimmer of hope came to light his eyes which were rapidly turning glassy with despair. As he was turning from the gate, however, a form, silhouetted against the evening sky on a near-by knoll, drew his attention only to throw him into a rage.

The object of his wrath was a magnificent gelding, steel-gray in color and gloriously dappled with shadowy spots as big as the palm of Bimbo's hamlike hand. To visiting horsemen he was a thing of indescribable beauty until they heard his name, and then he turned ugly by association before their eyes. He was a rebel of the first water and of uncertain age, but surely no chicken. His splendid teeth, too freely shown, marked him as over four and under seven. His name was Highboy, and Bimbo hated him with a whole-hearted hatred.

(Continued on Page 54)

Oh, the Joy and the Spring and the Drive of His Stride! "I'm Highboy! Highboy! King of the Road for a Day!"

WEASEL POLITICS

By WILL PAYNE

AT THIS critical point in the game Harvard's halfback tossed the ball over to Yale and explained with a satisfied smile: "I wear the Harvard uniform because I wanted to get on the team, but I'm really playing on the other side. I bore from within."

Of course that never really happened in football, where some concepts of group loyalty still obtain. If it had happened in football, the within-borer—if he escaped lynching at the hands of outraged spectators—would have been buried under public denunciation.

It really happens only in politics, which, it seems, has now reached that extreme state of moral disintegration where a man may wear a group uniform, carry a group banner, blandly accept every advantage which group action can confer upon him, and then in a critical moment not only kick the group in the face but take great credit to himself for doing it.

Political action in a democracy must be group action. It must be party action. That is the fundamental law of its being. You and I and twenty-odd million other mere rank-and-file citizens of voting age can exert no influence upon government except by acting at the polls with some group or party.

Not only must we voters coöperate within our groups but if there is to be democratic government—majority rule—our elected representatives must also coöperate to further the general purposes of the group. Otherwise politics and government become a mere chaotic mess of independent, self-sufficient guerrilla chiefs, like government in Mexico at its worst stage of demoralization.

A Matter of Political Morality

ALL that is plain as the nose on your face. So the extreme decay of political-group morality which permits our halfback to toss the ball over to the group we voted against, and to assume a most virtuous air while doing it, is worth every voter's sober consideration, for it would finally imply that for the rank and file of mere citizens, as distinguished from professional politicians, voting is an idle pastime.

If you turn to Page 443 of the World Almanac you will find a summary of the votes cast at the last presidential election, as follows:

Republican	16,152,200
Democrat	9,147,353
Socialist	950,974
Prohibition	189,408
Farmer-Labor	265,411
Single Tax	5,837
American	47,968
Black and Tan Republican	27,247
Insurgent Republican	360
Total	26,786,758

And if you turn to the front page of almost any newspaper of November 19, 1922, you will find that insurgent Republicans now modestly propose to take the ship of state firmly by the tiller and steer it through Hocus-Pocus Pass into Kingdom Come. Looking at the national election, at which insurgent Republicans with sufficient courage of their convictions to march under their own banner polled 360 votes, and then at the announcement of November nineteenth, a mere citizen might well scratch a bewildered head and inquire "How come?"

It now transpires that directly after the election of 1920 a few senators and representatives met at Washington and organized the National Council of the People's Legislative Service, which has about as many words in its title as there were members. Senator La Follette was elected chairman. His political party had just won its most decisive indorsement from the people. Nevertheless, he now says it was a dark and baleful time, because reaction had triumphed in the election. In other words, he is one of the most conspicuous members of a party whose victory at the polls is a calamity to the nation.

A mere layman might jump to the conclusion that conscientious gentlemen who held that view of the Republican Party would at once withdraw from it and denounce it. A minister of the gospel who found himself on board a pirate ship and was free to go ashore, yet continued the voyage, drinking to the crew's good health and helping to run up the Jolly Roger, would almost certainly lay himself open to suspicion. But the National Council of the People's Legislative Service, holding the gloomiest views of the Republican Party—and of the Democratic Party—continued to claim membership in good standing in those parties, wearing their badges and taking whatever advantages accrue from party membership.

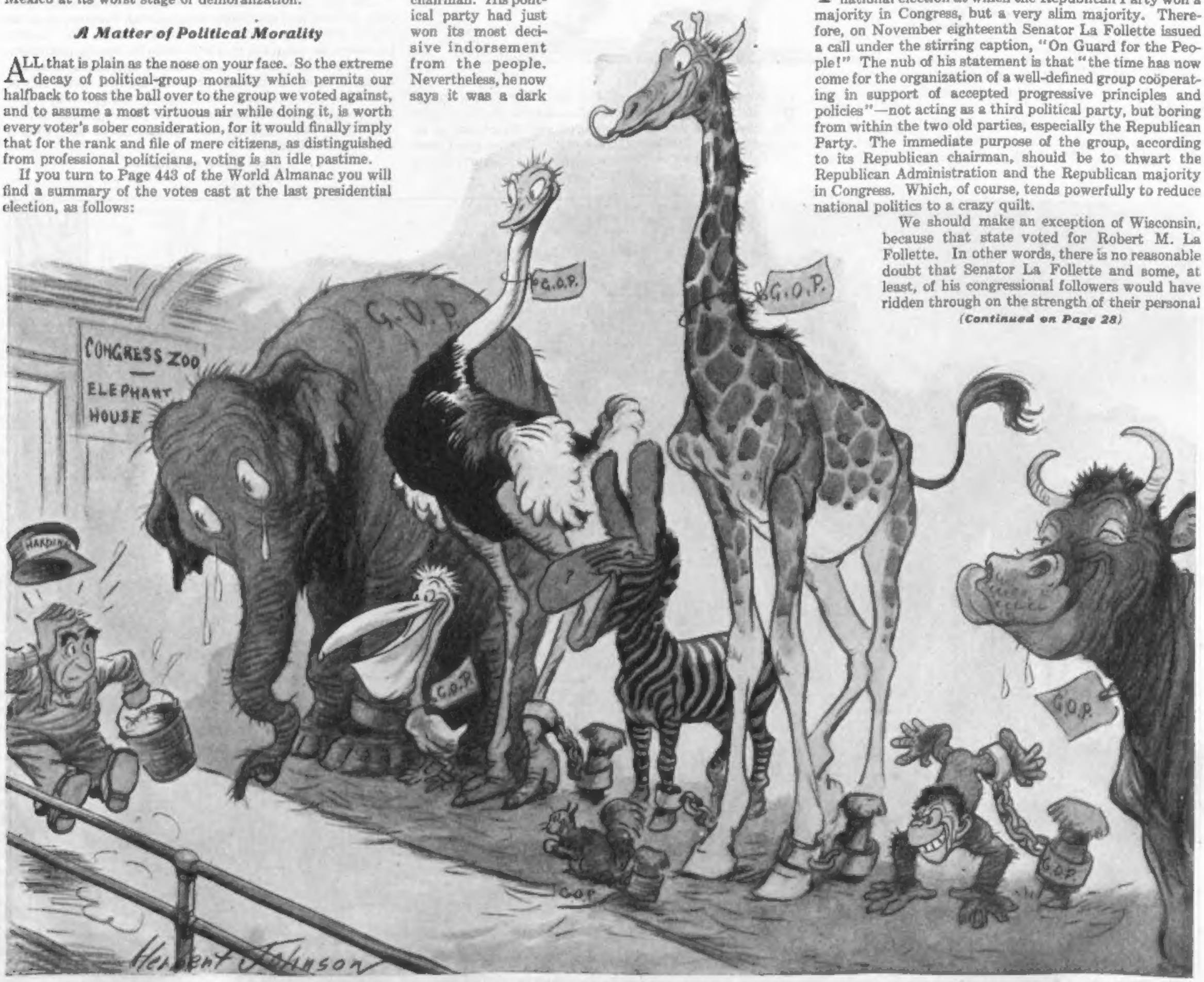
As befitted a dark time, this council was a dark organization. Its chairman now says that it saved the public from some grievous ills which reaction would otherwise have visited upon it. But with a modesty unprecedented in politics it must have done this secretly, for I am quite sure that until Senator La Follette disclosed the fact nobody knew that the People's Legislative Service was rescuing him from reaction's bloody fangs.

The Mask Thrown Off

THIS last November, you remember, there was another national election at which the Republican Party won a majority in Congress, but a very slim majority. Therefore, on November eighteenth Senator La Follette issued a call under the stirring caption, "On Guard for the People!" The nub of his statement is that "the time has now come for the organization of a well-defined group coöperating in support of accepted progressive principles and policies"—not acting as a third political party, but boring from within the two old parties, especially the Republican Party. The immediate purpose of the group, according to its Republican chairman, should be to thwart the Republican Administration and the Republican majority in Congress. Which, of course, tends powerfully to reduce national politics to a crazy quilt.

We should make an exception of Wisconsin, because that state voted for Robert M. La Follette. In other words, there is no reasonable doubt that Senator La Follette and some, at least, of his congressional followers would have ridden through on the strength of their personal

(Continued on Page 28)



Boss, Ain't This a Hell of a Bunch of Elephants?

LITTLE TOLO

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Strike ta bell, secont mate, let's go pelow,
Look vell vin'vard ant you see it's goin' ta plow;
Maype you're treamin' of home ant your gal,
All ta same yoost hurry up ant strike, strike ta pell!"

LITTLE TOLO chipped and scraped industriously at the mizzen chain plates, red-leading the iron afterwards, preparatory to painting the beautiful hull of the China clipper Challenge that glossy black which marked her one of the smartest and best-kept tea ships out of old Boston.

Little Tolo's cheery good nature was far out of all proportion to his physical stature. He whistled and sang as he monotonously chipped and scraped. There was something less than five feet of him. His head was large enough to fit a man with a foot and a half more length. He had swayed there, over the side, on a narrow plank staging, always with the hot beams of a Foochow summer sun upon him, through the long day, picked out for the very worst bit of chipping there was by Big Corny Finucane, who hated him for his cheerfulness. Big Corny was third mate by virtue of sheer beef and hardness of skull. Little Tolo, able seaman, was small enough to attract the ungentle notice of the big third mate; his unfailing good humor only served to whet the brutish appetite of the born roughneck.

Another Dawn Found the Challenge Rolling Off the Best Speed She Had Ever Made, Running Like a Scared Thing Before a Smoking Gale

Corny heard the ancient sea ditty rising from Tolo's stage and cautiously stuck his red head over the poop rail. Every other seaman had long since knocked off work and gone to supper. There was reason for Little Tolo's choice of song:

There in ta galley stands ta oli cook,
Mixin' ta duff wit' his dirty oli ——

Tolo's second stanza was suddenly cut short. Big Corny cunningly cast off the rope at one end of the stage, and Tolo, chipping tools, red lead and brush disappeared in the muddy waters of Pagoda Anchorage. The swirling bubbles took up and finished Tolo's song, while Tolo emerged several fathoms away half strangled, coughing up river mud, hailing faintly for a rope. Big Corny walked away to his own supper, grinning.

Little Tolo's teeth chattered with chill when he clambered on board by means of the stage rope. He could swim well, but knowing by bitter experience the penalty for losing any piece of the ship's gear, he had painfully swum about and dived until he recovered his pot and brush. The scraper and chipping hammer he could never hope to find in the slimy silt of the river bottom. He put the brush into a turpentine can and the pot in a locker, then changed his clothes and fished in the mess kids for cold scraps of food.

He never growled, never complained, whatever atrocity might fall to his lot in the way of a meal; but, cold to the bones after a day of broiling heat, the rank, cheerless sediment of the teakettle wrung from his patient soul a lusty whole-hearted curse.

"Tamn ant set fire to efery Boston ship!" he swore. He snatched at his head, found he had no cap on, reached into his bunk for one and slapped it violently on the deck. Then, dancing madly on the greasy, tarry, shapeless old headgear, the little Finnish seaman addressed it: "Tey vorka me up, ant they starfes me. Tamn efery Yankee ship, ant efery Yankee crew, ant efery ret-headed Irisher——"

"Hey, where's th' little felly? Send 'm up on deck, lively!"

It was the third mate himself, standing at the open scuttle above, trying to peer through the reek of after-supper pipes and a guttering slush lamp. Tolo picked up his mistreated cap, swung it on to his head, but stood there, mutinously filling his craving belly with scraps of cold salt horse and rice, willfully failing to understand that it was himself that Big Corny called for.

"C'm on, below there! Kick th' little rat up th' ladder afoore Oi c'm afther him. Tolo! 'Tis yerself Oi'm calling! Oi smell ye, far-rmer thot ye are! C'm on up and show me where ye put yer scraper an' chippin' hammer. C'm on, now!"

"'E's bin a-swearin' somethink 'orrible, Mr. Finucane," volunteered a new hand, shipped there in Foochow.

Blaggard had the earmarks of an old soldier rather than of a young sailor; all his behavior since signing on had indicated a vast hope on his part that by fawning before the mates he might win immunity from their wrath when his own nautical shortcomings became manifest at sea.

"Bin a cussin' at you, too, sir," quoth the worthy Blaggard. He laid a hand on Tolo's shoulder, urging him towards the ladder. His experience had apparently taught him that he might safely lay hands on so small a man as Tolo. "Go on, me lad. Mr. Finucane's a-callin' yer."

Tolo returned from his interview in sorry shape. Big Corny exacted high prices for losses of gear, where he could collect. Little Tolo's simple, good-natured face was drawn with pain and smeared with blood; he limped, and his breath came wheezily. But through one slit of an eye, fast closing like its fellow, he saw something which gladdened his kindly heart, amazing as that might seem. In a corner Blaggard sat whimpering, mopping his weasel face with a foul blue handkerchief; and over him stood Sam Pescud, the only real born American in the fore part of the ship.

"Are ye shure yuh got plenty?" asked Sam solicitously, spitting noisily on his palms and rubbing them together with unction.

"I'm beat, I'm beat, I give yer best, Mr. Pescud," whined Blaggard.

"Then git up on your hind legs and tell Little Tolo how sorrowful yuh are bekus yuh butted in and got him a worse lambasting than he'd airned. Git up, now. That's a little man! Shall I help you?"

Blaggard wanted no help. He put out a grimy hand, which Tolo took in the simplicity of his guileless heart.

"Nefer mind it," said Little Tolo. "Folks don't know eferyt'ing at first. T'ey got to learn. I don't ——"

"Tell him yuh're real sorry, Blaggard!" Sam stepped closer, weaving his fists anticipatively.

"'Ere, don't 'ammer me no more. D'yer want to kill a bloke? I'm sorry, mate; I thought a noo 'and 'ad to keep in wiv officers, see? I ain't been used to sailors."

Even battered Little Tolo was prompted to reply to that.

"It ain't only sailors. I t'ink maype you ain't been used to men," he said.

The Challenge had her lading. She lay in the river only waiting for the morning tide. Her skipper, Black Ben Forbes, the finest out of New England, was giving a farewell dinner to his agents, and another honored guest was Captain Wade, of the British clipper Forward Ho. The Britisher was also waiting in the stream for tide and pilot; and Forbes had taken a charter for the British Isles that voyage. It was such a racing opportunity that no two clipper commanders worth a tarred rope yarn could forgo it.

Cunning enough to realize that everything depends at last upon the men, the two skippers had dealt each according to his notions with his crew. The Forward Ho's seamen paced the clipper's decks grumbling, swearing, filling the air with the reek of strong tobacco, glancing ever and again

From the Main Truck He Scanned the Ocean Through the Captain's Telescope

towards the lights of the shore, hearing in thudding ears the crazing hit of the music of the dives.

There would be no sore heads, no staggering feet, no clumsy hands at the Forward Ho's gear when the pilot took his position on the midship house.

Black Ben Forbes held other ideas. His men were all ashore, except one man as anchor watch. Blaggard had volunteered that duty; perhaps Sam Pescud had something to do with his willingness. On the face of things the liberty seemed a foolish bit of easiness; but Forbes had sent his officers ashore, too, and nobody knowing how Yankee clippers were run would doubt that the crew would keep or be kept within bounds.

And Little Tolo footed it with the rest in the little dance room conducted by the Chinese comprador's foreman. The town of Foochow lay twelve miles above Pagoda Anchorage, where the ships loaded their tea, and thither went captains and officers generally; but fo'mast Jack must have his gay times, too; hence the comprador's foreman turned an honest penny by selling doubtful liquor through the medium of less doubtful girls.

Tolo began his evening in merry mood, in spite of his bruises. After two cups of rice wine he performed a grotesque dance, with much clicking of heels and snapping of fingers, that put the room in an uproar of applause. But then the inevitable cloud filmed the brightness, dulled his gayety. Girls laughed at him, clapped tiny hands at him, drank to him, winking over the rim of their cups; but none wanted to retire with him to one of the snug alcoves where a man might drink quietly with the girl of his fancy and talk of less public matters than were shouted around and across the dance floor.

That had always been Tolo's trouble. Women would never take him seriously. He knew in his heart that he was a better man than many a giant of eighty inches over-all length; ever since settling in Northern Minnesota, coming from far-away Finland to seek the fairy gold of the emigration agents' stories, he had been the chief support of not only his aging parents but his family too. Kept poor by his generosity, bedamned and bedeviled for his simplicity and lack of inches, men were yet tolerant towards him for his kindly good nature. But girls? Women? Many a one had smiled on him, had let him hold her red, work-roughened hand for a moment on pay days; the feminine interest ever proved the same as has prompted loveless attachments since the world began.

"What a elegant silk handkerchief, Tolo," such a smiling one would say, toying with his neckgear with her free hand.

"Sure, Ay got it for you," Tolo would reply, grinning bravely, and away would go the savings of weeks. The girls never came back.

And so it was here in far Foochow. He shyly approached a laughing little Chinese girl, whose clapping hands had gladdened him. A bigger sailor edged in before him, rudely shoving him aside; and the girl switched her merry eyes to the larger, more assertive man.

For a moment Little Tolo's eyes blazed redly. His small body swelled, and feet and fingers itched with murderous longing. Then good nature, humiliation, and the lingering smart of his recent beating at Big Corny's hands—all joined forces to send him from the dive to sob out his misery on the river wharf stringpiece.

Sobbing, he gloomily fingered his luck piece, his good-luck token that had been hung about his baby neck by his withered grandmother, whose baby neck in turn it had adorned, and beyond that remote date to unknown time it had guaranteed good hap to the tender buds of the Tolo family.

It was a crude ornament of silver, a Greek cross, not at all characteristically Finnish; perhaps held in the greater reverence because nobody had ever been able to tell whence and when it came into the family possession. But it was good luck; no Tolo had dared to doubt its power for good.

But Little Tolo doubted. He snatched the thin silver chain from his neck, snapping the threadlike links, and savagely flung back his hand to hurl the futile thing forth into the mocking, moonlit waters of the whispering Min River.

"Goot luck? Goot luck?" he gritted through chattering teeth. "Then gif goot luck to ta tamn fishes! A tamn lie, a tamn lie, goot luck!"

He shivered. The tiny silver links caressed his rough hand, and his fury left him weak and tottering. His blue eyes widened in fearful awe, his lips opened soundlessly as he stared at the cross and realized what he had been about to do. Icy claws seemed to reach for his heart, ominous voices sounded in his ears. River voices, they were; but Little Tolo was satisfied that they were spirit voices from the dim beyond, warning him to hold on to his luck.

A clash of jazzy music in the forsaken dance hall tightened his fibers and brought him back to earth. Two stately clippers lay in the river, masterpieces of loveliness against the mellow moon, resting like two sleepy queens on the gently heaving bosom of the murmuring tide. Tomorrow they would awaken into pulsating life, vibrant with speed, defiant of the very elements themselves. There was a spark of poetry in Little Tolo. He hailed a boatman to put him on board the ship which had been little better than a hell ship to him so far, which promised to be no better in future; tonight she was a glorious clipper, the finest afloat, a picture, a poem, perfection.

"Hey, wait f'r me, m' lad!" a voice sang out from the dark wharf, and Big Corny, weary of playing chaperon to dancing sailors, dropped into the sampan. He took no notice of Little Tolo. Tolo was glad of that. At the ship's side Corny scrambled up the pilot ladder at the mizzen chains, leaving the boatman to take Tolo to the fore rigging to get aboard.

"Pay him f'r me, me son," said Corny, and disappeared.

Tolo paid the imposition dully, never dreaming of protesting. But much of the poetry had departed from his soul when he flung himself into his narrow, boxlike bunk to sleep fitfully away the few hours remaining before the pilot took charge.

"Oh, don't you hear the Old Man say,
Good-by, fare you well; good-by, fare you well?
We're homeward bound this very day,
Hooraw, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

The Challenge's anchor came up, her crew stamped sturdily around the capstan, only a very slight dullness of eye here and there hinting that the guardianship of the mates might have partly failed. On board the Forward Ho the crew were setting sail, their lusty voices ringing clearly across the rippling river as they dragged up the topsails:

"Ho, a Yankee ship lies in the river,
Blow, boys, blow;
A Yankee ship's starting down the river,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

The rival skippers exchanged friendly gibes through their speaking trumpets, making tremendous bets that would never be cashed, content to abide by the real wagers already down in money, with the very substantial bonus that always awaited the winning skipper of a tea race. Wade of the Forward Ho, stealing a march on Forbes by having his crew on board and sleeping all night, grinned happily across at his rival as his topsails went up. Even Black Ben Forbes grinned appreciatively at the Britisher's choice of a chantey in the circumstances:

"Ho, who d'ye think is skipper of her?
Blow, boys, blow;
Old Black Ben Forbes, the Boston slow coach.
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

The Forward Ho began to move down river. The Challenge's anchor was under foot.

"Heave, lads! Heave another pawl!" encouraged the mate, standing at the knighthead. "Hell's bells! Don't y' see the lime-juicer showin' us a towrope? Heave, consarn ye!"

"She's a flash clipper packet and bound for to go,
Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well!
The girls have the towrope, they've got us in tow!
Hooraw! my lads, we're homeward bound."

Little Tolo came up from the chain locker as the clipper began to move. Blaggard had been his mate in the dark, rusty and mud-filthy hole, stowing the cable as it came clanging down the pipe. Blaggard was due for that job; but little Tolo was a seaman for all his lack of inches, and the job was a deliberately planned bit of hazing on him. He scowled at Big Corny's broad back. That was all.

Through the narrow gut of the Mingan Pass the ships raced. A six-knot current and a fresh fair wind gave them a speed actually over the ground of near eighteen knots; and a glorious sight they looked to any observer lucky enough to be on the mountain rim in the early dawn. The Forward Ho sped like a startled hare, a half mile ahead, flaunting her colors in the face of the Challenge; but her mates no longer dangled a towrope over the stern once the Yankee ship picked up her gait and stormed after her.

Midway between the twin islands guarding the river entrance, The White Dogs and The Sea Dogs, the Forward Ho's pilot was seen skipping into his boat. The Challenge's skipper scanned the poppling waters of the Formosa Channel ahead, sniffed shrewdly at the piping breeze and picked up his megaphone.

"Hands aloft! Rig out stuns'l booms!" he roared.

His pilot started. The mate hurried from the forecastle head, bawling for the hands as he ran. Second mate, third mate, bosuns and carpenter directed the work, and the ship swept past the pilot boat which had just left the Forward Ho, with stuns'ls billowing from bending spars. The vanishing pilot crew stared at the flying clipper in astonishment. The Challenge's pilot got down from his perch amidships and shouted to the skipper to hail for his own boat. Black Ben Forbes bellowed the order with the merest nod. Then he gave the pilot another shock.

"Get the royal stuns'ls on her, Mister Mate!" he shouted, and with the Dogs still ahead the crack clipper surged forward in a smother of foam to the figurehead. Black Ben was in high glee. The Forward Ho was still nursing her sticks. She had dropped back visibly. The pilot cried peevishly to the skipper to heave-to and let him get into his boat.

"Here's your boat!" roared Black Ben. "Hop in, my lad! I heave-to for nobody or nothing when my ship's racing!"

The small boat bobbed perilously up and down in front of the storming packet. The pilot regarded her nervously. The ship was easily making sixteen knots, and there was quite a lop of sea. He glanced at Forbes again.

"I can't make it, Cap'n Forbes!" he cried. "No man could!"

"Then come to London with us!" retorted the skipper bluntly. "I wouldn't stop for a man overboard. No, sir, not for a whole watch overboard! There's your boat."

The pilot did not go to London. But he nearly went a much longer journey before his men dragged him out of the seething wake of the flying Challenge into his half-filled boat. The last any of the clipper's crew saw of him was when he rose on tottering feet to shake his fist at them, while his lips moved busily but soundlessly

When the Dogs loomed gray astern, the Forward Ho was racing abreast; and Wade awoke to the fact that to beat a Yankee he must carry sail. Carefully the Britisher added sail by sail, tenderly nursing his spars. When night fell the two swift splendid champions of a glorious rivalry in trade leaned steeply to the thrust of towering spires of snowy canvas, spars cracking and whipping, shrouds, sheets and braces twanging and humming in a tremendous harmony, racing neck and neck on the first leg of their long traverse.

"Git out on the lee fore yafdarm, and make that loose lashing fast, Tolo," Big Corny said with a grin.

Tolo's watch had been sent to supper. The job was not a nice one, out there in the darkness with a twanging, thrashing topmast-stuns'l boom coming adrift and the roaring, hissing seas leaping upwards to get him.

"Look out y' don't fall, m' lad," grinned Corny. "Th' Ould Man wouldn't stop f'r ye. Can y' swim purty good?"

Tolo fingered the silver chain of his good-luck piece and obediently assured himself yet another cold fragmentary supper. The big third mate chuckled. Corny Finucane had been taken out of the forecastle soon after sailing from Boston to take the place of a sickly third mate who had preferred death and Fiddler's Green to a China voyage with dysentery. Corny was no bright star, even as a seaman. He had been the forecastle bully, could handle most of the men, and that was about all he would be expected to do as third mate. He had lived, was still living, fully up to requirements. Neither of the other mates would have much to do with him. He was too well hated by the men forward to find a crony there, unless perhaps somebody like Blaggard elected to toady to him. Sam Pescud boldly defied him. Sam had whipped him on sailing day. So for want of associates Big Corny found his amusement in riding roughshod over Little Tolo. He knew Sam Pescud would not whip him again; to hammer an officer was mutiny. That word had an ugly sound

Blaggard was steering. In the wide circle of speckless sea and sky no ripple, no filmy scud portended change of weather. It was two days since the Forward Ho's lofty canvas last dipped over the horizon just clear of Sunda Strait. A light had been seen in the night, well up on the beam, but there was nothing to identify it by, and the ship's company of the Challenge were jubilant. Captain Forbes was too old a fox to be taken napping, however. He saw to his light gear while he had the chance

It was the first mate's watch; the third mate shared it with him. There was an important bit of work going forward, requiring all the watch available, and the mate superintended it, leaving only Big Corny and the helmsman to watch the ship. Black Ben Forbes was working up his noon sight in the chart room.

The ship needed watching with such a helmsman as Blaggard. Only the extra fine weather, the soldier's wind, the need of every seaman forward justified an officer trusting Blaggard with the steering.

"Watch y'self, m' lad," Corny Finucane cautioned him. "Don't be gawpin' aloft at thim men Kape yer eye liftin', and mind ye don't bring her to."

All of which was Dutch to Blaggard. But Sam Pescud had only a few hours ago warned the third mate that he would let the skipper know about his hazing Little Tolo, and Sam Pescud was now perched far, far aloft on the fore skysail yard, rigging new gear for a skysail stuns'l. Little Tolo stood patiently at the fife rail, keeping a turn on the gantline which was bearing aloft the spar. His placid face was raised on high; his ears listened alertly for orders; his friend was up there, and his life might depend upon the tending of that rope.

Big Corny grinned maliciously at sight of him. The little man's blue shirt was flung wide at the neck, revealing against the brown skin the dull silver Greek cross, his luck piece. Blaggard sensed a piece of sport he would have liked to share in. He had exulted at being sent to the wheel, escaping harder and more perilous work; but now he wished himself anywhere else, for he saw only that Big Corny was bent upon mischief to Little Tolo; he was in no position to see the sport.

"C'm on here, m' lad, and give's lift with this harness cask," said Corny.

There was no reason for shifting the cask. It was right abreast the galley, where it belonged

"Ay haf to holt a turn here, sir," Little Tolo said uneasily. He caught the cold glint in the third mate's eyes

"Is ut back slack ye're giving me?" snarled Corny, and made a stride towards the fife rail-threateningly.

"Ay gif you no slack," Tolo returned

He was scared, and backed away, letting the rope surge a few inches around the pin. Sam Pescud, far aloft, yelled down at him. The mate, out of sight forward, peered down under the big fore course and swore warningly. Blaggard slipped away from the wheel, forgetful of his orders in his longing to see Little Tolo well hammered. He had not forgotten the pounding Sam had given him, nor the apology he had been forced to render the little Finn

"Oi'll give ye a mouth to grin wid!" said Big Corny, and smashed Little Tolo cruelly in the face. The little man fell, the rope slipped from his grasp, and the spar hurtled down from aloft. Blaggard's horselaugh could be heard throughout the ship. Then came the inevitable result Left untended, the speeding clipper sheered aside from her course, the wind took her sails aback, and stuns'l booms began to snap like pipestems. Canvas ripped, the heavier canvas began to thunder in to the masts, shaking the clipper to her keelson; and down from his lofty perch Sam Pescud was hurled, to crash in a shapeless dead heap on the galley roof.

Black Ben Forbes appeared then, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, to come upon a scene of confusion and uproar. He saw Blaggard run to the wheel. He saw Little Tolo

(Continued on Page 51)

A Tar Barrel Was Set Alight in the Waist to Guide the Boat. It Lit With Devilish Radiance the Misty Fabric of the Ship

BACK NUMBERS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Sheriff, I Ain't Right Sure How the Law Stands. You Reckon I Got a Right to Take an' Shoot the Feller 't Done It?"

SIM COLE was glad to see the approach of the two strangers. One of them he recognized as among the four or five hundred outlanders who had come up into the foothills to build the big dam. The other was as evidently alien and modern, and Sim was hungry for listeners who could understand and therefore appreciate his talk. The little group on the jail steps gave him, as always, a placidly silent attention, but their lean, sun-bitten faces d d not stimulate him by changing expression in harmony with the trend of his narrative. He waved a welcome to the newcomers and addressed himself to their more sympathetic ears. Presently he interrupted his story of an outwitted attempt at jail delivery down in Cray County to point and chuckle.

Across the scored dust of the road a man stopped and hesitated, as if reconsidering an impulse to join the noon-day idlers on the steps. Cole called out to him jovially:

"Hey, Bruce—heard you was goin' to move in town an' start a garage. Come on over an' tell us ——"

There was no echo of his laugh. The men on the steps watched the figure on the other side of the road with sober, expectant eyes. But the man turned abruptly and walked away without answering. Cole's chuckle followed him.

"Reckon he aims to keep out'n my way." He turned to the strangers. "Ain't heard about Bruce, I reckon?"

One of the men shook his head. Cole laughed again and slapped his leg.

"I give him a lift, the other day, comin' in town, an' when I stopped by the courthouse I seen the radiator was boilin'—have to run in low 'r second on these timber tracks they call roads in Hewitt County. I was in a hurry to git down to the railroad, and I had some things to 'tend to in the office, so I told Bruce to fetch a pail of water from the horse trough and fill her up."

He smacked his lips with relish.

"He done it, all right. I got three-four miles out before the engine died on me. Couldn't find the trouble for half an hour, 'n' then I noticed the gauge on the gas tank. The darn fool went an' poured five-six gallon o' water in on the gas! Didn't know no better!"

The strangers grinned appreciatively. Cole elaborated on his text.

"That's the way it goes, up here. You'd think Hewitt County b'longed back a couple hundred years. They's folks in this county 't never heard the Mexican War's over." He grunted. "Wouldn't think a feller 't poured water in a gas tank'd be a dep'ty sheriff—same as me, would you? That there Bruce McKim ——"

There was a scraping footstep behind him and he jerked his head to meet the even glance of Sheriff Dan Mackenzie. The speech ended in the air. Somehow Mackenzie's gentle old face interfered with Sim Cole's tongue, even when the deputy was surest of his cause.

"Know a sight o' things Bruce don't, Sim." Mackenzie's tranquil eye moved deliberately about the group and came to rest on the strange faces. He nodded gravely "Evenin', gentlemen. Sim been keepin' you-all amused?"

"Amuse anybody, that would," said Cole sullenly. "Dep'ty sheriff 't thinks a car runs on water!"

"Reckon it might look funny, to folks from outside, Sim." He addressed the strangers. "You-all c'n see I got one deputy 't knows about cars, gentlemen. That ain't Bruce McKim's job. He's right handy with a dawg, Bruce is."

Cole's irritation broke through his involuntary restraint in the sheriff's presence.

"That's right! A county 't pays keep on a bloodhound—these days! That's Hewitt! They ain't never found out 't a crook don't travel on foot, not any more! Aim to leave a dawg smell a rubber boot an' trail a tire track three-four hundred miles, maybe! Oh, yeah—Bruce McKim an' his dog'd be wuth a heap, sheriff—if we was livin' a hundred years back."

Mackenzie's face relaxed a little.

"Well, son, ain't you jest been tellin' these gentlemen 't that's jest where we are livin' at—up here in Hewitt? Seems like we ain't outgrowed Bruce if that's so, don't it?"

He chose a careful way through the men on the steps and walked down the road in the direction Bruce McKim had taken. Presently the two strangers strolled away, leaving Sim Cole still in possession of the floor.

II

"WHAT more do you want?" The man at the wheel of the runabout spoke sullenly. "That's all we got to go against—the mouthy bird in the trick suit is the wisest they've got around here. He rides back from the railroad with the paymaster, like I told you. The old lad that handed him the call is the main squeeze. It's a laugh, if you ask me. There's ten grand in the play—all in small bills too."

The other man touched his arm lightly. "Stop a second, Eddie."

The car slowed obediently and halted at a sharp bend in the highway. Ahead the new state road bore to the west and south, its fresh scar visible along the flank of the westward ridge above the bright green mat of overgrowth that covered the widened floor of the valley. To the left a narrow dirt road branched away toward the higher, harsher ridge that cut off the eastern horizon.

"That's where the lake'll be when the dam's done, eh?"

Eddie nodded, still scowling.

"And the dam's down there at that gap?"

"Sure. The road runs right past it, Mickler. What's the big idea? It's open and shut. They got to bring the pay roll up from the railroad along this pike. All we do is wait for 'em. It's a pipe."

"All but the get-away, Eddie. They'd have us pinched in this valley, sure. There's no way out except north or south, for forty-odd miles, and some of it's pretty fierce road. They'd get the wires busy and be waiting for us with

a band by the time we hit Maitland, going north, or Conway, if we headed south. Ten thousand is a nice piece of change, but I'd hate to work it out in the pen. Where's that road go to?"

Eddie unfolded a map and traced it with a stained finger.

"That's the old pike, according to this—just makes a long loop around the swamp, along the east hill. Brings you out on the main road at the dam. See?"

Mickler studied it. He glanced up at the frowning eastward ridge and back at the paper on his knee.

"Let's take a look at it, Eddie. Maybe it's a chance."

"Maybe!" Eddie backed and turned the car as he grumbled. "Take you three times as long to get to the dam that way, that's all."

Mickler shook his head. "Ed, if you want to pull this play on your own, go to it. If you want me in on it, cut out the debate. I know what I'm doing."

The driver subsided into a sulky silence. The car needed his whole attention. The old road had been neglected for years, evidently. Already young trees had sprung between the wheel tracks, and there were slopes where the rains had bitten deep gashes along and across it. Low encroaching branches whipped and caught at the top and windshield, and there were sharp angles around stumps and bowlders. They were almost at the foot of the eastern ridge when Eddie's hand flashed to the brake lever and he brought the front wheels to a standstill a few inches short of the rotten planking of a bridge.

He was gray-faced and shaking as he slid around the wheel to the road, but Mickler climbed down deliberately and chuckled approvingly at the roar that came up out of the gash in the shale.

"Nice driving, Ed."

He leaned over, looking down at the boil of angry water snarling between black broken teeth of rock a hundred feet below. He laughed again as he straightened and turned his attention to the bridge. Ed watched him, still shaken and sick.

"That's why they ran the road this way," said Mickler. "Only had to drop a couple of big pines across the gorge and lay the planks on 'em. A long haul to a short bridge, every time, in the old days. Wider, down at the dam, isn't it?"

Ed nodded. "Let's start back."

"Wait. I'm going across. It's safe enough."

He had started before Ed's protest found utterance. He walked briskly, keeping above the stringer. Here and there, where a plank had fallen away completely, he walked the squared top of the timber. After a moment, when he had reached the other side, Ed followed him gingerly, still grumbling.

"What's the sense of it, Mickler? We can't get out this way."

Mickler shook his head. "It's made to order, so far, Ed, if you had the brains to see it. Give me that map again." He spread it on a flat stone. "Look—here's the narrowest place in this ridge. See how close we are to the highway over in the next valley? And look at the roads down there too! No trouble about a get-away if we can shin up over the hill here and down on the other side."

Ed looked up at the frowning wall of the ridge.

"If!" he grunted. "And suppose we do? How do we go from there? On foot?"

Mickler folded the map. "No, Eddie; we ride. We drive the car over there and park it somewhere in the woods on the other side. Then—no, we drive two cars over there. I'll buy a flivver in Maitland and drive it down myself. Then we park your boat and come back through Maitland in the flivver to make the play, see?"

Ed scowled. "And maybe we'll scramble up that cliff before these hick bulls start taking potshots at us with their squirrel guns, eh?"

Mickler sighed. "Come along, Ed. I guess I got to act it out for you. If we can't get over that ridge the job's off. Let's find out."

He led the way briskly along the overgrown road that ran at the base of the steep slope, looking for a favoring slant. Suddenly he stopped. Faintly audible above the noise of the water a long low sound muttered from the height above them. Ed clutched Mickler's sleeve.

"What was that—a lion?"

Mickler smiled thinly. "Wish it was, Ed. Suit us better. Somebody lives up here, after all."

Eddie stared. "You mean it's—it's human—that noise?"

"Not exactly, Ed. We got to find it, anyhow."

Mickler walked on briskly. He slipped a flat gun from his hip to the side pocket of his coat, and Eddie, a little comforted by something he understood, followed the example. The noise came again, nearer and more terrifying.

Mickler laughed.

"Why, of course! It's the one that smart-Aleck was talking about, down at the jail.. Come on, Ed."

He quickened his pace. There was a sound of crashing progress through the scrub above them and a huge gray beast leaped down into the road—a great dog, with long dismally flopping ears and a look of mournful dignity that, somehow, gave Eddie Schmidt a glow of relief. He had never seen a dog like this, but he felt instinctively that the beast meant no harm; the swollen hanging folds of loose jowls drew down the lower eyelids and gave the animal an almost comic look of melancholy.

"Pretty big, for a bloodhound," said Mickler. "He's all right, Ed. Never mind him."

He struck up the slope where the dog had come down, and Ed followed, the great hound keeping pace as the two men climbed through the stunted overgrowth. Presently Mickler paused and pointed. Below them, hidden till now by a fold in the hillside, a weather-beaten cabin stood in a tiny patch of corn.

"That's where the old hick that poured water in the gas tank must hang out." He chuckled. "It might be worse, Ed. We can get to the top this way, all right, without passing the house."

It took them half an hour of toiling struggle to reach the crest, and they were both panting when they stopped, to look down into a wide friendly valley, checkered with the gold and green of crops and laced by ribbons of gray and yellow roads.

Eddie Schmidt grinned. "That's all right, then, ain't it? We c'n go back now."

Mickler laughed. "Think so, eh? Go back without knowing whether we can climb down there? Without

(Continued on Page 36)

"Nice and Easy, Sheriff. This Way. Much Obliged for the Tip. Next Time Better Sit on Your Gas Tank"

THAT DEVIL, FANFARON

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MONSIEUR FANFARON emitted a happy sigh, undid all the buttons of his vest, tucked the napkin under his chin, and with his fat fists on the table—a fork upright in one, a knife in the other waited with a sort of solemn ecstasy. Ah, here was the real business of life! A rumbled "Whoof!" came from him as the waiter set down the first course, consisting of a large, flat, flaky patty filled with shrimp cream. It fairly melted in the mouth, and Fanfaron disposed of his in four gulps. A few flakes escaped him momentarily, but a fat man always knows where to retrieve what he drops.

A dry white wine accompanied a whole boiled chicken, which he dipped piece by piece in a bowl of consommé flavored with just a suspicion of garlic. Having eaten three-quarters of the fowl, Fanfaron paused and looked up reproachfully at his guest.

"*Alors*, you do not eat, Mac! How is everything? To your taste?" he inquired with the anxiety of a hospitable host

"Oh, boy! Just leave me be and don't talk—I need all my breath."

The chicken was followed by creamed mushrooms and truffles. The waiter brought another kind of wine, and then they had broiled quail, done to perfection, served on thin toast which had been sautéd in butter and spread with *pâté de foie gras*. Mactavish came of a brave, tenacious breed; but at this juncture he glanced around the room and surreptitiously undid the top button of his trousers. Fanfaron took the same precaution, but he attempted no concealment. There was a simple dignity about this act which, to my mind, revealed his higher nature. Europeans are so much more natural and unabashed than we are about the necessary little things, don't you think?

"Bah!" he exclaimed, picking at a bone. "These birds are very small—a mouthful only."

Next came a platter piled with boiled crawfish. The concierge attacked these as though he hadn't eaten a bite in three days, and as the movie expert watched him crush the shell of one after the other in his strong fingers, there crept over him the awe a man feels when he meets his master.

"Say, listen, kiddo! Do you eat this much every day?"

His mouth full, "Sometimes more, sometimes less," replied Fanfaron tranquilly.

For dessert there was an apricot tart, with cottage cheese made as smooth as satin by mixing with cream, and they finished off with peaches, pears and grapes, coffee and a liqueur.

"I feel better. Much!" announced the concierge. "I could make the box now, Mac. Ah, if I had that assassin here! *Regardez* the wallop!" And he delivered a savage uppercut in the air.

Half an hour later he put Mactavish on the Paris express and started back to the hotel. It was a balmy day; Fanfaron was drowsy from good food. He sat down on a bench opposite the steamer pier in order to finish his cigar.

A score or so of passengers were awaiting the arrival of the Wilhelm Tell and he watched them with languid interest. Suddenly he straightened, alert and anxious. There was Monsieur Tack and his wife—yes, and a pile of luggage. *Mon Dieu*, this was what came of being kind to friends and not attending strictly to business! He would assuredly lose a fine tip—or had that nincompoop Gustave had the sense and finesse to extract it? He doubted it.

"Yes, Viper! I am Here!" Cried His Wife, Advancing Upon Him. Monsieur Fanfaron Retreated a Step

The boat drew in, the captain yelling through a speaking tube to the engineer, who now backed the paddles, now sent them forward with furious churning of water. It made a beautiful stop and tied up. Down came the gangplank, a stream of passengers poured across, the departing ones rushed aboard.

The concierge watched in helpless misery—fifty francs was flitting out of his grasp, at the very least. But what was this? Monsieur Tack had evidently the intention to remain behind. He accompanied his wife to the deck, where he saw to it that her hand baggage was safely deposited, and then turned uncertainly toward her, hat in hand. A swirl of travelers eddied around them, porters were banging and crashing trunks and boxes almost at their elbows and yelling for a clear passage as they rolled from the wharf to the boat huge, round, heavy cheeses. But that young couple seemed oblivious. He stammered something, gazing yearningly at her face, but madame stared straight ahead at the long line of trees on the promenade.

A blast from the Wilhelm Tell's whistle. The husband started, seemed to hesitate whether or not to kiss her, finally took the hand she held out to him, and with a muttered "Good-by, then," dashed back across the gangplank which an impatient sailor was unroping to throw off. From the bench, Fanfaron saw Madame Tack make a step forward as though to follow, her hands rising in involuntary appeal; then she turned away and went to stand beside the far rail.

The last glimpse he caught of her, she had a handkerchief to her eyes. Once she waved it toward the pier, but the man it was meant for did not see the act. He had thrown himself down on the bench beside the concierge and was now sitting, with lowered head and hands clenched, his face working.

Ah, poor young man! Monsieur Fanfaron knew just as well what had happened as if he had been present at the whole affair, and his heart was touched. Also, there was the matter of the tip.

"What a pity!" he murmured

The other started and turned to glare at him.

"What's a pity?" he snarled.

"Why, that gentleman who just drove away," answered Fanfaron, indicating a cab with a jerk of the thumb.

"I didn't see anybody Anyhow, what about him?"

The concierge humped his shoulders.

"He has just separated from his wife," he said, eying the ash of his cigar; "and all because of a foolish tiff. In my opinion he will regret it."

The American scrutinized him with angry suspicion.

"Say, what're you getting at, anyhow? How do you know what he did or didn't do? Or why do you ——"

"I know all about it. They stopped at our hotel."

A grunt from Tack, who waited in surly expectancy; but the concierge seemed to have nothing to add.

"Well?"

"M'sieu?"

"What the hell did her husband leave her for? You said it was a tiff. What about?"

"How should I know?"

This was too much.

"You said it was a pity—why is it a pity?" demanded Tack, purple in the face

"*Parbleu*, because they are both miserable."

"But there must have been some reason! A man doesn't leave his wife for nothing."

"Pouf! Men marry for no reason at all, and leave them for the same reason, m'sieu."

"Bah!"

"As you please."

"I said, 'Bah!' Get me? Bah! That's nothing but bunk."

"It appears to distress monsieur," remarked Fanfaron placidly.

"Who? Me? That's a good one! Why should it?"

"Monsieur knows better than I do."

Fanfaron uttered this in a careless, impersonal tone; but at the same time he set himself to deliver his famous uppercut. His fears were unfounded, however, for the American turned full face to scrutinize him, a curiously quiet look in his eyes.

"Say, aren't you the concierge at the Imperial-Splendide?" he asked.

"I am."

"Then shoot!"

"I was watching last night, m'sieu."

"And you think I overdid it, hey?"

"Well"—throwing out his hands—"that depends. If a gentleman dances two or three times with another woman, I can see no harm."

"Just what I say! What is there to get jealous about in that?"

"But if the other woman happens to be Mademoiselle Chevrot—*eh bien*, that is something else again, and I can understand why madame should not like it."

The husband pondered this.

"Well, it's too late now," he said miserably.

Monsieur Fanfaron laughed.

"Nonsense! My friend, people who really love can forgive even blows."

"But this isn't the first time. It's just the last straw—that's all. I can't look sideways without her getting jealous

and I'm sick of it. I'm through. She's always at me for something."

The concierge leaned forward and placed a hand on his knee

"Monsieur," he said earnestly, "I want to ask you a question. Which would you prefer -a wife who pesters you with her interest in your every act, or one who doesn't give a hoot in hell, as my friend Mactavish says, where you go or what you do? *Hein?*"

"All the same, if I went back now—besides, I can't. She'll never take me back after this. Not after what I said—and what she said."

Fanfaron chuckled comfortably.

"She will run to meet you with open arms. She will cry over you. You will both be happier than ever. Believe me, I know women."

"Yeh?"

The American could not restrain a glance of surprise at the concierge's figure.

"I, too, have suffered from jealousy," continued Monsieur Fanfaron.

"So your wife's jealous, hey?"

"Intensely jealous. Madame has an idea that no woman can resist me."

The youthful husband burst into a guffaw. It was an ungrateful thing to do, and it had the effect of spurring the concierge on.

"That is her idea," he continued sternly, "and she has been encouraged in it by certain happenings at the hotel. Indeed, madame is at this moment visiting her sister in Lausanne because of a scene over attentions I was entirely innocent of inviting."

"So they run after you there, hey?"

Either Fanfaron failed to detect the note of raillery, or he chose to ignore it.

"Well, that is perhaps too strong a way of describing it," he answered with an air that gave the lie to his words. "But a man in my position—he cannot escape sometimes. Take the case of the Princess Sophie, for example."

"The Princess Sophie?"

"To be sure. At her age, you understand, a woman of rank, who has made a marriage of convenience, is apt to indulge her fancies. Ah, the poor creatures! Who can blame them? Not that the Princess Sophie is not still a beautiful woman "

"Say, are you trying to kid me?"

"I was never more in earnest, m'sieu."

And Fanfaron proceeded to tell all about the unfortunate infatuation the charming exile had formed for him, and the misery her indiscreet attentions had occasioned in his own household. He told it well, with a nice reserve and consideration for the princess' plight; he told it modestly, breaking off at just the right places.

"What could I do? Return her gifts? *Parbleu*, to give pain to a proud and suffering heart is asking too much of a man of sensibility."

"Gee!" exclaimed Tack admiringly.

"But probably the most unfortunate affair of all," said Monsieur Fanfaron in a sorrowful voice, yet glowing from the recital, "was the one in which I unwittingly hurt the pride of the young and lovely Grand Duchess Olga. Ah, m'sieu, never be cruel to a woman! You will live to regret it."

He gave him the details of that too. There was really something lofty about Fanfaron whilst he described these incidents of his past—a sort of understanding and tolerance of the weakness of human nature—something big and fine. He did no vulgar boasting; his tone throughout was one of tender regret; he struck the high note. And then the intimate knowledge he displayed of all the great ladies he named, of their family connections, their looks and peculiarities, what they wore, what they liked to eat no man could possibly be familiar with these things unless he had been in close contact with them. For instance, how could he have known that the chic Marquise de Bombom so adored fresh figs for breakfast that she wept bitterly one morning over the loss of a plate of them which she threw at the old marquis? This was one of the more sprightly narratives, free from the tragic note which distinguished the majority. You simply can't get around facts like that. It was no longer possible for the American to doubt.

"But how do you do it?" he demanded.

Monsieur Fanfaron shrugged.

"What's the matter with 'em, anyhow?"

"All women do strange things, my friend," said the concierge solemnly; "and strangest of all when they are lonely. But I did not tell you this to brag. It was to convince you that you are not the only victim of jealousy. I suffer also. Who has not? It is annoying; it poisons happy homes—but we must put up with it."

There was a long silence. Then Fanfaron glanced at his huge silver watch, which not only kept accurate time but registered the days of the week and day of the month.

"The Wilhelm Tell," he remarked casually, "touches at Wienerhof at 5:40."

The American leaped to his feet.

"How can I catch her?"

"A launch will take you there in an hour."

"But all my things are at the hotel, and my bill isn't paid."

"Leave me the money and your address, and I will fix it, m'sieu. Your luggage will go forward tomorrow. Adieu, and good luck."

"Say, you're all right!" cried the husband, wringing his hand. "Let's see—seven days, and that automobile—I figure the bill ought to be close to seven hundred francs. We'll call it a thousand—here, take it!"

As he counted the money Monsieur Fanfaron wondered dubiously just how much would be left over after all the extras had been paid, for guests invariably estimated their bills far below the actual total.

"And here's a hundred francs for yourself," Tack continued eagerly. "If that thousand doesn't cover, send me a statement "

"Ah, *merci beaucoup, m'sieu.*"

"Here—here's another hundred too. You're all right." He shook Fanfaron warmly by the hand again, and, flushed with joy, departed buoyantly to engage a motor launch.

The concierge, having finished his cigar, returned in leisurely fashion to the hotel. As he strolled along the promenade, thronged with the usual afternoon crowds, he swung his stick jauntily, wagged his head and held in his waistline. Naturally this behavior roused the curiosity of some of the women he passed, and perceiving their interest Fanfaron eyed them killingly. Who can blame him? Easy conquests always spoil a man.

Continued on Page 58

They Dragged the Furious Wife Off Her Victim, But Not Before Madame Fanfaron Had Played Havoc With the Princess' Toilet and Make-Up

RETAILING IN GREAT BRITAIN

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

FOR a long time he had been standing in front of a Regent Street jewelry store looking interestedly at the merchandise on display, which, in the manner of the usual English show window, was piled from the level of the sidewalk to the topmost point of the big plate-glass front. The man seemed so fascinated by some feature of the display that I drew alongside to see what was so interesting, but there appeared to be nothing more unusual than the regular Regent Street collection of diamond rings, emerald pendants, pearl necklaces, and little gold dogs and horses with which Londoners like to adorn themselves. At last the man turned to me and, recognizing a fellow countryman, gave voice to his feelings.

"Can you beat that!" he demanded, pointing to a section of the display wherein was shown a pair of odd-shaped diamond earrings, the stones weighing probably ten carats apiece and marked to sell at three thousand guineas.

I could see nothing extraordinary in the matter, for similar merchandise can be viewed any day in the show windows of Fifth Avenue or State Street, where one's eyes have become hardened to such displays of wealth. It was not, however, the expensive earrings that had aroused the man's amazement, but their contrast with another feature of the show. He pointed again, this time to a little glass shelf just under the big diamonds, and repeated his exclamation.

"Can you beat it!" he challenged. "Right in the same display they've got diamonds for more than fifteen thousand dollars a pair, and some secondhand cuff buttons that they are trying to work off for five dollars. And the place caters to royalty too!"

I looked. Sure enough, not two feet from the expensive earrings, put boldly forward to attract the eyes of Regent Street purchasers, was a little cluster of men's cuff buttons bearing the following placard: "Solid Gold, Good Value, Second Hand. One Guinea per pair."

Catering to All Classes

IT DID indeed seem a strange thing. Here was an establishment, more than a century old, known throughout Great Britain and bearing over its entrance the insignia of past and present royal patronage, which was not ashamed to offer its customers some good secondhand cuff buttons at a bargain price. The American who had called my attention to the matter was himself a merchant, operating a department store in a good-sized Middle Western city, and had come over to England to enjoy a vacation and pick up ideas at the same time. His comment was made entirely from the merchant standpoint.

"Maybe these Britishers can get away with it," he said dubiously, "but I know what would happen to me if I tried to sell any secondhand stuff to my trade back home. My high-class customers would shun me as they would the plague. I guess I would last about six months!"

The merchant doubtless spoke the truth, as anyone who has studied storekeeping in America will realize. With us one of the most important things for a merchant to do when he starts in business is to decide what class of trade he will go after and arrange his stage settings accordingly. In England the merchant goes after the trade of all classes and is not afraid of losing caste by doing so. The London retail establishments are disappointing to visitors who have been taught to believe that the shops of Regent, Bond and Oxford streets are the last word in exclusiveness. Almost any American city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants will boast specialty shops that in studied appearance of exclusiveness beat London's most celebrated establishments. In all London I doubt if one could find a millinery store that displays a single hat in its show window; or a shoe dealer whose total display consists of about three pairs of his most expensive footwear; or a men's shop that presents to the public only four beautiful and costly neckties. The British merchant believes in selling to anyone who has money to buy. He baldly displays silk pajamas at five guineas a suit alongside of cotton ones at eight shillings; fancy patent-leather shoes with workmen's brogans; real sable coats side by side with imitation ermine; big diamond earrings and secondhand cuff buttons.

To the American who has become used to an ever-increasing specialization in retail business the British method seems somewhat archaic; but in it there is a certain efficiency that makes for economical merchandising. Available figures show that in most lines the British retail merchant is doing business at a lower ratio of expense than his American contemporary. It follows, therefore, that he can pass his merchandise on to his customer with less of a gap between the wholesale price and the price the customer pays; and it is the purpose of this article to point out some of the things that make for economy in the British way of conducting retail business. There are plenty of things in British methods that might warrant adverse criticism, but I shall set down only those that seem worthy of passing along for their constructive value.

It should be explained, to begin with, that it is far harder to get started in a retail business in England than in America. Most of the existing firms are long established and hold their customers against new competition; and besides that, it requires more capital. There is practically no fly-by-night retailing in Britain, and little chance to operate on a long-credit basis. In nearly all lines the wholesale houses sell strictly at thirty-day terms; if a retailer cannot pay his bills promptly each month he is not wanted on the wholesalers' books. The man, then, who wants to go into the retail game must get himself pretty strongly financed before he starts. In talking to a merchant in Newcastle-upon-Tyne I brought up this subject. His own prosperous business had been left him by his father, and a number of other retailers to whom he had introduced me were without exception proprietors of long-established enterprises.

I asked, "Suppose you were a young fellow, ambitious to get on in the world, but with very little money; could you start a retail business and make a go of it?"

He paused a long time to consider before he answered, "Yes, I suppose I might start on limited capital and eventually make a success. But if I started that way I should really be working for my son or my grandson."

What the Newcastle man meant was this: British customers do not easily change their buying habits, and the new merchant has to be financed strongly enough to stand a long period of waiting. If he has only small capital he must be content to go along for years in a meager way, practicing the most rigid economy, and building up his clientele and capital step by step.

Out-of-the-Way Locations

ONE advantage the British merchant has over his American brother is in the matter of rent. In London during the past few years business rentals have gone up sharply until they have now reached a figure almost comparable with New York, but this has not been the case in the smaller British towns. In Edinburgh or Newcastle, for instance, both places approaching the half-million mark in population, the downtown rentals are about the same as obtain in our Middle Western cities of the hundred-thousand class. That is to say, a well-located store room in the best business section costs about five hundred dollars a month. In Oxford, a live business town of seventy-five thousand population, I was introduced to a retail shoe dealer who had just signed a ten-year lease on a most central location at a price equaling one hundred dollars a month. A similar location in a similar American town would cost two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

It is to be assumed that property owners on both sides of the Atlantic want as large a return as possible from their holdings, so there must be something in the British system of retailing that tends to hold down this expense. As far as I am able to judge, it comes down to this: The average American retailer believes he must be located in the most congested district of his town or be classed as a second-rater. The Britisher does not care whether he is on the principal corner of his town or on a back street, just so he gets enough customers to make his business profitable. He knows his customers will stick to him if he continues to give good service and has the right prices. That this psychology is correct is borne out in London itself, where the largest department store in the entire kingdom is located two miles away from the congested business district; quite as if, to use an American example, the biggest establishment in New York should move up to Ninetieth Street and there sit tight, trusting that the lower expense of that location would make it possible to give the same goods and service at prices a shade lower.

Another feature making for lower retail rents in Britain lies in the fact that leases are almost invariably made for a

(Continued on Page 32)

The Princess of Paradise Island

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VIII

IN THE morning Bonsal thought of Jeanne's sad face as he had seen it through the bars of her porch, and promptly sent a request for a meeting. The answer was an invitation to lunch. To his intense satisfaction he found her alone and without a gleaming red stole; that is to say, she was not a justice of the peace, nor was she the precocious woman of the world of the Paris dress and the cynical judgment. She was a girl, just a girl; one that he believed could see straight and act fairly, though no more cordial than she was forced to be to a guest to whom she was under some obligation. Friendly, kindly, she was not.

She had been searching, she told him, for Transom clews, and had failed to find a trace. She had gone so far as guardedly to consult Father Abraham, who picked up a lot of underground knowledge. He was a night wanderer who communed with spirits; an aged doubled-up man, who knew the Bible by heart, preached every Sunday, and believed that he often walked arm in arm with the spirit of David. She had also questioned Mrs. Turnquest, who cared only for birds and flowers and painting; a woman of talent, fantastic, superstitious, with a passion for births and deaths. No baby could get born without Mrs. Turnquest, so the people believed. In that way she heard many a whisper and knew all about everybody.

"I can remember her great-grandmother," Jeanne said. "She must have been a hundred when she died. She never wore a shoe, smoked a short clay pipe, was coal black, and thought she practiced obi. They pretend that Mrs. Turnquest has the mysterious family gift and all that nonsense, and I think she believes it herself. My father sent her and a lot of others at odd times to Europe and the States for education; he sent her daughter to the States. Cepara is clever enough to realize her hopeless future, defiant sometimes, and insolent; superstitious, too, though she hides that. She curses me to my face—oh, she relapses once in a while!—because I won't pay her passage to England. How can I let her go? She wouldn't earn an honest living. She's too lazy. She attacks me because my father gave her an education. She says she would be happy if she couldn't spell, wore a gunnysack for a dress and worked in the fields. There are others like her. That's one of the tragedies of Paradise Island. Knowledge is power. A lie! Knowledge is misery!"

Her bitter mood swept over her, and for a few minutes the troubled Bonsal caught the echo of her father's voice. He had never heard that voice, but he knew that she was unconsciously handing on the views of a disillusioned old man. They came pat now, smooth-flowing, as from a brook and not from some deep spring; and Bonsal was not so troubled by cynicism from lips curved to laughter. He came near smiling and forbore argument; therein was wisdom beyond his years and experience. She sprang from hard utterance to gayety, but Bonsal suspected her laughter and watched her eyes. They were cool pools, but care was hidden in their depths, and antagonism to him. He asked abruptly about Sapolita. Jeanne looked past him and sketched a short life history in crisp words.

"Do you believe," he cried scornfully, "that I would skulk behind the petticoats of that mournful slangy kid? I can't think what put her up to that fool act."

She darted a quick look, thawing a little as he told of his one meeting with this volunteer perjurer. She bit her lip to hide a smile as he gave the absurd details.

"Perhaps you attracted her, Mr. Bonsal," she said, and she appeared to analyze his peeling face and estimate the power of its charm on Sapolita. He flushed, but welcomed this sly teasing: he was winning her back. "That would explain her lying for you. No, I'm not talking in fun—not altogether, that is. If she ——" Jeanne's eyes danced—"well, admired you very much, it would be part of her code to fly to your defense."

Bonsal changed the subject abruptly.

"When I met you that night," he asked, "did I smell like a walking bottle of whisky?" She affected to consider, eying him. "You know well enough," he said. "Well, I had had a shower bath of it, outside; not a drop inside. I was kept away by force, not choice. I am tied by a promise. I can answer no questions."

He was thrilled by the sudden softening of her eyes.

"Mr. Bonsal! Why not before? Why not have told me when I went to you?" Her voice was a ringing note of protest.

"You were quick to believe the worst."

He Dropped His Arms. Dazed, Trembling, He Watched Her Walk Slowly Away, Her Head Bent, Her Steps Uncertain

"I had reason. And even now—a mystery."

"Oh! Then you don't believe?"

"Yes, yes! Everything! I am sorry. Please forgive me." She was the Jeanne of the night of his coming—frank, cordial, kindly. "Your pledge? It doesn't stop the search for Transom?"

"No. Do you know the schooner that lay hid in the bight?"

"My patrol are bribed. They must know; a dozen others, perhaps. All will deny."

She plunged into talk of Transom. Bonsal listened with a new interest. Transom, active, malevolent, murderous, capable of holding to a whisper through a long talk, with some education and the accent of a Southern white man; this man must be reckoned with. Jeanne was as eager as he. She assumed Transom responsible for the enforced absence of her guest. This guest, who had behaved so well to her, who had suffered indignity, who might be in danger, must be protected. She sent for Corporal Stubbs.

When they had finished luncheon she led the way along the porch to the room that had once been her father's library. Rattan furnished, bare floored, its walls alternate windows and bookshelves, it held an enormous mahogany table covered with documents and letters stacked in orderly piles. Jeanne seated herself at the table and with apparently casual hand covered certain papers directly in front of her. Her glance at these impressed Bonsal. He thought that he saw a flash of aversion in her eyes.

"You promised to let me help you," he reminded her.

She gravely stated problems so unimportant that he saw that she was no more than pretending to consult him; that she was hiding the real troubles. His eye fell on a bill of sale of the Jeanne. He glanced up. Jeanne flushed and looked a rebuke.

"I'm sorry," Bonsal stammered, "but I had her photograph, you know. She was a beauty. You were in the picture, floating on the water, and ——"

"And you thought the boat was yours," she interrupted with a swift kindliness. "There was no need for her after my father died, and she cost a lot to keep up. I was sorry to have to"—she corrected her phrase—"I was sorry to let her go." She hesitated, darted a glance, then: "I didn't manage the sale well," she confessed with slow hesitation. "A deposit was paid. She has been seized at Vicksburg—would you believe that, way off in the Mississippi?—for having a cargo of liquor on board."

"Forfeited?"

She nodded.

"What have you done about it?"

"Nothing. I heard indirectly. I ——"

"But your lawyers?" he asked incredulously.

"My father hated them."

He could hardly believe that nobody had moved a finger to try to save this money. He begged permission to write to the British consul at New Orleans, asking that official to intervene on behalf of British subjects who had a lien on the Jeanne, a yacht under the British flag. He also addressed a letter to Judge Dangerfield setting out the details and requesting legal advice. As he wrote, Jeanne slipped out of sight the offending letter that she had covered up on his entrance. It is dangerous in the subtropics to forget paper weights. A light breeze snapped up the letter, gently bore it through the open door, and swirled it away, unnoted, over tree tops.

"It is kind of you to take so much trouble." Jeanne's eyes were grateful. "It will not do any good of course. My father never wrote to governments and wouldn't have anything to do with them." Her lofty contempt of all world powers made the young man smile. "Not governments, nor lawyers, nor bankers." Her sharp utterance placed bankers in a special class of detested ones. The surprised Bonsal heard that Paradise Island had been developed without aids supposed to be necessary to any large enterprise. "But I have a bank account now," she finished by saying, and she clipped her words on the admission as though ashamed.

"Your father had friends. Who are they in the States? You may need them about the yacht."

"Friends," she said, "are no use when you need them."

"Do you believe that?" He looked at her straight.

"Yes." Her gaze did not flinch.

"I offered friendship."

Her eyes dropped and she flushed slightly. A black page boy dressed in white came in and spared her an answer. In the cringing, barefoot supplant in old clothes who followed the boy, Bonsal recognized the resplendent corporal of the morning.

"I goes to penal servitude, Miss Jeanne," the latter said.

"Very well; tell the sergeant to take you to Botany Bay. Plant four hundred coconuts."

The deposed corporal almost touched the steps with his head as he salaamed.

"T'ank you, Miss Jeanne. I nebber touches liquor no more. Dat's the troof. Gawd will help me. Does I come back to de patrol?"

Then began a cross-questioning which excited Bonsal's admiration, so patient, so kindly, so searching was it. Stupidity and low cunning were triumphant. Jeanne secured a confession that Mr. Bonsal had nothing to do with landing whisky, but could not elicit the source whence had come the suggestion that he should be falsely accused. After an hour Jeanne waved the corporal away. She looked at Bonsal, shrugged her shoulders and led the way to the drawing-room.

"I knew it would come to that," she said. "Children—all of them. I have to make a pretense of a court. This man

was not a native of this island and has no family here. I talk about sentencing him, and he doesn't see that he is only discharged and must leave the island because there's no other employer. I say penitentiary, but that is only a lonely house on the southern end, where he must stay till he gets his chance to leave. But nobody wants to leave. They all come and beg for what they call penal servitude. There's a tiny islet off Pirates' Causeway."

"I saw it."

"Yes. Well, I'm planting it with prison labor; but they go of their own choice, and they get the usual wages. These are put in the savings bank. My father thought it all out. No peonage, no violation of law. It works well. But it's pretense. I am so tired, so tired of pretense."

She drooped like a wearied child and her eyes held that longing look that had already become familiar to Bonsal; but the eyes were not now fixed on a distant horizon nor on a longed-for vague future. They rested on Bonsal's face for an unguarded instant, and they appealed for help in a glance of complete self-betrayal. He saw trouble in her eyes, in the up-and-down fine line between compressed brows. She straightened, showing slight surprise evidently asking herself how far she had let herself go, to bring proffer of such marked mute sympathy. But he would not let her retreat.

"We met in a most unusual way," he cried eagerly. "We swam into friendship. We bridged years under one night's moon. We saw the dawn together. You know you can trust me. You are in trouble. You have let me help a little. Let me help some more."

"You talk like a poet."

This dash of ice water was flung into his face with a cool, incisive utterance. He reddened to his ears and scowled at her. She laughed and ran to the piano. As her light but pleasant trained voice rang out she turned her head slantwise and glanced at him with gay mockery. He was angry clear through and wished to turn on his heel and go without a word. He no more than stared, however, feeling himself ridiculous; but presently he began to smile. She was shallow, heartless, but captivating. She was a finished coquette, but irresistible. She played with him, but that one ray of sunshine that pierced the cool shading shutters caressed her brown hair into a halo of spun gold. Jeanne had cruelly talked him into a rage and then had casually sung him out of it. She rattled her fingers over the keys, sprang up, and came darting to him.

"We are friends," she said. "I feel it. I trust you"—she drew herself up proudly—"but I do not ask my friends to carry my burdens."

"Oh!" The delighted Bonsal, bewildered by her swift twistings of mood and manner, hardly knew what he was saying. "You make friends to sing to, and force them to dance to your tune, and ——"

"No," she cut in, "to dance with me, and talk with me, and understand me, and let me understand them, and—well, just to be friends. It would be a fine thing"—her tone was scornful—"if you and I swam into friendship—I like your saying it that way, it's true—and on the beach I said, 'There's my load. Take it up and carry it for me!'" She glanced at the clock. "Be sure and come to dinner. We'll have music after. Mr. Holton plays the guitar and has a barytone like a sweet bell."

"I'd surely come for that," Bonsal said a little sourly.

Jeanne's lips flickered to a smile. "Oh, are you quite comfortable?" she asked. "Tell MacGregor if there's anything you want."

"Everything's perfect."

"*Au revoir*, then, till dinner." Her eyes twinkled and she swept a stately curtsy. "You are visiting our poor hearth, sire, incognito, and Richard of the Lion Heart hides behind Charles Bonsal."

"It is my royal command," he audaciously said, "that you drop the Bonsal."

She did not like that, and she swept a glance of mild reproof. "Kings incognito," she commented dryly, "may not command."

"For all you say, you make me dance to your tune," he retorted, "but you won't dance to mine."

"I've had little chance to practice flirting," she responded airily, "and I think you've had none at all."

"I will learn of Mr. Holton," he said with what he meant for biting reproach.

"By all means," she called after him. "Watch him." Her laugh echoed.

IX

BONSAL'S promise to an unknown woman hampered him in some directions. He cross-questioned the three colored boys who had lost a rabbit's foot, and he put Sapolita through a mild form of third degree. The latter only laid her head on a bent left arm when no lie came handy, and the boys, under similar stress, looked down on wriggling toes. He concluded that these witnesses had not been directed by older heads.

His inquiries in other directions were balked everywhere by a blank stupid cunning. He went about with some caution, though he believed Transom unlikely to return for some time, if at all, and that no island accomplice had nerve or energy for anything serious. These people, he saw, were too amiably shiftless for villainy and too lazy and childish to carry out any deed in the absence of a directing head.

He was more interested in Jeanne than in clews, but he tried in vain to force her confidence. He seldom saw her alone, for afternoon life on Paradise Island became a continuous picnic, due to the social talents of Mr. Drake Holton, who was always contriving pleasant surprises. They bathed, swam, fished, sailed and canoed. The man from Devon planned every detail, and so contrived that Jeanne was a house mistress having a vacation in her own house. Neither mustard nor cups nor spoons were ever lacking at the picnic on the beach, and the food was inviting; Holton invaded dining room and kitchen, organized supplies and transport, and cajoled and controlled the servants. What relief this was to a troubled girl, weary of small worries, can be understood only by those who have kept house in the tropics with unintelligent help.

He Turned, to Find Himself Confronted by the Man Whom He Had Glimpsed Through the Roof of the Laboratory

Bonsal made an early visit to Pirates' Causeway. The gem-green fairy harbor was polluted by two floating sacks which had once held whisky bottles, and broken glass glittered on the rock dock side. The strip of silver sand beyond was littered by wooden boxes stenciled with names of a world-known Scotch whisky; but no fragment of wood bore a schooner's name. Returning he saw doors and windows open and he entered the house which his uncle believed had been built for him. He wandered through mahogany-furnished rooms until he came to a barred door cut into solid rock. He turned, to find himself confronted by the huge man whom he had glimpsed through the roof of the laboratory, coal-black, gray-haired, of towering figure and dignified carriage, who bowed almost with condescension as he silently waved the intruder away.

But Bonsal did not retreat. The barefooted giant, so isolated from his fellow man, took from the pocket of his clean white jacket a small tablet of white stone, on which these words were cut: "Congo King, deaf and dumb, cannot read nor write." His old eyes expressed none of that patient supplication almost universal in the elderly of his race; they looked defiance from beneath shaggy white brows and above firm lips sternly set.

Bonsal with a good-humored smile pantomimed that he would like to see the laboratory. Congo King bowed, lifted his girdle, from which hung a heavy key, and opened the door. He led the way through a rough-hewn passage cut through solid rock, ending in a circular grotto like a tiny crater and lighted from above through thick slabs of green glass. The diffused cool light fell on a pool of translucent sea-green water which almost irresistibly invited to dive. Around the borders of this laboratory were ranged in too shining order the instruments that Bonsal had seen from the roof; and he could see that biological studies in marine life were no longer pursued there.

On the way back, in the pine woods, Bonsal came on Cepara Turnquest, sitting in the shade, reading. She moved to one side, but he ignored the invitation.

"Tell me about Congo King," he said as he looked down into the pretty upturned face. The girl glanced about her, then up at the questioner, the expanse of white eyeball emphasizing her race.

"An African lion crouching on a grave," she answered in a low voice. She seemed afraid, but ashamed of her fear.

"John Smith's grave?"

She nodded. "They say he knows the real secrets." She glanced about again, then smiled. "These silly people on this island make ridiculous pretenses with their charms and their mixtures and their nonsense talk, but Congo has it straight. Oh, the real thing! He comes from Alcatraz Cay. Haven't you heard of that island? Those people were released from a slaver, taken to Alcatraz, and their children and grandchildren have lived there for nearly a hundred years. They have all their old customs, their ancestors' knowledge. Congo is the chief's son. They say he was driven out because he was deaf and dumb. Mr. Smith saved him. He was Mr. Smith's helper in the laboratory. Nobody goes to Pirates' Causeway; nobody. Even she——" Her full upper lip was drawn in an ugly curve as she stressed the pronoun.

"Do you mean Miss Smith?"

"Yes, she."

"I am afraid I shall be late, Miss Turnquest."

He lifted his hat and strode away. The girl's eyes followed him with a sullen glare and her lips pouted as might those of an aggrieved child.

That night Bonsal sat and watched Jeanne singing duets with Drake Holton. Jeanne's radiant face showed no sign of care, but Bonsal knew. Mrs. Pillinger, whose cold hung on, told him a great many things about colds, gave him details about what he ought to eat and ought not to eat, told him what to put on his peeling face, and otherwise was pleasantly maternal. She had a wizened delicate face and hair dully whitened by time, like a piece of pine board long lying on a beach. She had come out as the bride of a clergyman, some forty years before, and had not been home since; so she talked of an England when it was leisurely and one went about London in horse omnibuses. She spoke of Queen Victoria as though the queen were still alive; referred to a Patti almost young and in perfection of voice; to Mr. Gladstone's wonderful Armenian speeches, and to forward girls who rode about alone in hansom cabs. She had come to Paradise Island from Exuma twelve years before, and had never since left the island. She had nominally, Bonsal gathered, been at the head of John Smith's household, but she spoke in suppressed tones of this stern autocrat, who cared for nothing but his daughter and his island. He was a man, she said—and she believed it—who could build an island in the middle of the Atlantic

if he wanted one there. He had worked eighteen hours a day—"Oh, and he expected us all to do the same!"—and there were hints of violent explosions and hurricane outbursts.

A fair man, just but severe, ruling by fear; that was Bonsal's summing up. He had plenty of time to talk to Mrs. Pillinger, for Jeanne seemed chained to the piano. He turned his back to it, partly that he might not have to look continuously at Holton, partly to leave Jeanne free. Twice she had courteously come over to him and every once in a while she spoke across the room, evidently that he might not feel neglected.

Later, when MacGregor brought in guava-jelly sandwiches and sherbets flavored with soursop and sapodillas, Bonsal got a chance to talk with Jeanne. He asked about Congo King

"A wonder of a man. My father's helper with his experiments, his chemistry, his retorts. Even I am hardly allowed in the green pool."

"The green pool?"

"Yes, the laboratory. I don't care to bathe under cover. Father did. He liked it. He kept it to himself Congo watches over it."

"A lion crouching on a grave," Bonsal quoted

"Yes, yes; that's it," Jeanne said, a little startled

One of her moments of complete abstraction followed She looked out through the open archway to the sea with a wistful longing, and Bonsal saw that her hands were tightly clenched in her lap. Care came into her eyes, and her shoulders sagged as though under a burden too heavy to be borne.

Suddenly she smiled. Bonsal turned and saw Holton entering from the veranda with Mrs. Pillinger.

"How do you coax a lion from a grave?" she murmured as she rose and returned to the piano.

She brimmed after that with what seemed a spontaneous gayety, but Bonsal pondered over that query. Its tone had been intimate, confidential; and as she had spoken her eyes had seemed to make an appeal

He could not know that he had frowned when she had smiled at Drake Holton across the room, and that she had no more than wished to keep the balance even with some kindly word. Her impulsive utterance had expressed her thought of the moment, which had for her an immense importance; but she had expected it to be accepted as no more than the stepping-stone on which a hostess passes from one guest to another. Bonsal watched the couple at the piano from somber eyes. He could help, could give solid useful aid, but she would not ask it. Holton could make her forget, could drag care from her heart and sorrow from her eyes; and she preferred that. They had a laughing quarrel at the piano over a flat note; Holton hovered and bent and murmured; Bonsal, almost rudely, slipped away unnoticed, leaving good nights with Mrs. Pillinger.

The tropic moon always holds a newcomer from his bed, and sometimes drags him from it. He wandered, unnoting, thinking of a lion crouched on a grave, and found himself at length by a churchyard. He passed through the lich gate and stood over a rough cenotaph, conspicuous because the stone was Northern granite Its concave top bore only two words: "John Smith."

"A double lie," Bonsal thought. He knew that Jeanne's father had been drowned at sea and that the body had not been found. He believed that this uncommon man had been born to no such common name. He felt hatred for a father who had imprisoned a daughter and poisoned her mind. He felt contempt for a man who would keep vital secrets and leave a mute fanatic to guard them. That was where he had arrived in pondering a question which a girl had meant to put so lightly but which she had unconsciously infused with anxious meaning.

He walked the path to the porch of the church, sat down in its dark recesses and thought gloomily of Drake Holton. He had seen this man one night with an arm about a girl's waist, and believed the girl to be Sapolita. He had heard the man slip stealthily to the room next door in the early morning. He loathed Holton.

He was startled to see a white-clothed figure enter the churchyard, leap from green mound to green mound, and bend over a gleaming white heap of limestone that marked a new-made grave. Presently it approached the porch, and he could hear quick excited breathing.

"Good evening, Miss Turnquest."

Cepara Turnquest jumped. A bottle dropped, but did not break. Bonsal picked it up and delivered it into a shaking hand.

"Good night," he said abruptly, and sat down

To his annoyance she promptly took her place by his side. He thought that she was on the verge of hysterics. She laughed unnaturally.

"It's the real stuff; earth from the last grave," she said. Her teeth rattled so that she spoke with difficulty. "They steal our avocados. We've only a few left on one late tree. They're meat and vegetables and dessert."

"You believe in obi," Bonsal charged, astonished. "You are scared."

To his surprise she pressed close to him. "Into fits," she whispered.

He rose to his feet. She walked by his side. Outside the gate she became a little more composed

"There's an incantation," she rambled on. "I said that last month on the beach, at high tide of the full moon. The mixture's right—salt water and dead man's earth. I hang the bottle in the tree, and not another pear shall I lose." Cepara stole an upward glance and laughed unsteadily "Of course I don't believe in it. You mustn't tell the princess." She had begun on the confidential note, whispering, shyly mysterious, but the last word was sharply uttered. "We're slaves!" she exclaimed. "You've seen that. You must have. We must be good little girls and boys. We must think as we're taught, and act as we're told. I am cleverer than she is, and I'm better educated, and I have seen the world—and yet ——" Her musical voice sharpened to a rasp; her dark eyes were narrowed as she peered up at her uncomfortable companion; her face, almost distorted, expressed an implacable hate. "And who is she, I'd like to know!" She caught her breath with an angry sob as Bonsal sternly cut her short.

From the path they had entered the white road, and he quickened his pace, but the girl kept close by his side "I'm wrought up," she confessed. "I shouldn't have talked that way. I'm sorry. Nobody likes a graveyard But I put a coin on the grave, so old Tamsa won't haunt me." She pressed her hand to her breast and gained confidence by feeling against her skin the love charm which she had inclosed in a bleeding tooth shell. In his coffee

(Continued on Page 64

No Glance, No Movement Escaped the Visitor. She Watched, Absorbed, Judging the Relations of These Two

The Return of Frank Clamart

The Night Was Dark With a Cold Drizzle. They Walked Unnoticed to the Next Big Thoroughfare. None of Them Had Spoken Since Leaving the House

XVII

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SHANE EMMET drove up Fifth Avenue reflecting on the peculiar breathlessness of the sequence of events of these last few days. It struck him that if one could hold such a pace for about a year it would be to crowd a very busy lifetime into that space, in which so many people can scarcely be said to live at all.

His own career had been fairly rich in such, and that often made him feel an infinitely older man than his actual age, but only in experience. Physically and mentally these strenuous activities had kept him youthful. He was like a wholesomely adventurous boy and he had never yet got over that juvenile attitude toward terrific episodes that makes a sort of game of what more sober and reflective minds would view as mortal crises.

Curiously enough the very qualities in him that Cynthia chose to consider hard and ruthless were really the reverse of that in Shane, because he could not feel them in that way. His nature was boyish, primitive or aboriginal, so that he felt and acted a good deal as might a boy or a savage. In the case of most highly civilized folk it would require the rallying of a tremendous amount of moral force to take such an offensive-defensive as Shane had done the night before; yet a genial, kindly, laughter-loving Polynesian would pick up his knobstick and brain a pair of lurking feudal enemies with no compunction at all. Or, not to step out of one's own race and civilization for example, there were plenty of cases in the Civil War, where boys not yet or scarcely in their teens got down the old patch rifle and potted the enemy at safe range and slipped off into the corn or cane entirely content with their exploit.

But Cynthia was spiritually unable to get this point of view. She was no faint-heart nor yet the martyr sort, and had she lived two hundred years before she would, no doubt, have fired steadily enough and with intent to kill on painted savages attacking her log cabin. But in the intervals of action she would have prayed passionately to be forgiven for having taken a human life and for the soul that at any future moment she might feel herself obliged to send to its Creator.

When Shane drew up in front of the Jedburgh house Sharon came out immediately. She looked as blithe and bonny as though all events of the previous two days had been stricken from her mental and physical dossier and she had been doing what actually she hoped she was about to do—take a spin around the Bronx with a new fascinating beau.

"How's your head?" she asked.

"Nor' nor'east, half east," said Shane, squinting up the Avenue.

He helped her in. "When Ollie gave me your message I'd made up my mind never to speak to you again," Sharon said, "but I've changed it."

"I'm glad of that," said Shane, "because I thought that your father might have done the first for you."

"He had. But he changed it, too, when I told him a few things. You talked to him like a member of the family, Shane. It did him good."

"So did it me. Let's consider that incident as closed."

"All right, if this opens another. You see, Shane, you can't protect an impressionable young girl from the stiletto of a mad princess and rescue her a few hours later from a band of bloody pirates and then say to her father, 'Here's your daughter, damn you, and see that you take better care of her,' then walk out of her young life with no more than a telephone call to ask about her health. It isn't done."

"It isn't being done," said Shane. "I'm not taking you to ride out of politeness, though."

"Repentance, then?"

"There's no time for that thing these busy days. Call it friendliness."

"Why not say brotherly consideration—or something just as horrid? No, you're taking me because you think that I'm a good sport and you're beginning to like me a little. Am I right?"

"Yes, so far. I might add that in some ways I'm a temperamental artist and can't help but feel that we understand each other pretty well."

"Of course. But you'd understand me a little better if you were to stop thinking of me as such a very young girl. I'm not precocious either. I'm grown up. I was nearly there when I met you, and that finished it. You launched me, and what I'd like to be sure of now is that you're not going to turn me adrift. You see, Shane, you're under a tremendous obligation to me."

This statement was the reverse of what Shane had expected to hear. Instead of being thanked for service rendered, here was he calmly informed that the indebtedness was on the other side. It tickled his sense of paradox.

"That would be the Oriental aspect of it," he admitted.

"Well, it's true, isn't it? I'm under no obligation to you for having rescued me any more than if you'd been a life buoy that floated past when I was drowning. It was in the nature of things—your sort of nature—because you're that sort of thing. But you are under obligation to me because you saved me, and in doing that, assumed a new responsibility."

Shane was much amused. "In what direction does my duty now lie?" he asked.

"That's for you to decide," Sharon said, "but of course you'll have to know more about my circumstances to be able to decide. This is a very good start. To carry on with it you'll have to make friends with papa. He will meet you more than halfway. He wanted to last night, but he's got very rusty at that sort of thing, and besides, you didn't give him time."

"That's so," Shane admitted.

"Now, Shane, I'll tell you about papa. He's just as bad as he can be, I'm afraid, but it's because he has never had reason to believe that there was but one good person in the world, and he did not have her with him long enough. That was my mother. She was the daughter of a poor Scottish minister, and ran away with him to be married. She died when I was born. So you really can't blame poor papa."

"No," Shane agreed. "In that case I don't blame him."

"He's like a coconut," Sharon said. "Rough and hard and hairy on the outside, but with some real milk of human kindness if you can get at it."

"Can you get at it?" Shane asked.

"Not as I might wish. But I'm sure it's there. I don't think that his going down there after me was entirely due to rage."

"Let's hope it wasn't. Perhaps I've got him wrong. You really can't tell much about a man like your father."

Sharon looked pleased.

"He can't tell much about himself, Shane. Besides, men change. Everybody changes, like Mr. Clamart."

"Oh, so you know about him?"

"Papa told me. But whatever he was once, he's a good man now. I can feel those things. He's the sort of man I should want to marry."

"You would, would you?"

"I said the sort of man. And it's highly necessary for me to marry a good man, Shane, because if I married a bad one I'd certainly turn bad myself."

"Why not reform the sinner?" Shane asked.

"That can't be done, can it?" Sharon asked.

"I don't believe so," Shane admitted, "but it's a nice idea, and the basis of a good many stories."

"Well, then, if it happens the man was never more than temporarily off his track. That happens lots of times of course. Like Mr. Clamart. But I'm no hydraulic jack or wrecking crane. I'd leave that sort of thing to your dear friend Miss Cabot." She shot him a sidelong look. Shane frowned.

"Miss Cabot would be apt to tackle it by absent treatment."

Sharon smiled and said:

"I wish she'd give you some, and keep on giving it. That wouldn't hurt you any. You see, Shane, I'm awfully afraid that she means to marry you when she gets ready."

"I'm not," Shane answered shortly.

Sharon stirred a little at his side, a sort of flutter. "Well, I am. She means to marry you. She wouldn't stay here if she didn't. Miss Cabot has quite decided to take you on her leash and put a muzzle and a pink bow on you and parade you down Beacon Street as a perfectly docile Boston bull. I read it in her face."

"And what," Shane asked, irritated but amused, "do you propose to do about it?"

"Just what I'm doing," Sharon answered promptly. "Take measures to prevent your capture. I'm warning you that if you grab the pretty piece of chicken when she offers it you'll find a leash snapped on your collar."

Shane began to wonder if his mind was such an open book that any girl who ran could read it. Here was the second time in the same afternoon that one was listening in on his thought with her little wireless receiver.

"What if that fails?" he asked.

"Then I'll tease you and make you snarly. That might scare her off. She'd shock easily. If the worst came to the worst I'd tell her about what you did last night. That would finish her. She would have a fit."

"You seem to take it smoothly enough. Why shouldn't Miss Cabot?"

"Because she's about two hundred years old-fashioned and I'm about two thousand. Girls thought and felt the way I do about 88 B.C. Besides, you didn't do your trench raid for her. That always makes a difference. You know, Shane, you belong really to my epoch. If you came to me all goried up from slaughtering objectionable people I would say, 'Did you have a pleasant evening, dear?'"

"By gum, I believe you would! And what if I came to you all perfumed up from serenading some objectionable person?" he laughed. "The two pastimes are apt to go together, you know."

"How's Your Head?" She Asked. "Nor' Nor'east, Half East," Said Shane

"Well, I think I'd feel that there was something faulty in my own technic. Then I'd worm it out of you who that hussy was, and go and get her. Feed her to the crocodiles and sit on the bank and watch the banquet. You see, Shane, what really counts is the difference between the ages of a man's and a woman's spiritual development."

Shane nodded. "I get you. It would be a misalliance for a Miocene man to marry a Pleistocene girl, and a horror for him to marry a Recent girl. Perhaps you are right. It may be that under our skins we belong to all sorts of different periods. That would seem to account for the variation of our viewpoints. You could scarcely expect a gentleman whose last earthly functions had been during the Paleozoic era to get along smoothly with a lady who had made her previous curtain bow in the late Cenozoic. Well, that wonderful thought makes me feel a little better about myself."

"It makes allowance for Miss Cabot too," Sharon agreed. "She ought to marry a Plymouth Rock, like herself, and not a gamecock."

"You love her, don't you?" Shane said.

"About as much as you do, really. But if there was any prospect of marrying you myself I'd be good enough sport not to say all this. Of course I quite understand how you feel about it. You are like the English people I grew up with. You would think an awful lot about the social position of your wife, less for your sake than for your children's. But you must know lots of girls who have that, and who wouldn't mind mixing a little wild thyme with the sweet lavender. Speaking of wild times, are you going to keep what happened last night a secret?"

"Yes, for the present at least. We may report the business personally to the attorney-general later. Of course your father is free to do as he likes about it."

"He will do as you say, I think. He seems to have a new idea about you and Clamart. The countess is sweet. Why don't you marry her?"

"Several reasons. She's in love with Clamart, I think. But since you take such a kindly interest in my matrimonial future I'll tell you this: Cynthia Cabot is not for me."

"What?"

"She told me about two hours ago that she wished never to see me again. Barring accidents, she shan't."

"Oh, Shane!" There was an ecstatic tone in Sharon's voice. "What happened?"

"She appeared to guess that this low-life tike had been ratting in the sewer. She asked me point-blank if I'd scragged anybody, and when I admitted that I had she sent me on my way. I don't know why she asked me that. You'd have thought she saw a jinn looking out from behind my eyes."

"Perhaps she did, Shane. Your eyes were pretty lurid, even in the dark. But where they thrilled me they horrified her. It's just as I said. Are you very much cut up about it?"

"No. That's the curious part. I've felt the hopelessness of any perfect understanding from the first. I thought we might remain dear friends, though."

"She wanted you more than I'd thought." Sharon's voice had lost all its flippancy. "And to think I've been talking like such a fool! Of course I never guessed."

"You don't need to guess. You've got a private line. But you see it makes me feel a little solemn. The death of the little love that never was. That's the only sort of death there really is, I think. What never was."

Sharon burst suddenly into tears. Shane was startled and astonished. He said to himself "Nerves." He blamed himself for having been so foolish as not to realize that any girl was bound to get some sort of reaction from an adventure like that of the night before.

"Sharon——" he said gently.

The gust of tears shut off instantly. It was as if they had glided through a shower from one of the big black clouds scurrying over the tree tops of the Bronx Park that they were

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Shane Knew Then the Frantic Desperation of the Human or Animal Victim Caught Up in a Fatal Coil

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Tin-Can Civilization

NO INSTRUMENTALITY of modern civilization has loaned itself more joyfully to ridicule than the tin can. Whether attached to the tail of a member of the canine species or employed as a synonym for a certain make of small automobile it has served an expressive if not useful purpose. But tin cans can stand ridicule, at least until something better is discovered. As well poke fun at the horse, wagon, automobile, motor truck, post office, express or any other means of food distribution.

People are still heard to express contempt for canned vegetables, and the worst thing they find to say about a hotel or boarding house is the presence of these despised items in the dietary. But such persons would be obliged to live on a most restricted diet indeed if they went at all far afield. Population could not spread out, travel would be an impossibility, the settlement of new areas could not go forward, and for a large part of the population rations would be of the starvation variety if it were not for the tin can.

But just because its usefulness is so unquestioned, particularly with the growing perfection of the methods of canning, there is no reason why the tin can should be so widely employed as an article of scenic decoration. True there are a few cunning craftsmen who from this apparently unlovely and unpromising material mold toys and other articles of real utility and pleasure. But as a general proposition the tin can loses its loveliness and even part of its strictly material value after the succulent contents have been removed.

The transcontinental traveler who wearies at times of the vast open spaces and welcomes the smallest Indian hamlet, provided the train stops or even hesitates, usually finds in a large pile of discarded cans on the desert a harbinger that such a center of population lies directly ahead. Perhaps the tin can is availed of for scenic purposes where land is plentiful with a profuseness, prodigality and utter abandon that characterize only the great and generous open spaces of this country; yet the more conservative and older settled communities are not far behind.

Taxes, we are told, are already too high. Few cities are rich enough to pay men to patrol every street and vacant lot on the outlook for old cans, boxes and newspapers. But why can't some of the booster spirit that bubbles up so endlessly in so many communities, why can't the boys and girls with nothing much else to do, why can't the civic organizations all be employed to effect frequent and regular physical clean-ups? Moral clean-ups may be more essential, but they are long, difficult and complicated as compared with the collection and concentration within suitable limits of discarded physical impedimenta. Surely there is no reason why through sheer indifference we should permit the conveniences of a machine civilization, once we are through with them, to cover up the beauty of our lives.

Big Deals

A SUGGESTIVE topic for a young and energetic economist to pursue would be the customs, manners and habitat of that large group of men who are without visible means of support or known occupation. Reference is not made to the genus hobo, the wobbly or any of the groups of common migratory labor. Facts are needed by way of variety concerning a class much higher in the social scale.

It is the fellow who, when asked by a friend what he is doing now, looks very mysterious, and finally as if imparting a state secret replies that he is engaged "in putting through a big deal." Very little is really known about this person except that his numbers are legion. What does he live on, anyway? Where and how does he spend most of his time? Does he really perform a service of any sort? The census is silent on the subject, and other reference books are equally useless. An investigation would, it is feared, be forced to strike out along individual and personal lines, into the more or less guarded precincts of pool rooms, hotel lobbies, the back of cigar stores and the card rooms of clubs.

The exact form which this peculiar occupation takes varies with different parts of the country. In Eastern cities young men are often vaguely in the brokerage business. Farther west it may be real estate or mining if there be no other visible and in their cases more tangible means of support. Though the line may be difficult to draw at times, everyone recognizes the difference between honest-to-goodness ore extraction or real-estate development and the following of these occupations where the office and deals are in one's hat or the local hotel lobby.

Putting through a big deal may be nothing more than a cloak for laziness or for mental and moral deterioration. Or it may be the sad form that a sudden and fatal stroke of the desire to get rich quick assumes. Probably most young men who follow this occupation need a doctor or a good thrashing. There are, of course, real promoters, active go-betweens, who perform valuable economic services.

Certainly the risks of trying to make one's living by the precarious method of putting through deals are so great that only those exceptionally equipped should assume the hazards. It is a field for the highest order of ability, not for weaklings and slackers. Few indeed are the men who are not better off, morally and financially, with an income that though modest is dependable and from a source easily recognized by the general public.

The Under Dog

A SUCCESSFUL candidate for a high political office said just before his election last fall, "I have stood for the under dog because he has mighty few friends." It is true, of course, that wealth and power attract a type of friend who passes by the lowly. Fortune seems to shine but dimly upon those whom physical handicaps, mental deficiencies, lack of education, racial and national peculiarities condemn to humble positions.

Many employers, with their managers and bosses, lack tact and consideration in handling men. The policies of management are at times mistaken and result in real hardship to the mass of employed. The mass has risen slowly through the centuries; what it has gained represents a heavy cost and a mighty conflict. Poverty and uncertainty of employment make men victims of circumstance and of the greed of unscrupulous associates or superiors.

These are self-evident facts. They must be fairly and squarely faced. But their recognition should not involve, as it so frequently does, a bigoted or maudlin failure to acknowledge that the under dogs are often in that position through no one's fault but their own. It is one thing to protect the weak, the humble, the poor, from exploitation; it is quite a different performance to put a premium upon the qualities that lead to weakness and poverty.

Wealth attracts friends. Many climbers seek the upper crust. But votes as well as money have a way of making friends. From the beginning of history politicians and other ambitious men have capitalized poverty, weakness and the under dog. It is a fairly even stand-off between the climber who goes where the money is and the one who goes where the masses of votes are.

The poor and defenseless often need protection, but no man should have protection against the consequences of his own folly. Drink, extravagance, indifference, laziness, ignorance, incompetence—such are a few of the great breeders of poverty and defenselessness. A substantial proportion of all the young men who work for wages intends to get the most money for the least work, to find the soft, easy job, and the result is that they become under dogs.

Such young men make no effort to learn more or to improve themselves. They complain that wages or salaries are small; to them remuneration and the service performed do not weigh even. Their idea is to get a little more than they are worth, to cheat the boss if possible. To them pleasure comes before duties or obligations. Such men are sure to be under dogs.

Enlightened social and political policy must steer between two equally dangerous rocks. The poor and weak should be protected from exploitation; but there must be no encouragement to those who become poor and weak through laziness, self-indulgence and thriftlessness. Only statesmen who have the unusual combination of courage, honesty and intelligence can steer such a course.

Isn't it Awful?

IT WAS rather thrilling, until it became tiresome, to hear, upon the authority of congressmen, former brewers turned publicists, college professors and bitter-end specialists in personal liberty, that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Law and the income tax have transformed us from a rather easy going but a decidedly honest and law-abiding people into:

A nation of hypocrites
A nation of lawbreakers
A nation of drug addicts
A nation of tax dodgers
A nation of liars.

There are other counts in the indictment, but these will suffice to indicate the general tenor of the disesteem in which we, as a people, are held by many of our fellow citizens who have got that way as a result of too much public speaking and too little private thinking. Yet we have listened to these affronts with a kind of popeyed fascination. We have actually enjoyed the creepy feelings and the gooseflesh raised by these vehement recitals of our own iniquities. Now that we have exhausted all the thrills the situation affords, it behooves us to examine the facts; for if we go on murmuring, year in and year out: "Every day and in every way we are growing wickeder and wickeder," we shall presently, like one of M. Coué's disciples, become convinced of the reality of our self-suggestion.

In our saner moments we are aware that a thirst for the juice of the forbidden fruit developed in the Garden of Eden and remains to this day unslaked and unabated We know that the art of lying was invented in the springtime of creation and that the invention was never patented. Our knowledge of human nature teaches that tax dodging probably began within a week of that prehistoric day on which the first crude tax was invented and imposed.

Since the beginning of history these temptations have beset mankind; and yet, press as they will, urge as they always have, most men are sober and tolerably honest; and very few have downed an age-old prejudice against perjury. Our national level in these respects is quite as high as that of any other people, whether of the present or in those good old times that never were.

Why not let the matter go at that, and lay off fatuous self-accusation that attempts to recast current history into a melodrama with our own country as the villain?

COMMITTEE LAND

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THERE is a general and entirely erroneous impression in this country that each and every law of our fair land is evolved by the best minds of Congress, grouped together in solemn conclave, and giving birth at frequent intervals to statesmanlike thoughts which will insure that the law under consideration shall be for the greatest good of the greatest number of people.

As a matter of fact, the best minds of Congress are frequently unable or uninvited to participate in the framing of our laws; and laws are frequently written down on the statute books which have been framed by a few foggy-minded congressmen so lacking in the qualities of statesmanship that they believe the things that are said to them in the loudest tones and are totally unable to sense the thoughts and desires of the country.

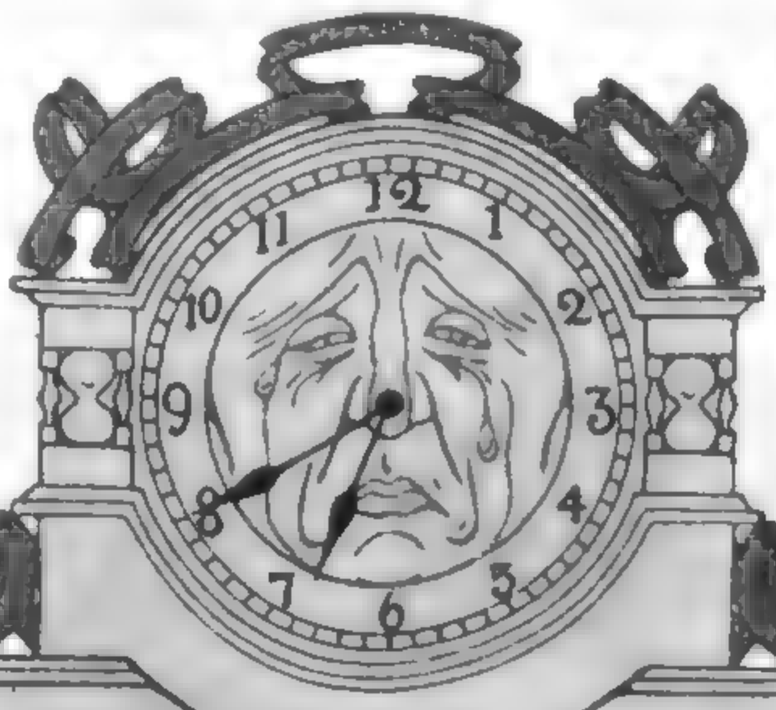
This is due to the so-called committee system, which has changed our Government from a government of the people, by the people and for the people to a government of committees, by committees and for minorities. Because of the tremendous growth of the United States, and because of the enormous amount of governmental business that must be transacted by Congress, the committee system is the only system under which Congress can keep from getting so choked with unfinished business that it will blow up with a deafening crash. But the existing committee system is not by any means a perfect committee system. The American people, being easy-going about things concerning which they know little, or things which they don't know how to change, will probably endure its imperfections for some time to come, just as they endure billboards smeared over their landscapes, or imperfect immigration laws. It is gradually beginning to dawn on some people, however, that efficiency in government is no more chimerical or Utopian or impossible than efficiency in business. When this idea has been completely implanted in the proper heads our statesmen may consent to think about putting the committee system on an efficiency basis.

Cumbersome Machinery

NOW the average American citizen is about as much interested in the committee system of Congress as he is in the binomial theorem or the earth strata of the Post-Pliocene era. He knows and cares little about it. None the less, he probably has occasion, at one time or another, to curse Congress, either because his taxes are too high or because business is bad or because crop reports are discouraging or because his digestive apparatus is out of kilter. In such cases a knowledge of the committee system is absolutely essential to him if he wishes to do his cursing with any intelligence. Unless he knows all about the committee system, he may heap indiscriminate curses on all the four hundred and thirty-five members of the House of Representatives, when in reality his harsh words should be directed against the Republican or the Democratic members of the Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions, or the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands, or some similar committee.

In the House of Representatives there are sixty standing committees, and in the Senate there are thirty-four standing committees. It is in the House of Representatives, however, that the committee system has reached full fruition, as the saying goes. In the House of Representatives it is a ripe, ripe fruit—so ripe that it sometimes appears to be dangerously soft; and so it is to the House committees that we will adhere in explaining the complexities of the committee system.

A standing committee is a committee that is formed regularly at the beginning of every Congress. In addition to the standing committees, there are select committees formed to investigate temporary matters that seem to require investigation; but the select committees don't count. In the first House of Representatives there were five standing committees; but the nation's interests and business have grown to such proportions that Congress has fairly been forced to bury itself in committees. The standing committees of the House are these: Accounts, Agriculture, Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, Appropriations, Banking and Currency, Census, Claims, Coinage, Weights and Measures, Disposition of Useless Executive Papers, District of Columbia, Education, Election of President, Vice President and Representatives in Congress, Elections No. 1, Elections No. 2, Elections No. 3, Enrolled Bills, Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture, Expenditures in the Department of Commerce, Expenditures in the Interior Department, Expenditures in the Department of Justice, Expenditures in the Department of Labor, Expenditures in the Navy Department, Expenditures in the Post Office Department, Expenditures in the State Department, Expenditures in the Treasury Department, Expenditures in the War Department, Expenditures on Public Buildings, Flood Control, Foreign Affairs, Immigration and Naturalization, Indian Affairs, Industrial Arts and Expositions, Insular Affairs, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Invalid Pensions, Irrigation of Arid Lands, Judiciary, Labor, Library, Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Mileage, Military Affairs, Mines and Mining, Naval Affairs, Patents, Pensions, Post Office and Post Roads, Printing, Public Buildings and Grounds, Public Lands, Railways and Canals, Reform in the Civil Service, Revision of the Laws, Rivers and Harbors, Roads, Rules, Territories, War Claims, Ways and Means, and Woman Suffrage.



Sixty Little Congresses

THE founders of the republic would probably have had a series of nerve-shattering fits if they had ever dreamed that the original House of Representatives with its five standing committees was going to grow into a bulky body made up of sixty committees; and it would unquestionably have been difficult for them to visualize conditions that would require committees on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, the Disposition of Useless Executive Papers, Insular Affairs, Printing, Woman Suffrage and some of the other things on the committee list. But once they had recovered from their fits, and had properly visualized the conditions, they would unquestionably have tried to figure out a committee system that would have permitted the people of the nation to see the manner in which legislation was framed for them.

With three or four exceptions, all the four hundred and thirty-five members of the House of Representatives are members of at least one committee. Many of them are members of two and three and even four committees. Some of the committees are large and some are small. The small committees average about eleven members and the large committees average about twenty members.

Each committee is a small Congress in itself. Every bill that is considered by the House of Representatives must first be considered by the committee under whose jurisdiction the bill comes. If the committee thinks that the bill isn't worth considering, it proceeds to allow the bill to die of pernicious anæmia and general neglect, and the House never gets a look at it. It is a fortunate thing that this is so; for many congressmen, in their anxiety to impress upon their constituents the fact that they are diligent and alert statesmen, are constantly introducing bills of extreme foolishness

If the merest fraction of these were to be passed, the Fathers of our Country would roll over in their graves so vigorously that every seismograph in the Western Hemisphere would be jarred to pieces.

In the good old days of Cannonism the committees of the House were named by the

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Famous Remarks to Famous Rulers

LOOK around and choose the nearest exit.

Kindly close the door as you leave!

Good-by and Allah bless you!

This way out!

Kindly keep moving!

Don't block that passageway!

Taxi?

Carry your baggage, sir?

Where do you go from here?

See you later.

Move on!

Gwan! Get outa here or I'll call a cop!

Dangerous curve ahead.

Warning! Bad hill.

If we want you again we'll write you.

Where do you expect to be next Saturday?

No stop-over privileges allowed on this form of ticket

Oh, but you'll meet lots of nice people in the new place.

They say the air there is wonderful.

A change of scenery never hurt anybody.

Hope you have a nice trip.

Plenty of room up forward!

Where shall we forward your mail?

What? Moving again?

After all, there's nothing like travel.

Doesn't the wife hate moving?

Did you close all the windows when you left?

You'll miss the old place till you get accustomed to the new.

I know a place where they have lovely apartments, and quite reasonable too.

You look awfully pale. Has anything happened?

Don't forget to send us a postal now and then.

The Colleges are Discarding Entrance Examinations in Favor of Psychological Tests to Determine the Stage of Mental Development of the Candidate for Admission. Why Not Try the Same Things on Our Legislators?

Famous Remarks of Famous Rulers

WELL, I gotta be goin' now.

It may be for weeks and it may be forever.

I was just about to go when you spoke!

I'm off!

Handle that barrel with care; it's full of dishes.

Boy, carry these satchels!

I want a through ticket to ——

I wonder if I forgot to pack anything.

Any seats up ahead?

What? The express is late getting in again?

Three weeks ago last night I had a premonition —— I hate to leave the old place, at that.

It'll be no cinch to find another spot like it.

That's what comes of not getting a long lease.

Wonder if I put my shaving set in the grip?

I remember that fortune teller told me I was going on a long journey.

Oh, dunno. I haven't made up my mind yet where I will stop next.

I'll just travel about till I hit something I like.

I've had a number of offers.

S'long, boys! Hope I'll see you some time.

Well, we'll see some new faces, anyhow.

And we were only just beginning to get acquainted.

I hated to leave the cat behind for strangers.

—*H. I. Phillips.*

Our Special Correspondents

From the Pall Mall Review.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12 (By Our Special Correspondent)—Your correspondent has now been in North America well over two weeks, and has observed minutely the trend of thought in this attractive republic. If one keeps one's ear to the ground many things are bound to strike one; I have been so much struck, indeed, that I have popped into a hotel and am giving these impressions to a public typist, at the same time keeping my ear constantly to the ground.

As I foretold in my wireless from the steamer, it is evident to the trained observer that all America is crying for a monarchy. The very signs on the shop fronts and hoardings are indexes of the desires of the masses. What do you make of these placards: Monarch Pool Parlors, Royal Dairy Restaurant—strictly kosher, The Prince of Wales No-Button Union Suit, Kings and Queens Mortgage and Loan Association? A well-known smoking mixture is named after the lamented Prince Consort; his image confronts one from every dustbin. Need I multiply examples of the people's reverence for royalty?

I have been dined in some really quite good houses on upper Fifth Avenue; although my hosts were in trade I thought it quite all right to accept their dinners, which were not half disgusting. After the dessert I gave them the King, and the talk turned on the mother country.

"What we need is a peerage," said one lady; "it makes one quite bitter to have no title at all." "Our peasantry is getting out of hand; we should have a czar," was another significant utterance; and others: "There has never been proper polo in a republic"; "You dear British! Your army uniforms are so darling!"

But the most significant occurrence was at a great patriotic festival. At the close the band played God Save the King, and the vast assembly rose to its feet and stood bareheaded, in silence, throughout the anthem!

Within two months, I feel confident, the American people will displace their present rulers and call the Prince of Wales to the throne.

My next letter will be on the Soul of South America.

From the Moscow Evening Bomb.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12 (By Our Special Correspondent)—Your correspondent has now been observing the currents of opinion in America for nearly a week, and is happy to report that America is on the eve of a great revolution, in which millions of people, if not billions, will be killed. Already the red flag is flying! I saw a man yesterday waving one in Herald Square; with it he was

Continued on Page 46

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON TO SPILL THE BEANS
HAPPY NEW YEAR! WHY DONT YOU GET TOGETHER ON THE LEVEL. MAKE GOOD RESOLUTIONS AND KEEP THEM?
WOOF!
U.S.A.
FRANCE
GREAT BRITAIN
THE SKY
FELAND

New Year's, 1923

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three
Will be a glorious year for me
With lofty ambition
And Campbell's nutrition
I'll make it one long jubilee!

Aiming high!

Call on our famous chefs and our great kitchens to give you a "lift" every day. Let them help you in the coming year to make your home even brighter and better than it is. Every member of your family will enjoy the delicious and nourishing Campbell's Soups. And they save your time for other things.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a dish of real substantial food—thirty-two ingredients blended with utmost skill. Baby limas, dainty peas, luscious tomatoes, sugary corn, white and sweet potatoes, tasty turnips, Chantenay carrots, snow-white celery, chopped cabbage, alphabet macaroni, fine barley, French leeks, okra, and fresh parsley, with rich beef broth to tempt the appetite. Aim high tonight! Serve this splendid soup!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

There's welcome variety in Campbell's Soups

Every woman knows that variety is the spice of her table. Just try this easy way to begin your meals with "something different" every day for the next two weeks. Order a selection from the 21 different kinds of Campbell's Soups from your grocer. Serve a different soup each day. It's a sure way to make all the meals "go" better.

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Welder of the Parks

BACK in the old days when all true New Englanders of the male persuasion, as the space writers like to say, wore large dark-brown bloomers and three-quart hats decorated with seven-ounce buckles, and went out hunting for Indians and wild turkeys with guns whose barrels resembled fish horns, there landed in the struggling town of Boston a gentle and conscientious English clergyman named Richard Mather. Richard Mather was a good man. He wrote three or four books and occupied a Congregational pulpit with some success, and he had a son whom he named Increase in the stern and reckless early New England manner.

Increase, made tougher and more enduring than his father by Boston's east winds and frigid atmosphere, graduated from Harvard in 1656 at the age of seventeen, occupied a pulpit of his own, wrote one hundred and sixty books and tracts, became president of Harvard College and represented Massachusetts Colony before the English Government.

Increase also had a son named Cotton; and Cotton was even tougher and more conscientious than his father before him—due, probably, to the Boston climate. Cotton graduated from Harvard at the age of sixteen, held down the pulpit in New England's largest church for forty-three years, fasted sixty days in one year, thought nothing of remaining on his knees in prayer for five successive days, and published three hundred and eighty-two works in English, French, Spanish and Algonquin, to say nothing of keeping up a constant correspondence with over fifty European scholars. Fortunately Cotton's line died out. He was an irritable, opinionated and generally upstage character, inclined to be very hard on persons suspected of being witches; and if he had had a son, and that son had had a son, and so on, and each one had been so affected by Boston as to be tougher and more conscientious than the preceding Mather, it wouldn't have been long before there was a Mather graduating from Harvard at the age of six months, turning out twelve or fourteen million books a year, and burning at the stake anyone who didn't part his hair or sing hymns in a manner to satisfy the captious Mather taste. That is why it seems fortunate that Cotton Mather has no male descendants.

Increase Mather was true to his name, however. He had other children in addition to Cotton. One of them went down into Connecticut, where the climate is blander and less toughening than the Boston climate, and built himself a house in the little town of Darien, near Stamford. That house is still standing, and in the summer months it is occupied by one Stephen Tyng Mather, who inherited it from his father, who inherited it from his father, and so on back to the days when it was considered more *au fait*, so to speak, to saddle a boy with the name of Increase than to call him Steve.

From Richard to Steve

IN VARIOUS books of reference is set down the fact that the Mather family "exercised commanding influence upon New England in its first century." In future books of reference the influence of the Mather family will not have to be so limited; for Stephen Tyng Mather, better and universally known as Steve Mather, director of the National Park Service, has been the commanding influence that has built up and welded together the great national parks of the West until they have become the greatest system of national parks that any country has ever known. In fact, if the debating societies of the high schools west of the Mississippi ever get to debating over the question as to which of the two Mather boys, Cotton or Steve, has exercised the greater amount of influence on the people of America, Cotton won't have a Chinaman's chance with the judges.

Steve Mather was born in San Francisco and educated in the University of California; but as a native son of the Golden West he is something of a disappointment to the League of California Rooters. He never undertakes to prove for the benefit of all and sundry that California produces the strongest men and the most beautiful women and the greatest statesmen and the finest fruits and the wettest ocean and the highest sky in all the world. He never flies into a temper when some fiend in human shape implies that an earthquake instead of a fire was responsible for the destruction of San Francisco. He isn't even what is loosely known as breezy.

Apparently he is a throwback to some of the early New England Mathers, for he not only has one of those benignant faces that sometimes appear in the pictures which

PHOTO BY HERBERT W. GLEASON, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARKS BUREAU

Stephen T. Mather

show John Alden and Priscilla What's-Her-Name and the rest of the Plymouth church set strolling peacefully to church on a snowy Sunday morning with enough firearms on their shoulders to scare the disarmament fans into fits, but he also dislikes to converse at any length about himself or his doings, and blushes a passionate crimson when mentioned kindly. Not long ago a newspaper lady of the more intense sort, sometimes known as a sob sister, interviewed him and then referred to him in her account of the interview as a Gibson man. Whenever this is mentioned in Steve's presence in large gatherings he blushes so violently that all the doctors in sight think he is having an apoplectic seizure.

Another thing that was apparently passed down to him from a long line of thorough, painstaking and inquisitive New England ancestors is an intense desire to know all about the other fellow and the manner in which he runs his business. This is probably a similar—though more genial and mellow—streak to that which cropped out in Cotton Mather and forced him to write three hundred and eighty-two books about all sorts of subjects, and led him to delve into the private lives of the residents of Massachusetts Bay Colony in search of witches.

He worked his way through the University of California by acting as a book agent up and down the Pacific Coast, selling those ornate red-and-gold-covered books that were highly esteemed in the early '80's as decorations for the parlor table and the top shelf of the whatnot, along with the mottled sea shell and small model of Washington Monument made out of macerated paper money. Wherever he went he made great numbers of friends, especially among elderly ladies. No matter in what section of the country he finds himself today, he is acquainted with two or three elderly ladies and must call on them before leaving the neighborhood.

When he graduated from the University of California he migrated to New York and got himself a job as reporter on the New York Sun. As a writer of news stories he never threatened to snatch the crown from such masters of the writing craft as Charles Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe; but he had a peculiar and unusual knack for uncovering the complete details of intricate business stories. He had a passion for knowing how the other man ran his business, and he could sit and listen to anybody who was willing to talk about his business with the same eager enthusiasm and staying power that Cotton Mather used to display in his praying. He also had a confidence-inspiring face, so that it was only necessary for him to ask a man one or two questions about his business in order to get the man to pour out his entire life story, with none of the troubles omitted.

His father was the manager of the New York office of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, better known as the Borax Trust. After he had been on the staff of the Sun for five years, his father coaxed him to enter the borax business, so young Mather went into it in a very subordinate position. He took with him, however, his craving to examine the cogwheels in everybody's business affairs, as well as his ability to make friends. As a result, before he had fairly graduated from an office boy's position, he had learned the complete inside of the Borax Trust's business, as well as the details of the business of the people who bought from the Borax Trust. He had also discovered that the trust wasn't transporting or marketing its borax properly, and that it wasn't doing a third of the business that it ought to do. He therefore drew up a complete plan for the entire reorganization of the business. He had some difficulty in getting anyone to listen to his plan; but when the proper persons began to listen it was at once adopted, and young Mather was sent to Chicago to take charge of marketing the country's borax supply.

The Parks as They Were

IN 1903 he withdrew from the Borax Trust and set up a borax business of his own. The trust, at first contemptuous of his company, suddenly realized that it was putting a number of severe dents in the hitherto unblemished surface of the parent concern. So it essayed to attend to the precocious and offensive newcomer with the usual tactics. Mather and his partner, however, sat tight and waited patiently. Eventually the trust weakened and made an agreement with Mather whereby Mather's concern continued to do an independent business. And thus Mather was relieved of the danger of having the wolf scratch a hole in the front door.

Being a Californian by birth, and having a strong liking for the natural beauties of the country, Mather spent his vacations on the Pacific Coast, and naturally gravitated toward the great government parks. Following his inherited craving for information and details, he fell in with the people responsible for the operation of the parks and promptly extracted from them all existing information as to their needs, their problems, the methods used in their upkeep and the expense of keeping them going. He got to know as much about the Yosemite as though he had invented it. He began to get acquainted with members of the Sierra Club, and they told him about the other parks until he became as familiar with their details as though he had laid them out. Due entirely to his Mather passion for business details, he knew more about all the parks, without being in any way connected with them, than any other person.

Late in 1914 Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, knowing of Mather's interest in and knowledge of parks, asked him to come to Washington as his secretary, with jurisdiction over the parks. Mather's business partner told him to run away and do as he pleased; so he started for Washington with the definite idea in his head of changing the parks from a lot of scattered units into a closely knit business organization.

When Mather came to Washington there was no individual in the Department of the Interior who devoted all his time to the national parks. There wasn't even a stenographer working on park work alone. The parks were side lines—extra work—in the department, the result being that everyone dodged park work whenever he could, passing the buck gayly from desk to desk, so that the work was sadly neglected. Each park was considered separately. If there were one thousand shovels rusting unused in Yosemite and five hundred shovels were needed in Sequoia, the five hundred shovels couldn't be transferred to Sequoia from Yosemite. Never could such an outrage be perpetrated on the Washington Order of Red-Tape Twisters! And if an engineer was employed in Yosemite on a yearly salary, but had only enough work to keep him busy from April until July, and if an engineer was also needed at Mount Rainier National Park for work that could be done in August, September and October, it was not permissible to transfer the Yosemite engineer to Mount Rainier when he had finished his Yosemite work.

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A Cadillac Announcement

The Cadillac Motor Car Company announces the continuation of Type 61 on a largely increased production schedule at the following reduced prices:

Touring Car	$2885
Phaeton	2885
Roadster	2885
Victoria	3675
5-Passenger Coupe	3750
Sedan	3950
Suburban	3990
Limousine	4300
Imperial Limousine	4400

All prices F. O. B. Detroit, plus war tax

The new prices govern the identical Type 61 cars which have met with a degree of favor unparalleled in Cadillac history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 26

Perish the thought with the utmost enthusiasm! A new engineer had to be hired for Mount Rainier. You bet! You couldn't put over any funny business on the Washington job holders!

Mather's idea was to weld the parks into a great system under a National Park Service, to make them constantly accessible to more people, and to make them as easy of access to people of small means as to people of large means. By persistent and unremitting toil over a period of eight years, he has succeeded in all these things, even beyond the fondest hopes of such optimists as the members of the Sierra Club. The extent of his personal contributions to the national parks will probably never be told, because of his distressing habit of growing red in the face, grinning sheepishly and disappearing hastily whenever his private efforts are discussed. He has, however, purchased privately owned land in several national parks with his own money and then turned over the properties to the Government. It was Mather who secured the beautiful Tioga Road, extending from Lake Tahoe down to the valley—a two-day trip of unrivaled scenic beauty. The road was owned by a mining company; but Mather knew that the Government ought to have it before somebody else cut in on it and put it beyond the Government's reach. So he put up the bulk of the money required to buy it, and one of his Chicago friends put up the rest; and when it was safely and irrevocably bought, they handed it over to the Government with an entire absence of hullabaloo, clamor, vociferation and trumpet flourishing.

The parks are no longer mere parks, but a park system, run by their own organization, the National Park Service, of which Steve Mather is the director. The year before Mather started work on the parks they were visited by two hundred and [illegible]-five thousand people. Last year they were visited by more than one million people. At one place in the Yosemite the traffic at the height of the summer travel is so heavy that it has to be directed by traffic cops in the old Fifth Avenue manner. There are hotels for the rich and tent camps for the not-so-rich, the latter equipped with more convenience than the users ever knew in their own homes. There is even a big cafeteria in the Yosemite for those hasty modern travelers who are averse to taking more than twenty minutes for lunch while making their observations of the great outdoors.

There are two schools of thought on the subject of travel in the national parks. One school holds that so long as modern automobile tourists continue to permit among their members large quantities of human swine who make the landscape hideous with discarded tin cans, lunch boxes, old newspapers and miscellaneous junk, the parks can get along quite well without the automobile tourist. The other school holds that the parks are entirely for the people, and that automobile roads should be built to their topmost peaks and their uttermost confines, so that flivvers may grind their tempestuous and cohicky way into the very heart of things.

Mather holds a middle course. He insists that the people be enabled to enjoy their parks; but since the parks belong to the people, he argues that there ought to be at least a few bridle trails in them where a peace-loving man can find surcease from the cares that infest the day without having his nerves shattered by the hoarse hoot of a seven-dollar horn, or without having his horse's off hind leg neatly removed by the hub of a passing tin-can tourist.

In the words of Howling Joe McCaffrey, the champion tire vulcanizer of the Yosemite, "There's nothing the matther with Mather."

WEASEL POLITICS

(Continued from Page 8)

popularity, no matter what party banner they carried. Possibly a like exception should be made of California. But certainly nearly all the other winning candidates won on the strength of the Republican—or Democratic—name and organization. Few or none of them would have won as independent or third-party candidates. Mr. La Follette will admit that in nearly all constituencies the Republican or Democratic banner is a very valuable asset for a candidate. In nearly all constituencies many voters practice party regularity or have party leanings that count strongly in an election. Mainly these men owe their elections to party; but they propose, it seems, to repudiate obligation to party.

Boring From Within

With rare exceptions people vote the Republican ticket because the Republican Party is a national organization, capable of giving effect to their will in national affairs; or the Democratic ticket because the Democratic Party is a national organization. Reformers have insisted that it's foolish to recognize national organizations in local affairs—to vote for a governor because he is a Democrat or for a mayor because he is a Republican. Yet against the most plausible arguments people, by and large, have stuck to the national organizations, perhaps by an instinctive national feeling. Pennsylvania goes Republican for mayors and sheriffs and Mississippi goes Democratic for mayors and sheriffs, with an eye—or an instinct—on Washington. Say I live in Michigan or Ohio. I vote the Republican ticket—or the Democratic ticket—not with reference to local affairs but with reference to national affairs. When I vote that ticket in Michigan I am giving and taking bonds with Republicans in Minnesota and Massachusetts, entering into a cooperation with them on the implied understanding that my representative and their representatives will get together on some broad common grounds and carry on in national legislation and administration. If Minnesota Republicans vote with the mental reservation that their representative is not going to coöperate at all with my representative, but on the contrary is going to jockey him into a tight corner and sandbag him, they are swindling me.

The national parties are national cooperations. I submit that no group has a right to go into the pool with the idea of holding up the other members and grabbing what it wants. The strength and vote-pulling power of the Republican Party arise from the fact of its being a national coöperation. The candidate in Iowa, Minnesota, and so on, wants to run on the Republican ticket because he wants the advantage that accrues from the party as a national coöperation. When he takes the advantages of coöperation and repudiates the obligations his political morality needs attention.

There is, say, a national coöperation of potato growers. Because it is nation-wide it is able to organize markets, build terminals, establish grades and regulate selling so that one region will not be underbidding another; moreover, credit, prestige, goodwill attach to it. Suppose that Maine, using the national organization's markets, credit facilities, and so on, nevertheless dumped its crop when it pleased, regardless of the coöperation program—Maine would be censured and thrown out. But in politics it appears to be considered rather a fine thing to take the benefits of a coöperation and then hit it over the head.

Rank-and-file citizens have a right to object to this boring from within because it is another, and conspicuous, milepost on the road of minority rule. It proposes a well-defined group in Senate and House which by the smart use of political strategy, operating on the well-known cowardice of politics, will be able to exercise an influence on legislation out of all proportion to its numbers and the number of people whom it represents. In the statement of November eighteenth Senator La Follette pointed out that "the progressive delegation from a single state"—meaning, no doubt, his own state—"holds the balance of power in the House, and a group of eight or ten progressives in the Senate may act with equal effectiveness." This evidently means that the delegation from a single state, wearing the Republican uniform, has a grand opportunity to sandbag the Republican majority and to exemplify minority rule.

He also remarked that "there is a line of cleavage in this country which will separate the sheep from the goats." His scheme appears to me to imply exactly that the rank-and-file citizens of the United States are to be divided mostly into Democratic sheep and Republican goats, while an active little band of progressives or insurgents or radicals or whatever they may call themselves—each donning the convenient sheep livery or goat livery for the purpose of getting elected—shall bore from within, play one side against the other, and in the practical legislative outcome outweigh both the sheep and the goats. It doesn't look to me like an attractive program.

As I read it, this program does not imply gaining legislative power through a frank and outright appeal to voters. If it meant going to the people under its own flag with a clear-cut set of national policies no rational person could object to it on constitutional grounds. If it could win at the polls, standing on its own two legs, wearing its own clothes and declaring itself for what it was, every believer in democratic government would accept the result. It is the weasel politics, boring from within, using the livery of a national coöperation and then repudiating all obligation to it, that candid people who believe in majority rule have a right to object to.

Straightforward Methods

Shortly after our show of hands there was a national election in Great Britain. The Conservative Party, standing on its own legs and wearing its own clothes, carried a clear majority of seats in the House of Commons. Using the established machinery of regional representation, it won clear title to control of the government. A great many people in Great Britain are not conservative. Many are radical, wanting national ownership of railroads and mines and a broadax for capital in the form of a capital levy. They said so explicitly. They went to the polls on that issue, organized, uniformed and tagged unmistakably as the Labor Party. They won 136 seats in the House of Commons, and by every theory of democracy are entitled to them. Voters, knowing exactly who and what they were voting for, gave them the seats. That is honest politics, responsible politics, respectable politics, that tells you just what it stands for and asks your suffrage.

The British election presented an image of political democracy, operating, like ours, on the basis of regional representation. There can be no image of democratic rule without group morality, party loyalty. Suppose now that some thirty Conservative members of the House of Commons should organize a well-defined group of borers from within and announce that they would thwart the Conservative program unless some pet measure of their own not included in the party program and squarely hostile to it—was adopted. They would be trying to substitute gang rule for democratic rule.

Muddy Political Waters

When Senator La Follette threw cold water on the suggestion of a third party in this country it must have meant that his group expected to score without running the bases; in other words, to wield more power through political strategy and maneuvering than it could gain votes in a straight-cut appeal to the public. Does the progressive, or radical, movement prefer to bore from within because it fears voters would be bored from without by a candid and clear-cut appeal?

A great many people embracing all shades of political opinion have long regretted the degenerate state of the two big political parties. Meanings that once attached to the names "Republican" and "Democrat" have become so blurred that little meaning is left to either. The three preëminent political figures of the last thirty years are Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson. Cleveland, the Democrat, was decidedly more conservative than Roosevelt, the Republican. Wilson, the Democrat, began by talking radically and ended acting very conservatively. Those three names merely illustrate the party confusion that has long since become a commonplace in all candid political discussion. The two big parties survive simply because they are rather effective going concerns for the sordid purpose of capturing offices. This degradation of the two big parties—which, taken together, attract about 95 per cent of the country's total vote—obviously makes for general political degradation and confusion. Since the two big parties mean little, the division of votes between them at a national election means little. After the votes are counted one, or possibly two, very broad generalizations may be deduced—as that the country is sick of the Wilson Administration and cold to the League of Nations; or that it is sick of this present Congress—but nobody knows, any more than he knew before the votes were counted, what the people are really thinking on various most important national questions. If the parties mean little, elections mean little.

Some people holding office or desiring office have a vested interest in the two old parties as they stand. Some other people find an advantage in having muddy political waters to fish in. Those two sorts of people are the only sorts that have any interest in perpetuating the present confusion of parties. In view of the lofty aims which they profess, we might reasonably expect the progressives, or radicals, to take the lead in helping us out of this political degradation and confusion, especially as they are exactly in a position to bring that about. We might expect them to form a party that did have clear-cut meaning and significance. They are always declaring that a majority of the people, while temporarily wandering in the Republican and Democratic wildernesses, are with them at heart. Then why in the name of sanity and common honesty don't they strike out, set up their standard, make their proclamation? People who are not progressive, or radical, would automatically gather in an opposition party, and the nation's day of redemption, so far as political organization is concerned, would have dawned. We would then have two really significant political parties, elections would have tangible meaning, the will of the majority could be ascertained and would rule.

But instead of doing this fine service to the nation—a service which, by their own account, is fully within their power and which every circumstance of the case calls upon them to perform—our astonishing progressives apparently propose not only to keep up the old party confusion but to make it still worse confounded. Instead of clearing the waters, they propose, by boring from within, to dump in cartloads of fresh mud, so that the rank-and-file voter, very uncertain before as to what his national ticket signified, will have less chance of knowing than ever. He may think he is voting for protection while some busy borers from within are using the same ticket to further free trade.

The Riddle of Progressivism

If progressives stick to boring from within it must, as I see it, mean three things: First, that they want to maintain the confused old parties as going concerns for the strictly selfish purpose of capturing offices; second, that they believe they can wield decidedly greater power by the more or less piratical exercise of political strategy at Washington than they could gain by a straight-out appeal to the public; third, that they want muddy political waters to fish in. For some meaning does still attach to both the old parties. On the record to date they both stand for capital; they stand for those dire things, vested interests, which in plain language means that if a man has got possession of a million dollars by lawful means it shall not be taken away from him except by due process of law. The old parties still indubitably mean individual initiative, enterprise and ownership. They stand opposed to socialism.

Now, at this writing, nobody knows what progressivism does stand for. Its general air and bearing imply that it is against capital which is owned east of the Alleghany Mountains and for capital in its own constituencies; but to figure out a national political philosophy on that cross-legged basis would puzzle Doctor Einstein. Mr. La Follette's call was addressed to such persons as he considered most representative of progressive thought. A study of the list doesn't help me, at least, to visualize a progressive program, for the list ranges

(Continued on Page 30

A Year's Great Growth In Public Regard

The good Maxwell has wrought a revolution within its own sphere during the past year.

In general public regard it has risen to heights of approval probably never accorded to any other car in a similar period.

In the regard of its own public it has displaced all other claimants for first place.

It has established itself beyond question as a quality product, offering in that respect value so superior that the most casual observer immediately recognizes it.

Wherever this conviction of greater value has thoroughly penetrated the public mind, it is outselling because it deserves to outsell.

It is being judged and being awarded preference on the three great evidences of motor car value — manufacturing superiority, better performance and greater beauty.

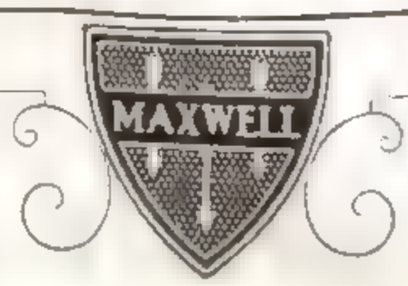
Thousands of owners have proven during these twelve months that in every essential of trustworthy construction it surpasses the exterior excellence which makes everyone admit there is nothing on the market to compare with it.

We have waited a year before telling these truths — waited for that spontaneous public recognition we knew was bound to come, and which is being accorded now in unstinted measure.

You need not accept our assurances that the good Maxwell has come into its own.

Your own eyes and ears will bear witness that it has brought about a realignment in public regard which is redounding everywhere to its great advantage.

MAXWELL



(Continued from Page 28)

from some radical labor leaders to that heart-rending example of an exploited and despoiled proletarian, Mr. Samuel Untermyer. A strong anticapital slant on the eastern exposure and an antisocialist slant on the western exposure is all, I believe, that anybody can make out of this present progressive movement at this writing. With that kind of implement to fish for votes with, the muddier the water, I should say, the better the fishing.

On the same day with Mr. La Follette's call, Mr. Capper issued a statement—not as a Republican senator from Kansas but as chairman of the Senate farm bloc. He also said that reaction had been vanquished in the elections and progressives now had a mandate from the people. Mr. La Follette's list of representative progressives -at least the list published in the newspapers which I have consulted—does not include Mr. Capper, although it does, for example, include Senator France, who was defeated in the November election, and three other senators. The omission of Mr. Capper's name may be a typographical oversight or a mere inadvertence. It should not be important; for on present progressive principles, or practices, although Mr. La Follette and Mr. Capper held the most divergent views, they might cheerfully join in the same group and then bore at each other from within.

Both Mr. La Follette and Mr. Capper put defeat of ship subsidy at the top of the immediate progressive program. Now the ship-subsidy bill proposes to devote an amount of public money which may run to $40,000,000 a year to the support and encouragement of an American merchant marine, following the example of some other maritime nations. A great many people entertain great doubts of its usefulness. But it involves, in fact, an expenditure equal to about 1 per cent of the total national expenditure. I submit that when progressives grow purple with indignation over the outrage of placing a burden of $40,000,000 a year, in the form of ship subsidy, on the back of a toilsome and long-suffering public, and then, in the very next breath, propose with enthusiastic unanimity to dump a $4,000,000,000 soldiers' bonus on that same back they are talking rank buncombe. Obviously they are not thinking of that toilsome and long-suffering back at all, but of votes.

A Dead Issue

The Government is now operating about a third of its merchant tonnage, and the operation of that fraction nets a loss of about $50,000,000 a year. From the beginning government operation of the ships has brought steady and enormous loss. President Harding thinks that by transferring the boats to private owners and granting a subsidy of perhaps $40,000,000—to cease whenever private operation becomes sufficiently profitable to yield 10 per cent on the investment—the country would get a real and finally self-supporting merchant marine. We have a great stake in this merchant fleet. The President says as things are going now we're likely to lose it. It's all a sober business proposition that ought to be soberly considered. Progressive politics makes a raw-head-and-bloody-bones bogy man out of it. Ships are owned in the East. If the Government's merchant fleet is ever sold it will be sold to Eastern capital, there being no other capital to buy it. This $40,000,000 subsidy therefore will go to Eastern capital. That is enough. Set off the fire alarm! Sound the tocsin! On guard for the people!

The Government has other property besides ships. For one item, it has very extensive property, acquired at a large outlay, at Muscle Shoals. In enumerating the chief objects of progressive policy, for which the people gave a mandate in November, Mr. Capper declares that this Muscle Shoals property must be put in the hands of Henry Ford, sole owner of, perhaps, the most profitable corporation in the United States and probably our second largest individual capitalist. But Mr. Ford's great capital and great profits are sanctified, for progressive purposes, because he doesn't live in the East and makes a point of speaking contemptuously of Wall Street. The people's mandate, as progressively interpreted, sternly forbids selling government property to Eastern capital and sternly commands turning government property of, perhaps, equal potential value and earning power over to Detroit capital. Who is going to construct a set of national principles and policies out of that?

Newberryism is another outstanding progressive asset. A foolish man with some foolish relatives ran for senator in Michigan and foolishly spent a great lot of money. I believe it has never been charged anywhere that any of the money was spent corruptly—that is, to bribe voters. I happened to be residing in Michigan during the Newberry campaign and witnessed its phenomena at first hand. Newberry put bigger advertisements in the local newspapers than the other side did, and more of them. He stuck more and larger lithographs in all the shop windows. He hired more bands that played louder. He engaged more spellbinders and campaign buttonholers. So far as I observed he did not do anything that political candidates everywhere do not do; but he did more of it, with a larger splurge and a louder blare. It was a foolish exhibition. But to say that he bought the election is equivalent to saying that the people of Michigan are such blockheads that the man who hires the most bands will get their votes. Newberryism is a dead and buried cat, useful only for purposes of political oratory.

Political Hamstringing

Railroads bulk large in progressive politics. Senator La Follette says their consolidation into a small number of monster systems must be prevented. What he has in mind, no doubt, is the plan worked out by the Interstate Commerce Commission for fifteen or more big but competitive systems embracing all the roads in the country. That plan was worked out in conformity with an act of Congress by the Government's own commission. The railroads themselves have shown no particular enthusiasm for it. Also, the senator says the Railroad Labor Board—another government agency—must not be given coercive power to prevent and punish strikes. Mr. Capper adds that freight rates must be reduced and the clause in a Republican statute giving the Interstate Commerce Commission control over state rates must be repealed.

All you can make out of that, in the way of a policy, is a policy of hamstringing, of guerilla attacks on the flank and picking off the stragglers. If progressives want government ownership and operation of railroads they should say so. If they want private ownership and operation they should have the candor to accept squarely the conditions upon which alone private ownership and operation are possible—that is, reasonable assurance of a rate of profit which will attract private capital into railroading. Some of them talk about repealing the so-called guaranty clause of the Esch-Cummins Law. The Government has complete control of freight and passenger rates. The clause in question merely says, in effect, that the Government should not reduce rates below a point which yields a reasonable profit on the investment. To repeal that clause is tantamount to serving notice that the Government may reduce rates below a point that will yield a reasonable return, or any return, upon the investment. It amounts to saying, "We are going to depend upon private capital for transportation, but we will confiscate the capital if we feel like it."

Progressivism must have a very naïve view of capital if it supposes it will invest in any enterprise on such terms. If progressives want simply to wreck the railroads they ought to say that. The objection, at this point, is not to government ownership, or even to just wrecking the roads, but to weasel politics that doesn't tell you what it means.

Some aspects of the political situation in 1854 may be likened to the present. Men were thinking a lot about the extension of slavery into the territories. There were two dominant political parties, but they offered no satisfactory alignment of public opinion on the slavery question. One of them, at least, was hopelessly confused on the subject, not knowing its own mind and, therefore, meaningless as a political party. Nevertheless, it was a quite efficient going concern for the strictly selfish purpose of capturing votes and offices, and so, no doubt, was dear to many politicians of that day. The men who met in 1854 to launch the new—Republican—party must have been reconciled to the dreadful prospect of taking a licking at the polls, of losing an election and being out of office for a spell. They not only had some tangible convictions on the subject of slavery in the territories but they cared more for those convictions than they did for winning the next election. Their venture has been pretty generally applauded. Certainly they restored meaning to American politics and gave voters the means of expressing their national convictions by their ballots.

Whatever progressivism may now mean, that name has had a bogus sound to a great many people for several years because it seemed to signify something that wouldn't stand up under fire—that couldn't endure the gaff for even a comparatively brief spell, but threw up its hands and hastened back to the fleshpots after one defeat. In 1912, you remember, under a remarkable leader, progressives did form a political party, make their declaration of faith in plain language and go to the polls under their own banner. They did extraordinarily well for a new party, but they didn't win; so they promptly faded out of the picture. The argument was that unless they returned to the Republican fold the Democrats would win. That argument, taking the progressives' own word for it, amounts to this: "The Republican Party has lost all meaning. The Democratic Party has lost all meaning. But unless we rejoin the Republicans one meaningless party rather than another meaningless party will capture the offices." Which, of course, is equivalent to the more candid statement, "We can't endure being kept out of office."

There was considerable pious talk of reforming the Republican Party from within, which is a different matter from boring from within. In the first case a group of men within a coöperation seek to sway the whole coöperation, or the effective majority of it, to their way of thinking. That is democratic. In the second case a group, remaining within the coöperation, seek by obstruction and maneuver to thwart the majority. That is weasel. But although the progressive leaven has presumably been working in the Republican Party ever since, progressives practically repudiate it so far as the notion of owing any obligation to it is concerned.

A Majority at Loggerheads

To take the first illustration that comes to hand, a national merchant-marine policy is surely highly desirable, for almost any tangible policy is better than mere chaotic no policy at all. We own a great merchant fleet, on which we have spent more than $3,000,000,000 of public money. If the Government is going to operate it certain steps ought to be taken now which need not be taken if the Government is going to sell the fleet to private operators. We ought to know what we are going to do. The Republican Party has a clear-cut merchant-marine policy, contained in President Harding's recent address to Congress. We ought to say yes or no to it. Or take the much more important case of the railroads: Surely there should be a national railroad policy. The Republican Party has such a policy, embodied in the Esch-Cummins Law. The gist of it is, railroads are to be privately owned and operated under government supervision, which shall not be so applied as to deprive the private owners of a reasonable return on their investment. We ought to say yes or no to that. If we say no we ought candidly to accept the alternative of government ownership and operation. We can get on with government ownership and operation of both ships and railroads. We cannot get on with mere void uncertainty that paralyzes or excludes private management and puts nothing permanent and definite in its place.

These are big national questions, and are supposed, in a democracy, to be settled by the majority will of the people. The only way you and I have of expressing our wills is by our ballots. Say I live in Massachusetts. I approve the Republican policy of private ownership of merchant marine and railroads. I vote the Republican ticket. I read in the newspapers that the Republican Party has won the national election. But up bobs a group of duly elected Republicans to announce that they are going to fight the Republican ship and railroad policies. Or, to put it another way around, men in Kansas and Wisconsin vote the Republican ticket, taking it as meaning government ownership of boats and railroads, while I in Massachusetts vote the same ticket, taking it as meaning the opposite. Neither of us has got anywhere. The election has not been a means of giving effect to the will of a majority. It has simply disclosed a majority at loggerheads and left the situation more confused than before.

The greatest political service that anybody can render the country today, in my opinion, is to help clarify politics and give us national tickets to which tangible meanings attach. If our high-sounding progressives persist in boring from within they will give us merely some pious generalities and, in practical effect, greater confusion than before. They will be not only keeping up the Republican and Democratic muddles, but adding a new smoke screen of their own. Senator La Follette speaks of "accepted progressive principles and policies," but to this writing there are no such principles and policies. To Mr. Capper progressivism means handing Muscle Shoals over to a private capitalist. To a lot of other progressives it means handing the railroads over to government ownership and labor-union management under the Plumb plan. It can have no definite, authoritative meaning until it calls a convention and adopts a platform.

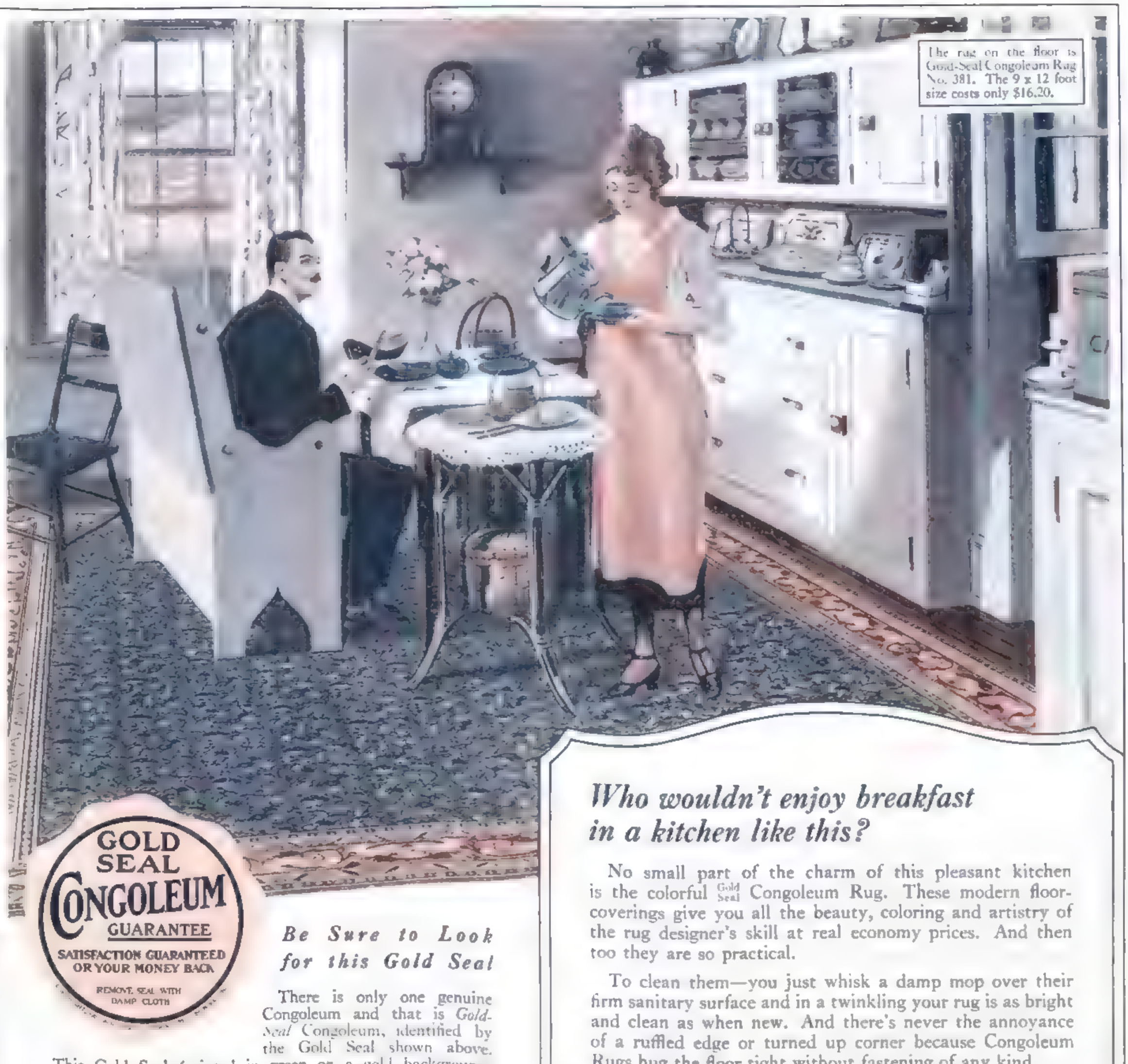
Mr. La Follette as Moses

If you are acquainted with the history of the Mormon Church you will recall that Joseph Smith discovered some buried gold plates on which the gospel of Mormon was engraved, but in a strange tongue that no one could read. The prophet, however, also discovered a sort of miraculous spectacles by looking through which he perceived the meaning of the strange characters engraved on the gold plates. Now, with only one prophet and only one pair of spectacles, you may erect a creed on that basis. But with a host of progressive prophets proclaiming different meanings you get only boggle. What serious-minded people want is a document which they themselves can read with their own natural eyes and horse sense—in other words, a national-election return which discloses a tangible national meaning; which, for example, plainly says yes or no to a given shipping-and-railroad policy, and not, on the same ticket, yes in Massachusetts and no in Kansas. Progressives can assist in that direction only by organizing and adopting a platform.

If progressives persist in heading in the opposite direction—away from clarity and toward obscurity—they must expect to look as bogus as a china egg to a great many people. They say they have national principles and policies. They say a majority of the people—or at least a very powerful minority—approve those principles and policies. Then every circumstance of the case calls upon them to formulate those principles and policies in plain language, issue the call to their followers, stand forth under their own banner and so redeem us from this grievous confusion. If they don't it looks very patent to me that their pretensions are hollow; that there is no high conviction, clear thinking or leadership in them. If they are merely going to perpetuate the muddled old parties as vote-getting concerns, and by boring from within muddy the waters still further, why, then ——

We are lost in a political fog. We hear Senator La Follette's clarion cry "Help at hand!" and wait in the murk with high hopes. But he only knocks out our one eye and pushes us into the creek. That is no way for Moses to act. We are entitled to suspect that he bought his prophet's robe at a theatrical costumer's.

Is there some sincerity, conviction and self-respect left in the Republican Party? It is in power by will of the people. It has declared certain policies. A group of Republican senators and representatives announces an intention to thwart those policies by going over to the opposition if necessary. A self-respecting organization, I should suppose, would throw them out. And that might start something useful. We want light. We want significant national politics. Is everybody going to start a smudge and rub out such signs as there are?



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7½	x 9	feet	10.10	only in the five large sizes.	3	x 3	feet 1.60
9	x 9	feet	12.15	The small rugs are made in	3	x 4½	feet 1.[illegible]
7½	x 10½	feet	14.15	other designs to harmonize	3	x 6	feet 2.60
9	x 12	feet	16.20	with them.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

RETAILING IN GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 16

long term of years. The short lease, as everyone connected with retailing in America knows, has been a cause of abnormally high business rentals and, indirectly, high retail prices. In one Middle West city with which I am familiar there are less than a dozen retailers in the principal shopping district who have leases covering more than five years. In many cases the retailer has to renew his lease every two or three years, and nearly always at a higher figure, because there is usually someone else anxious to get his stand. Nearly always a man will pay a little more rather than move; and so, after he has renewed his lease several times, he gets to the point where he pays a higher rent than he ought. I know of several cases where American merchants are paying out as much as 10 per cent of their total receipts for store rent, and in one case more than 15 per cent.

Retailing cannot be done economically under such conditions, and in the end, of course, the public pays the bill. In Britain this state of affairs has not had a chance to develop, because the merchant demands a long lease or nothing. In talking with scores of retailers throughout England and Scotland I have had hard work to make myself believed when I have told them that in America two and three year business leases were common. In some cases a British merchant will accept a ten-year tenancy, but twenty years is the usual term. Moreover, the Britisher usually buys the building he occupies when he has become prosperous enough, rather than invest his surplus in outside ventures, as is the custom with many American retailers.

This permanency gives the Britisher a certain advantage in his operations. A Yorkshire merchant put it this way:

"I wouldn't feel I was in business at all if I had to worry about my lease expiring every four or five years, and maybe have to face a raise in rent every time. Moreover, I wouldn't know how much profit to put on my goods if I couldn't plan what my expenses were going to be over a term of years." Then with a shrewd north-country smile he added, "I suppose I would have to stick a little extra on everything I sold so as to be prepared for the raise in case it should come."

But it is hard to visualize the Britisher sticking anything extra on his goods to make up for extra high rent. Competition is too keen, for one thing, and he is, besides, inclined to be stubborn about such matters. Figures show that, roughly speaking, the average rent paid by the retailer in England amounts to about 2½ per cent of his receipts. I am inclined to believe that almost any British merchant faced with the situation where he had to pay out 8 to 10 per cent of his receipts as rent would either go out of business altogether or move out to the edge of town, where rents were cheaper, and expect his customers to follow him.

British Buying Habits

Moving to the edge of town might be disastrous to an American retailer, but in Britain it might easily work out, for British customers are intensely loyal to the firms they are in the habit of dealing with, and do not change without reason. There is, in fact, better teamwork between the British storekeeper and his customers; a teamwork so good as to make possible definite economies of retailing.

Perhaps the greatest factor for economy lies in the fact that the British public does very little shopping around. When a person decides to buy something he usually goes straight to the place where he has bought a similar article before, and where he knows the price will be within the limits of his pocketbook. If the shop has in stock what he wants he buys it and goes on about his regular business. The time-honored American joke about the housewife's going downtown for a hard day's shopping and coming home at night with a spool of thread would not apply to British retailing.

It was in one of the prominent Piccadilly Circus stores in London that I spent an hour talking with the general manager. There seemed to be but a thin trickle of business going on in comparison with what I knew must be the heavy expense of maintaining such an establishment. Evidently the general manager must have known what was going on in my mind, for he remarked that it must seem a quiet place in comparison with the stores of New York or Chicago. Then he went on to explain.

"I know it looks quiet to you," he said, "who are used to the American crowds, but I think we have the best of it. Four persons out of five who are in the store right now are actually buying. Look at the cashier's desk and you will see."

Thus directed I looked at the cashier's desk, which was located near the front entrance. In most British stores the customer does not pay the salesman, but receives a bill for any purchase and then pays on the way out. That particular establishment caters almost exclusively to women, the sex that is supposed to do most of the shopping around; but practically everyone who left the place stopped at the cashier's desk to pay money or to give directions about having a purchase charged. The general manager went on with his explanation.

"Your American merchants," he said, "proceed on the theory that if they can get crowds into their stores a large enough percentage will buy to make it profitable. Over here we can't see it that way and think it a wasteful manner of doing business. A clerk can wait on just so many people in a day; if half or two-thirds of them are merely lookers the clerk's earning power is reduced just that much and we would have to put more profit on the goods sold."

Lookers and Buyers

An Edinburgh merchant made about the same statement, but a little more bluntly, as is the way of the Scotch. His establishment is located on one of the quieter streets, a couple of blocks from Princes Street, which is the busy thoroughfare of the city, and in the course of conversation I asked him if he would not do better to be where the big crowds are. Edinburgh, it may be explained, is distinctly the tourist town of the British Isles, and Princes Street on a bright day resembles Los Angeles or Atlantic City.

"No," answered the Scotchman, "I wouldn't care to be located down there among the crowds. It costs too much money to do business with your countrymen!"

This was rather a plain statement to make to an American, and the Scotchman made haste to temper it by giving his reasons for such a belief.

"Evidently," he said, "retail buying is done differently in your country than here. When one of our own people comes into a store we know there is the probability of a sale if we have what is asked for. But it appears that Americans use the stores a good deal for amusement, and even if they really intend to buy they don't usually make up their minds until they have been all around. More than that, they demand to see greater assortments than our people, who usually buy the first article shown if it is what they want.

"I have figured it all out," the merchant concluded. "If I were to move down to Princes Street I would have to increase my stock by at least five thousand guineas, and employ twice the number of salespeople. I might get some extra business, but not enough, I believe, to cover the extra expense. If I were on Princes Street and doing business in American fashion I would have to put a greater percentage of profit on my merchandise."

Though not at all flattering, the Scotchman's comment certainly contained food for thought. America has built up a marvelous system of retail merchandising, but it is doubtless true that in most lines there is too great a gap between the wholesale prices of commodities and the prices at which the same commodities are passed on to the customer. It costs the average American retailer too much to do business. Part of the fault certainly lies with the merchant himself. In his desire for more business he has adopted extravagant methods, and long profits become a necessity. But the public must also assume a part of the blame. Certainly it is one's prerogative to look about and see where a desired article may be purchased to the best advantage; but when looking around is carried to excess someone has to pay the bill.

In the light of the foregoing, one comes to a better understanding of the peculiar style of window dressing prevalent among British retailers. To one used to our American methods it may savor of cheapness to see the show windows of a high-class establishment crowded with merchandise of all sorts, each article bearing its price tag; but such a method makes for economical buying. The British retailer expects his customers to make their selections largely from the window display. That being done there is less lost motion; the actual business of buying is immensely simplified, and a far greater volume of sales can be made with less expense in clerk hire, which is one of the heaviest costs in any line of retailing. In America we have become used to campaigns devoted to weeks of special effort, such as Buy at Home Week, Chamber of Commerce Week, and all the others. The suggestion is respectfully made that some enterprising retail merchants' association stage a Buy Without Lost Motion Week and see how it works out for economy.

Coöperative retailing has been tried out in England to an extent not known in any other country, and the results form an interesting picture of actual retailing problems. It is more than fifty years ago that a number of government employes working in the same office clubbed together one day and bought a wagonload of potatoes at wholesale figures, each man paying his pro rata. The potatoes thus obtained were so much below the retail price that the idea was born of forming a regular buying association that should handle all sorts of necessities and eliminate the profits of the retailer altogether. Then as now it was believed that there ought not to be so wide a gap between wholesale and retail prices; that no middleman was entitled to profits ranging from 25 to 100 per cent, according to the commodities he handled.

In the course of fifty-odd years the Cooperative Society has grown from its original membership of a dozen government employes to a great organization of more than three million people. General headquarters are maintained in Manchester, with more than twelve hundred branches throughout the kingdom. The society owns and operates factories, farms, dairies, banks and printing offices. It owns a fleet of steamships to carry tea from its own plantations in Ceylon and India, and to bring other merchandise bought in foreign countries. Members of the society alone furnish the capital. They can buy everything from bread to automobiles and from cigars to furniture, all bearing the brand of their own organization. Theoretically it is a perfect machine to get around the high cost of the middleman's services. It is on a tremendous scale the same idea that the dozen government employes used in the original purchase of the load of potatoes.

Theoretical Perfection

In order to buy at a Cooperative store one must first join the society, the membership costing two pounds, which amount, however, may be paid in installments. If anyone wants to withdraw at any time he can get his money back, less a small fee. These paid-in memberships constitute the society's capital, and the member is guaranteed 5 per cent interest on his investment. In addition to this, if the society shows a profit during any given year each member receives a dividend, or rebate, on all the purchases he has made during that period. In order that no person or group of persons shall acquire a preponderant interest in the society there is a rule limiting any one subscription to two hundred pounds; but as most of the members are working people very few own more than a two-pound interest.

Theoretically the plan is perfect. No middleman makes a profit, for the profits go back into the pockets of the consumer. With its tremendous membership as a market for its products the society can purchase raw materials at absolutely rock-bottom prices. But the plan does not work out in practice to the extent that it seems it ought. Regular retail prices in Cooperative stores are no lower than in privately owned establishments; but at the end of the year, if the society shows a profit, each member receives a rebate on the total of his year's purchases. The weak spot is that in poor years the society makes no profit and the member gets no rebate. During some past years the members have received as much as a 5 per cent rebate—that is, a person who spent a hundred pounds had five pounds handed back to him. But in times like the past two years, for instance, the society member pays regular market prices for his commodities and gets no rebate. It is even probable that the society member pays more for his commodities than if he bought them at a privately owned establishment, because the Cooperative stores do not ordinarily have bargain sales, the theory being that the bargain comes at the end of the year when the rebates are distributed.

It is worth while to inquire into the reasons why such a well-conceived plan does not work out more profitably for the people who support it. By all rules laid down by theorists the Coöperative should long ago have crowded out all competing retailers who charge from 25 to 100 per cent margin on the goods they sell and put the net profits into their own pockets instead of into the pockets of their customers. Members of the society, it must be remembered, are owners as well as customers, and receive every penny of profit left over after actual operating expenses are paid. The most illuminating comment on the situation came from a London retailer who is successfully operating a store in a residential section next door to one of the society's branches.

"I'd just as soon have a Coöperative Society store for a competitor as anyone else," he said; "in fact, a little sooner. They're easier to go up against than a hustling private trader."

I said I could not see how he could compete in prices with an organization that had such a tremendous buying power and that sold its goods at actual cost to its customers. His answer had in it a whole sermon on actual business conditions.

What Makes a Business Go

"I don't care how big a competitor is or how much money he has got," the merchant said. "The thing that makes any business go is some one man who is willing to sweat over it and lie awake nights to scheme how he can cut the corners. The Cooperative Society is managed by men who work on salary and who can never hope to become proprietors. The man who actually owns a business may be willing to lie awake nights to scheme how he may save a shilling a day on operations because the shilling belongs to him if he does manage to save it. The mere salaried man has no such incentive. That is why in my little shop here I can compete with the Cooperative, even though it manufactures its own stuff and has more than three million ready-made customers. It's just a matter of human nature."

The London retailer must have been correct, for there is no other way to explain it. So far as organization goes nothing is lacking in the big Cooperative Society. There are twelve hundred branches and the territory that each one serves is carefully defined so there will be no overlapping, which eliminates the charge often made against private retailers that too many try to make a living from a limited population. In London, for instance, where the society has a hundred and twenty thousand members, the Coöperative stores are invariably separated by spaces of at least a dozen blocks, near enough together so that members may do their buying handily, but far enough apart so each store will not compete against its fellows.

In conversation with the manager of one of the larger metropolitan branches of the Cooperative I ran across a feature that showed one of the human-nature slants of it to which the regular London retailer alluded. The society manager had been showing me around the place, which covered half a city block and handled every conceivable sort of merchandise, valued, he said, at more than fifty thousand pounds. We came at last to the board room, wherein are handled the executive affairs of the branch, and it was explained to me that the executive committee was composed of twelve members who serve without pay, most of them being in their regular jobs employes of the near-by railroad shops and roundhouses. None of them, it seemed, were at all experienced in commercial affairs. I asked the society manager if such a committee could have sufficient grasp of business technicalities to decide wisely on the complicated matters that naturally arise.

(Continued on Page 35

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The All-Weather Tread Solids at the rear likewise cushion the chassis, body and load —with even more resilience than many so-called cushion tires afford.

As for wear, these strong and serviceable tires stand up for thousands of miles—insuring low tire-cost-per-mile in the heaviest duty.

Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tires and Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires, with the famous Goodyear Cord Truck Tires, complete the line of Goodyear Truck Tires for every kind of service. The Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealer sells them and backs them up with standard Goodyear Service.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

SIMPLICITY is the predominating note of the interior scheme in the cozy cottages of Grove Park Inn. Klearflax rugs were chosen for their quiet beauty and sturdy texture

For the cozy cottages at Grove Park Inn KLEARFLAX *rugs were chosen*

At Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N.C., worried frowns smooth out and knotted nerves relax. Serenity is in the air, outside and in.

In the room pictured, as everywhere, simplicity is the predominating note. A Klearflax linen rug covers the floor.

The quiet beauty and the sturdy texture of Klearflax make its use here particularly happy. As Mr. Seely explains, "Klearflax rugs are sanitary and attractive and there is no overlooking the fact that they lend a touch of homelikeness and softness to the room that is very pleasing."

In Klearflax you find richly beautiful colors, such as only linen takes—for Klearflax is *pure linen*. There are solid tones of sand, chestnut, green, blues, gray, rose, mole, taupe, mulberry and beige. A charming variation is the bordered effect, obtainable with every one of these colors.

Equally popular and newer are the Picwick color combinations. Of a quaintly interesting character, these mixtures lend themselves very smartly to artistic decoration, with a style all their own. You will be delighted with the original effects their richly mingled colorings give.

The wearing qualities of Klearflax are remarkable — due to the strength of linen fabric, and because Klearflax is reversible. For home use and in hotels and offices, it gives that tremendous wear resistance made necessary by modern demands.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it easily, for, being linen, it is mothproof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially the wide loom widths for fine offices and public buildings. It is priced $3.75 a square yard.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpets and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 32)

"Why, yes," the manager answered, "they are all good, sensible men and thoroughly believe in the Cooperative movement. Anyhow, they give me and my assistant pretty free rein to act as we like." A second thought struck him and he gave words to it reflectively. "There is one little flaw in the system," he said, "that really works to its disadvantage. Everywhere the executive committees are mainly composed of men like ours—working people who earn, perhaps, from four to seven pounds a week. It is hard to convince them that a store manager should get more pay than they do themselves, for the store manager, you see, is only their employe. It's just the same slant in human nature that would make any employer dislike to pay his hired man more than he got himself."

The weakness of the Coöperative, evidently, like that of any other socialistic venture, lies in the fact that no one person is getting enough out of it to be willing to lie awake nights and worry over it. In spite of this the Coöperative movement in England has been a success in many ways. Some of its literature is a little radical: "If you like to get less than value for your money, then you will continue to let the private trader make a profit out of you." "Cooperators can snap their fingers at anyone trying to make a profit out of their trade." "The Coöperative is the symbol of emancipation for consumers from mercenary interests." These are specimens of Coöperative Society advertising and it is noticeable that class feeling is played up in nearly all its printed announcements; the theory is taught that anyone who charges a profit on any commodity is a profiteer and an enemy to the workingman.

Backed into a corner and confronted with the fact that the Coöperative does not ordinarily undersell private merchants, the society official justifies its existence by stating that all Coöperative goods are made by union workmen drawing union pay, and that any organization that gives everyone connected with it a voice in its management must have an educational value. The society official will also claim that the Coöperative has tended to force the private merchant to keep his prices down to a reasonable level, which claim doubtless has some truth to it.

Too High Overhead

Anyone going about the retail establishments of Britain cannot fail to be struck with the high degree of efficiency displayed by the individual salesperson. Retail salesmanship is better than in America. In making this statement I do not belittle the capacities of many earnest men and women who are working behind the counters of the retail establishments in our own country. We have fallen into the belief that Americans are the premier salespeople of the world, but it must be admitted that the British stores beat us in this particular. A year ago a large party composed of English department-store executives made a two months' trip to the United States for the purpose of studying our methods, covering the country pretty thoroughly from Boston to California. I have talked with several of these men, and though all of them express admiration for most of the things they observed, they invariably comment unfavorably on our salesmanship as displayed behind the counters of the retail establishments.

This is the observation of one of these men, the principal owner of an establishment in one of the larger provincial cities:

"Your stores in America are wonderful, but I think are apt to be run too expensively. Here in England we have a saying, 'Easy money in retailing is not good for the public,' and in the matter of retail salesmanship I think you are extravagant. Your retail clerks, it seems to me, are not trained to take their profession seriously enough. When in America I went around many of the stores with my wife to watch the way she was handled in making small purchases, and almost invariably my thought was that the people behind the counters were not sufficiently grounded in the merchandise they were selling. The fact that they had large selections to show the customer seemed enough; there was little attempt to explain the technical points of the merchandise or to show why any one article should be more serviceable than another. I could not help the feeling that the clerks themselves had not been sufficiently instructed in the goods they were selling, and that getting the money was the main thing."

Whether the English merchant was right or not need not be gone into here, but the fact remains that in Britain the profession of retail selling is taken very seriously. The untrained young man or woman who gets a job in a retail store is not allowed to do any selling until given a thorough education in the merchandise he or she is to purvey. Many of the leading establishments still maintain the apprenticeship system, under which the candidate formally binds himself to stick to his job for three years, which period is considered necessary to acquire the proper knowledge of merchandise suitable for first-class salesmanship.

Training in Selling

How seriously the matter is taken may be gathered from the fact that the merchant I have quoted has in his establishment no fewer than eight young men whose fathers are successful proprietors of department stores in other cities, sent to him under regular apprenticeship terms, to be trained in the fundamentals of salesmanship, one of them being the heir to a great establishment in Cape Town, whither he will return when his three years' apprenticeship is over. This system of apprenticeship, the merchant explained, is a good deal of a responsibility but is kept up for the good of the trade. The merchant's own son is serving his three years in a Melbourne establishment. There was a humorous twist at the end of the merchant's talk that shows that human nature is at work everywhere.

"The London stores," he said discontentedly, "don't take so much pains training up their help as we do in the smaller towns. What they do is to let us small fry do the training and when a man has become valuable the London store grabs him away."

British retailers believe that the time and money spent in training their salespeople pay in the long run, for the young man who knows just what to say about the merchandise he is handling will sell a vastly greater percentage of customers than one who merely throws the goods down on the counter and says they are cheap or pretty or just what the customer ought to have. It was a merchant on Oxford Street, in London, who proudly told me a story on an American friend, also a retailer, who had come to England to pick up ideas. The American had asked permission to sit in the Oxford Street showrooms during a busy afternoon, and for two hours watched the establishment in action. At the end of that time the Londoner asked him to come to his office and say what he thought about it. The American was frank to bluntness.

"I don't like the way your place is arranged," he said; "I think your advertising is about twenty years behind the times, and I wouldn't have my show windows trimmed the way yours are on a bet. But if I had a force of salespeople like yours I could reduce my prices to the public by 5 per cent and still make the same amount of net profit!"

It is only fair to the American to state that he put the blame on himself and not on his employes.

"When I saw the sure-footed efficiency with which your salespeople worked," he went on, "I realized that I have been neglectful of the main part of retailing. I have prided myself on my financing, my store arrangements, and all that, but I have not paid enough attention to my clerks. I have hired and fired too carelessly; and the fact that I have done this tends to make my help take their positions too lightly. I have not insisted on their knowing all about the merchandise they have to sell, and so, naturally, they believe it is not a particularly important thing. Your people look on themselves as trained specialists; I am afraid a good many of mine look on themselves as salesmen merely, and are satisfied to let it go at that."

What the London merchant told me reminded me of an incident that I ran across a few months ago in one of our own Middle Western cities while in conversation with a friend who is the successful owner of a retail drug store. There was a sign in one of his show windows stating that a position was open for a young man behind the soda counter, and as I stood there an applicant appeared. He was a likely looking boy of perhaps twenty, with long hair which he had brushed attractively back from his forehead, and wearing a nice form-fitting suit of clothes; just the sort of boy, I thought, who would be a wonder at the soda counter. My druggist friend evidently thought so, too, for he smiled affably as the boy approached and asked if he were the proprietor.

"I see you want someone at the soda fountain," said the boy brightly. "I'm a first-class soda jerker myself, and I've come to apply for the job."

To my surprise the druggist replied that he was not quite ready to engage anyone just then, and the good-looking boy went out discontentedly.

I asked the druggist what he had against the boy.

"Nothing at all," answered the druggist, "except that he called himself a soda jerker. If he thinks of himself that way I am afraid he would be just a soda jerker and nothing else."

Politeness That Pays

If there were such things as soda fountains in England I am quite sure no young man would ever be engaged who described himself as a soda jerker. It may be on account of the closer competition or it may be a relic of more formal times; but a job in England is looked at with a great deal of respect, both by the holder of it and by the people with whom he comes in contact. In going about some scores of retail stores during the past weeks I have yet to see an indifferent salesperson; and what is more remarkable, I have not seen a customer in a state of temper. The American whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article as being amazed at the secondhand cuff buttons in the Regent Street jewelry-store window told me a rather humorous story on himself. Just a few days previous he had taken his first ride on a London bus and when he paid his fare the conductor thanked him. In England the rides are charged for according to distance instead of a flat rate as with us; and for the short ride the American was making the fare was only a penny.

"I thought at first the conductor was sarcastic when I handed him a copper and he thanked me," the American said, "and I was getting ready to let him know he couldn't get gay with me. But I glanced in his face and saw that he was perfectly serious, and that thanking customers was a regular part of his job. He thanked me because I had bought a ride from him, just the same as if he had been a clerk in a store and had made a sale. Instead of getting mad at the conductor I got mad at myself to think I have been riding on street cars forty years and had to come to a foreign country to hear someone say thank you for the money I paid to buy a ride."

Being an American and a successful business man he was preparing to do something constructive with the incident.

Care in Hiring

"When I get back home," he continued, "I am going to have something to say about this business. The street-car company in my town has been going to the council every year or so asking for permission to raise fares. It has already got the price up to eight cents, and when I came away there was talk of raising it to a dime, the company claiming it could not do business for less because so few people patronize their service. The general manager of the company is an old friend of mine, and I'm going to put it up to him that he can probably get more patronage if he makes us feel we are valued customers when we spend our money with his organization, instead of passengers merely. I'll tell him further that I shall fight that ten-cent fare before the city council until he first tries out some real salesmanship. I know I have ridden twice as much on these London busses as I would ordinarily have done, merely because the conductors are real salesmen and make me feel my business is appreciated!"

Practically every retailer with whom I have talked in Britain stressed the point that careful hiring and training of the sales force make for economy in operation. The adventurous young American who likes to try out a multiplicity of jobs in the hope of finding just the right one eventually would have a hard time in England or Scotland. The general manager of a great London clothing-store organization that has more than thirty branches throughout the kingdom told me that every one of his branch managers had come up from office boy. This firm does not have the formal apprenticeship system, but its methods amount to almost the same thing.

"We try to economize at the source," this executive told me, "and we do not hire anyone unless there is every evidence that the connection thus formed will be permanent. I myself do all the hiring for our four London establishments. This may seem extravagant, because my time is rather valuable and I spend at least half a day on every person engaged. We'll say, then, it costs five pounds, or twenty-five dollars, to hire a boy to work in one of our London stores.

"But here is where it pays: Four-fifths of the boys thus carefully hired stay with the organization and eventually become profitable factors of the business because we give them a thorough schooling in the line. If I had been less careful at the beginning perhaps half of them would stay two or three years and then decide they would rather be policemen or newspapermen than stick to the clothing trade. In such a case all our careful training would be lost—perhaps a hundred pounds' worth, to put it into actual figures—or five hundred dollars in American money. So you can see where it pays to go slow at first. Five hundred dollars lost on a man who decided to be a policeman would eat up the profits of a whole lot of clothing sales!"

BACK NUMBERS

(Continued from Page 13)

finding a place to hide up the car and marking it so we'll know it when we drive in? Save your breath for climbing, Eddie—you're going to need it."

Two hours later, when they struggled back to the summit, both men were far spent, but the dog lumbered before them with no sign of fatigue. As they paused for a breathing space at the crest of the divide the animal nosed Eddie Schmidt's hand.

"Friendly, ain't he?"

Eddie was pleased at the mark of favor. The dog had evidenced the same preference between them all through the excursion. Mickler's lips drew away from his teeth. Something glittered in his hand. There was a flat reverberating noise and the big hound dropped where he had stood. Eddie cried out sharply, startled and revolted by the needless killing.

"What's the sense of that, Mickler? He was all right—friendly's could be."

Mickler pocketed his gun. "You'll be a sucker till you croak, Ed. We got to shin up over this mountain again—and it's a good bet that there'll be somebody in that shack next time we come. Might just as well bring a band as leave that dog here to howl. But you'd 've done it."

Eddie saw the force of the argument, but his resentment persisted. "You're pretty slick, ain't you, Mickler? Suppose somebody finds him?"

Mickler shook his head wearily. "Who's going to find him up here, Ed? Think anybody comes up that hill for exercise? But it wouldn't matter, anyhow. Come on—it's a long hike down to the car."

They were within a few hundred yards of Tyre when they met Bruce McKim, starting on his eight-mile walk.

Bruce stepped off the road to let them pass. Mickler waved genially to him and chuckled comfortably.

"Wish they'd use that breed of bull everywhere, Ed. It's a shame to take the money." He stopped, was silent a moment, and then slapped his thigh with another laugh. "Say, Ed, I got a hot new notion how to pull this play with no strong-arm stuff. I'm kind of leery about that lippy lad that rides with the paymaster—looks to me like the brand of dumb-bell that goes after his gat when he hasn't got a chance, and makes you plug him."

"We should fret about that," said Eddie. "If he wants his let him ask for it."

"I know. Only I'm kind of funny about one thing, Ed—I'd sort of hate to have 'em strap me into my chair and turn on a few thousand volts of the juice. And we can frame it so there's no rough stuff. Listen. And keep right ahead to Maitland—we don't need to hang around this burg any more."

He explained swiftly as they took the fork that led on toward the railroad and Maitland. Presently Eddie Schmidt chuckled over the wheel.

"We'd ought to slip that old hick a cut in the money, Mickler. It's coming to him for tipping us off!"

III

BRUCE McKIM hesitated in the doorway as he saw that Sim Cole sprawled in one of the battered chairs beside the window. Cole greeted him noisily.

"Been hopin' you'd come in, Bruce. That there new car I got ain't runnin' like it ought to, and I been wantin' you to look her over for me."

Mackenzie spoke gently from the desk where he toiled at the clerical duties he chiefly despised.

"Reckon that joke's gettin' wore thin, Sim. Come in, Bruce." He paused as he surveyed the old fellow's face, and the faint welcoming smile faded from his mouth. "What's wrong, Bruce?"

McKim approached the desk slowly. He laid two shabby dollar bills on the blotter.

"I fetched you back the money you give me yest'd'y, sheriff. Ain't got no right to take pay for Charlie's keep. He's daid."

Bruce McKim spoke in the thin, high-pitched key of the hills, slow and even and emotionless, but his eyes were narrowed and the thin line of his mouth was tight and straight.

Sim Cole read that look in time to reconsider a flippant comment. These hill-billies set a heap of store by their dogs, he remembered, and he'd been riding old man McKim pretty hard anyhow. Mackenzie spoke quietly.

"I'm right sorry, Bruce. How'd it happen?"

"Shot," said McKim. "Sheriff, I ain't right sure how the law stands. You reckon I got a right to take an' shoot the feller 't done it?"

Sim Cole snickered. Mackenzie glanced at him mildly and turned to McKim.

"I reckon you better wouldn't, Bruce. Law don't look at it sensible, an' bein' a dep'ty, you're bound to stand by the law, the same as me."

McKim shook his head. "Sheriff, it was plain murder—that killin'. Them fellers wasn't scared of Charlie—he'd been follerin' 'em around two-three hours, friendly, same as he always was with strangers. He was shot close up—close as that!" He held his hands a few inches apart. "Feller 't done it ain't fit to live, sheriff."

"Who done it, Bruce?" Cole was interested. McKim shook his head.

"Don't know, yet. Aim to find out."

"Didn't you see it?"

McKim's eyes widened. "Think I'd leave 'em do it if I was there?"

"But you know all about it." Cole had listened admiringly to cross-examinations in court. "You talked like you see it happen, Bruce. Who told you Charlie was friends with 'em—an' how close up he was when they shot him?"

"Reckon I still got my eyes, Cole." McKim turned to the sheriff. "Don't need nothin' else to tell me how it was. What c'n I do to 'em, sheriff? Ain't there some way I could shoot 'em—legal?"

"Law don't rightly understand a good dawg, Bruce." Mackenzie shook his head regretfully. "Reckon you c'n sue 'em—make 'em pay for Charlie, if you c'n prove they killed him like you say."

McKim's eyes narrowed. "Sue! You mean they c'n take an' shoot Charlie thataway an' not even git in jail when I ketch 'em?"

Cole snickered. "You talk like a dawg-killin' was a murder, Bruce. Mebbe you're expectin' me an' the sheriff to git up a posse an' chase ——"

"They's a heap of folks 't ain't as good as Charlie, Cole." McKim kept his glance on the sheriff. Mackenzie shook his head again.

"Law don't look at it right, Bruce. You c'n sue, like I told you — "

"Reckon I won't bother." McKim seemed convinced. "Don't seem sensible, sheriff. Fellow 't 'd kill a good dawg ——" He stopped and glanced at Sim Cole. "Reckon I better git started home."

He went out. Sim Cole waited till he was out of earshot.

"There's a fine up-to-date dep'ty for you, sheriff! Wants to hang a man f'r a dawg-killin'! Ol' back number!"

Mackenzie nodded. "Reckon he is, Sim. Ain't the only one neither. Right good few back numbers left up here in Hewitt." He regarded Cole benevolently above the littered papers. "Back numbers ain't such bad readin', Sim. Not always. Find a sight o' things in 'em 't ain't in yest'd'y's Raleigh papers."

Cole grinned and with an effort held his tongue, amused by a suddenly suggestive resemblance between the sheriff and poor old Bruce McKim. Mackenzie had seemed as sorry about the death of the old hound as McKim himself. Cole nodded. Back numbers, both.

IV

AS ALWAYS, the biweekly trip from the station with the payroll money provided Sim Cole with a sense of importance. He waited on the platform beside the paintless station, wholly at peace with himself and the world. The money he was paid for his services as guard was sufficient to be in itself a source of satisfaction, but better than the extra pay and the mild excitement of the trip was the sense of identification with the men and affairs of the big, bustling, modern world beyond Hewitt County's borders. Sim Cole was in excellent humor when he responded to the affable nod and word of the man who had driven up in the shiny new flivver that had stopped just behind the paymaster's mud-splashed car. He recognized him as one of those who had sat on the steps the other day and listened to the tale of Bruce McKim.

"Morning, sheriff."

Eddie Schmidt stood beside him, looking up the track. Sim Cole shook his head, grinning.

"It ain't sheriff, brother. Jest dep'ty."

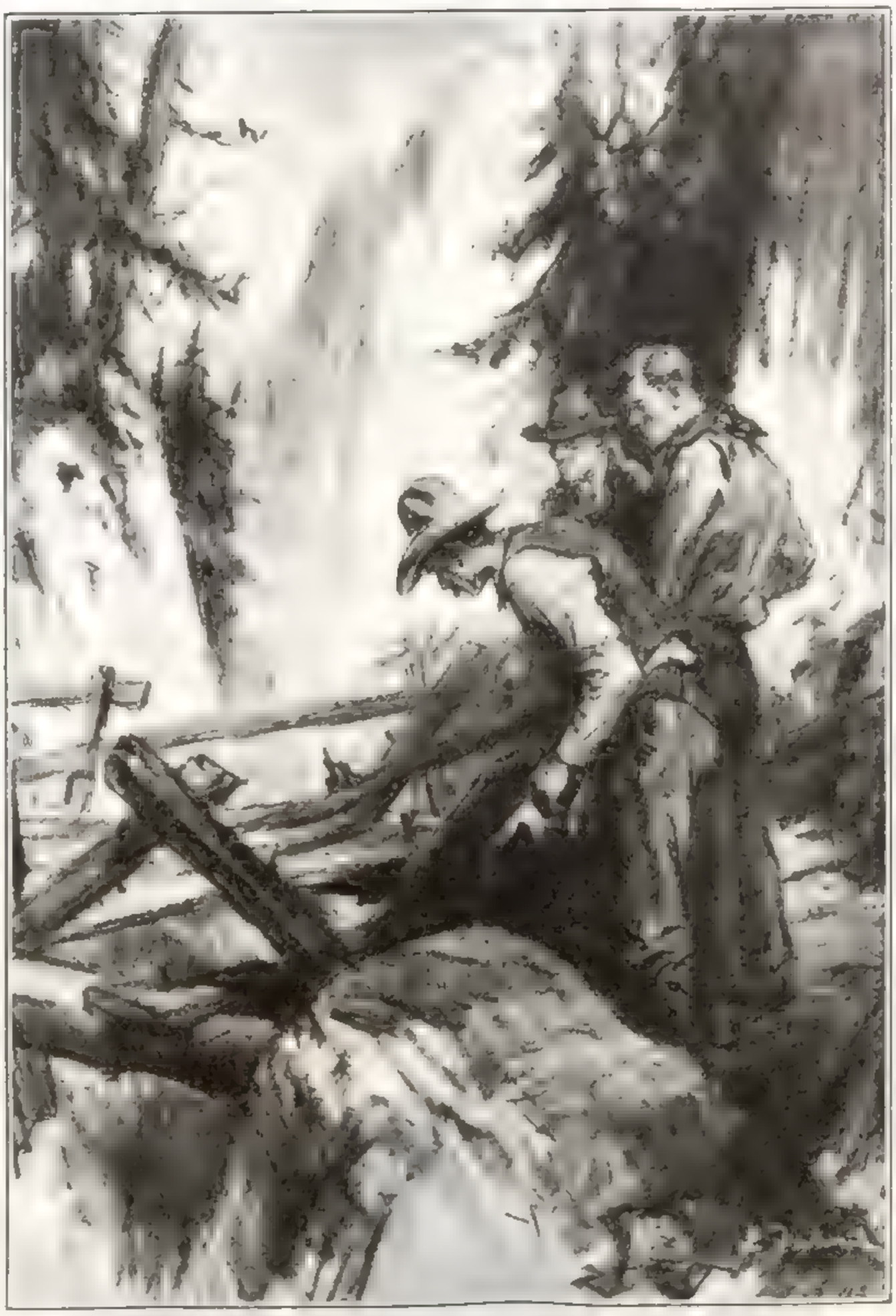
Eddie grinned in sympathy with the tone. He listened to Sim's views on county matters with respectful attention till the train slid to a stop and Sim, loosening the gun strapped ostentatiously to his thigh, stepped up beside the paymaster while the express messenger turned over the sealed package. He waved affably to Eddie from his seat as the paymaster started his engine. The shiny flivver no longer blocked the way behind the car. The train engaged the interest of the station loungers, as always. The paymaster drove fast and in silence, while Cole sat alert and vigilant, his gun in readiness, his eye on the low thickets of second growth that flanked the road. They flashed past the fork where the road branched off to Tyre and had traveled a mile or two beyond it when the engine choked, gurgled, missed, caught again and died in a bubbling cough.

The paymaster swore without rancor and pressed the starter button, experimented with spark and throttle and choker. These measures failing, he climbed around the wheel and raised the hood, testing the spark plugs in turn while Sim Cole, at his direction, worked the starter. He swore again, and at Cole's eager suggestion investigated the carburetor.

"Looks all right," he said. "I can't see what's wrong."

Cole scrambled down beside him, delighted at the chance to display his knowledge.

(Continued on Page 38)



"Reckon We C'n Git Down There, Some Way, an' See if the Money's in the Car"

Things in Which Peerless Excels

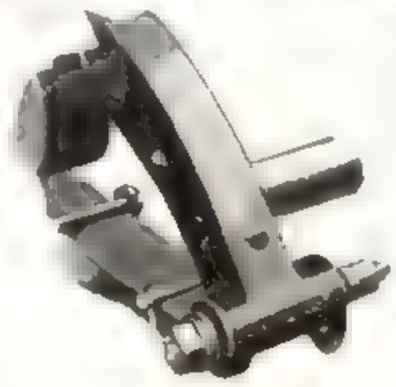
Because it *does* excel—clearly and unmistakably—Peerless recognition is assuming the proportions of a national triumph.

There has never been anything finer in the automobile business than the steadfast loyalty of Peerless owners for the past ten years.

To them, the Peerless has always been the quintessence of eight-cylinder quality; and building upon that fine foundation, the creators of the New Peerless have won a still wider acknowledgment.

The thing to be understood of the eight-cylinder Peerless, and the thing in which it promptly proves that it excels, is that its performance is replete with riding and driving delights unique and individual to itself.

A degree of equipoise you have not heretofore known, a pliancy in handling such as the eight-cylinder engine has never before supplied, an instant command of speed and power absolutely peculiar to itself—these are some of the things which constitute the New Peerless a logical contender for eight-cylinder leadership. The ovation tendered Peerless everywhere is simply one more example of the law of cause and effect—and the determining cause is the fact that Peerless can and does prove that it excels in the things that are most vital to motoring.



The Shackle Bolt

Fine engineering in the New Peerless extends itself to lesser details, as evidenced by the extra large diameter of the spring shackle bolts. This larger size reduces wear, of course; and when finally adjustments are necessary they are easily made without removing any of the parts.

Peerless Eight Types—*Four Passenger Touring Phaeton; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe; Four Passenger Town Coupe; Five Passenger Town Sedan; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan; Five Passenger Berline Limousine; Four Passenger Opera Brougham*

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

(Continued from Page 36)

"Sounded like dirt in the carburetor, sure," he declared. "Le's see your pliers."

He had smeared his hands with grease and extracted several parts of the device by the time the shining flivver overtook them. Eddie Schmidt greeted him as an old acquaintance, and volunteered his aid. Sim Cole, troubled by the discovery that the mesh of the strainer was clean and the needle valve in good order, was glad of expert assistance. It was quite safe and easy for Eddie Schmidt and Mickler to apply their gun muzzles to the necks of two men wholly unsuspicious. Before Cole's paralyzed tongue had recovered from the shock of that contact he was skillfully lashed, sitting in the ditch, to the rear wheel of the car, while the paymaster, still wearily profane, was attached in like fashion to the front wheel.

Mickler slit the leather of the locked bag and broke the seals of the package. Reassured, he climbed deliberately into the flivver. Eddie Schmidt delayed for a parting word:

"Nice and easy, sheriff, this way. Much obliged for the tip. Next time better sit on your gas tank, instead of watching the steam cars—then nobody c'n shoot her full of water on you."

Cole, seeing red as the explanation dawned on him, tugged uselessly at his bound wrists. He took hope as the flivver headed south toward the dam. Somebody was sure to come along pretty soon and turn them loose; even with an hour's start it would be possible to overtake the little tin car before it reached Conway; they could phone ahead, anyway, from the dam. He was still fighting to free his hands thirty minutes later when Sheriff Dan Mackenzie found him.

Cole told the story defiantly as he drove the sheriff's car at top speed in pursuit. Mackenzie, clinging to his seat, made none of the exasperating comments for which Cole had braced himself.

"Right smart trick, Sim. Fool anybody, I reckon. Slow down a mite—yonder's the fork."

As the car's momentum dropped, the old man leaned forward, stiffened.

"Stop, Sim. It's jest like I thought. They took the old road, up by McKim's Bridge. Look at them tracks!"

Sim Cole's spirits rose in a joyous bound. He laughed loudly.

"An' you said they was smart, sheriff! Reckon it was a smart trick to pick a road 't runs up to McKim's gully an' stops dead!"

"Looks plumb silly, don't it?" Mackenzie inspected the fresh wheel tracks and came back to his seat. "Right funny thing, Sim, the mistakes a smart feller c'n make, ain't it? Drive as fast 's you can, Sim. They got a good head start of us."

"No hurry," said Cole cheerfully. "We got 'em sewed in a pocket, sheriff. Reckon they stopped laughin' at me already!"

"Just 's lief hurry, though," Mackenzie persisted.

Cole, annoyed, obeyed by taking the ruts and water bars at a pace that punished the two others far worse than the man at the wheel. Presently the sheriff touched his arm.

"Stop, now, Sim. Gettin' pretty near the bridge. Walk the rest of the way."

Cole sprang out, chuckling at the folly of the thieves in leaving him his gun. The sheriff stopped him as he started on a run toward the bridge.

"Reckon you better lock the car, Sim. Look kind of foolish if we left them fellers circle round us an' get away in her."

Cole scowled and complied. Mackenzie walked ahead, the paymaster, gun in hand, at his heels. Cole stumbled after them, observing the clear print of the tires in the moist earth. Mackenzie paused at the crest of a gentle rise and extended his arms to prevent the two others from passing.

"Jest a minute, Sim." He stooped and studied the damp ground for so long that Cole's impatience demanded a vent.

"Come on, sheriff—we got to keep movin'."

"Ain't so sure, Sim." The old man straightened slowly. "Yonder's the bridge. Where's the car?"

Cole stared blankly down the slight descent to the rotted structure. His jaw sagged, and he plunged, at a heavy run, past the others and down to the brink. The tracks of the tires ran with him, straight to the edge, and the broken remnants of planking and handrail told him what had happened to the flivver, before he leaned warily over the rim of the chasm and saw the twisted wreckage in the fanged, snarling rapids far below.

His anger faded quickly. There was no sense in holding any grudge, now, against the men whose mangled bodies must have gone down on that sullen rush of water to the swamp at the end of the gorge. He had learned the etiquette of such occasions in the Saturday night movies down in Cray. As Mackenzie and the paymaster joined him he solemnly removed his hat.

"Reckon we c'n git down there, some way, an' see if the money's in the car," he said. "Have to go back an' git rope."

"Make out to cross on them stringers, I reckon." Mackenzie knelt and edged his way out over the echoing gorge along the adz-hewn surface of the beam. Cole stared at him. He got to his feet when he reached the sound planking, farther out, and turned. "Come on, Sim. You c'n git over, all right."

"What's the sense?" Cole had no head for heights; Cray was a flat county.

"Got to keep goin'," said Mackenzie. "They got a nice start, Sim."

The paymaster crept out along the beam, and Cole, grumbling, followed him. On the other side of the gorge he renewed his protest:

"We'd ought to git down there an' hunt for that money quick 's we can, sheriff. Current 'll carry it down to the swamp."

Mackenzie surveyed him amiably. "You satisfied it's down there, Sim?"

Cole stared. "Ain't you? Didn't you see ——"

"I seen what I was s'posed to see, Sim, same as you. Looks like I seen some things I wasn't s'posed to see too. Beats all, how smart folks figgers. Look there, Sim."

He pointed. Cole saw marks of shod feet in the road. Mackenzie chuckled softly.

"Right funny thing, Sim, about smart folks 't know a sight of things us old-timers never heard of. Mighty apt to fergit 't they don't know it all. You take me, 'r Bruce McKim, f'r instance. We don't know nothin' about wireless 'r finger prints 'r X-rays. But we know we don't know, Sim. Smart feller knows so much 't he figgers what he don't know don't exist."

He moved on, his eye on the road.

"When them fellers stopped their flivver, back yonder on the hill, it never struck 'em 't their feet was tellin' on 'em, plain as print to an old-timer 't's got the habit of studyin' out tracks. Never figgered 't the road 'd say: 'One of 'em got out an' walked down, an' the other druv the car up the aidge an' got out an' then the two of 'em shoved her over!' Reckon them fellers was raised on hard roads, Sim—where it don't matter what a feller does with his feet."

He stopped and pointed at one side of the road.

"One o' them smart men come along here an' see that busted branch, it wouldn't mean nothin' to him. So he figgers it don't mean nothin' to nobody else. Right funny, when you git thinkin'. Yondef's where them two started to climb the ridge."

He took a steep slant across and up the slope at a hill-bred pace, Cole and the paymaster toiling after him. He could even spare breath to talk as he climbed.

"Must 've been them same two 't taken an' shot Bruce McKim's dawg. They been out thisaway before, anyhow. They was two sets o' tracks, down yonder in the road—one fresh an' the other two-three days old."

He waited at the crest for them to overtake him, and pointed down at a tiny patch of black framed in the green mat of the woods that flanked a long streak of white road.

"Yonder's their other car, Sim. Looks like we had a chance to ketch 'em if we hurry some."

He started down the decline, lowering his lean height with sure-footed swift ease where Cole and the paymaster could only slide and stumble. He pointed down at the car and wagged his head.

"Reckon them fellers was raised in flat country, Sim. Look how plain you c'n see the car from overhaid. Prob'ly hid it mighty careful too."

He went crashing forward when he reached the foot of the grade, breaking a passage through tangled young scrub, the two others panting behind him. They came suddenly on the car, driven into a thick covert.

Sim Cole, gasping and spent, stared blankly at Eddie Schmidt, whose left wrist was manacled to Mickler's right by Bruce McKim's ancient handcuffs, the bar link of which had been first slipped through the steering wheel. He saw Bruce McKim himself, a long-barreled squirrel gun in the bend of his elbow, surveying the captives with half-shut eyes.

"These here's the fellers 't shot old Charlie, sheriff. Back-tracked 'em an' got the drop on 'em when they come down. Yonder's a bundle of money they was carryin'. Let on it's theirn, but I figgered mebbe they taken an' stole it."

He spoke with a queer touch of anxiety, and his eye followed Mackenzie eagerly as the sheriff, with a glance at the torn wrappings, tossed the package to the paymaster, who clutched it without a word.

"Stole it, Bruce—taken it off'n Sim, here."

McKim's eyes lighted. "Pay roll for the dam, eh? Figgered they was after it."

Cole had recovered breath enough to speak:

"Huh! Easy figgerin', when you know the answer! Talk about a blame' fool f'r luck!"

McKim regarded him steadily. "It wa'n't hard, Cole, sure enough. Seen them tracks all the way to the bridge, an' when Charlie didn't come in f'r supper I taken an' backtracked 'em till I found him. Seen where they come cl'ar down here an' clim' back to the bridge. Figgered right then they was up to some devilment. Folks ain't liable to take a heap of trouble findin' a handy back way out'n the valley without they're kind of expectin' to need one mighty bad. An' they don't go killin' a good dawg without they aim to travel sort of quiet."

He stopped. "Knowed they was right ornery too—dawg-killers is mean folks."

Cole laughed. His self-approval was already reasserting itself, and he resented Bruce McKim's look and tone.

"An' so you knowed they was after the pay-roll money, eh? Pretty smart, Bruce. Pity you didn't tell me when you was in the office, an' save me an' the sheriff all this fuss!"

Mackenzie spoke quietly. "Ain't such a sight of things, back yonder, 't a smart thief 'd want, Sim. Reckon Bruce could figger it, same as you 'r me."

"Never said nothin', did he, when he was in to the office?"

"I come in to tell you, Cole. Only"—McKim hesitated, and his glance moved uneasily to Mackenzie—"only, when I heard I couldn't take an' jail 'em for killin' Charlie, I was kind of scared to tell you what they was up to."

Cole stared. "Scared? What of?"

"Scared you'd fix it so's they couldn't do it, Cole. Aimed to leave 'em try, soon as the sheriff told me how the law looked at dawg-killin'. Sort of loose there, mebbe, but I reckon it's plenty tight on highway robb'ry."

There was a long silence while the full effrontery of it came home to Sim Cole. He found words at last.

"Kep' your mouth shet an' took a chance on me gettin' killed, just to jail them fellers for killin' a hound dawg! Took a chance on lettin' 'em git clean away too ——"

Bruce McKim shook his head. "Didn't take no chance on that, Cole. Ain't forgot the only thing I ever knowed about a automobile. Yonder's the branch, an' I had a lot of time to carry water an' fill up that there tank. Knowed they wasn't goin' to travel fur, Cole, anyhow."

Sim Cole met Mackenzie's mild eyes and saw the faint lift at the corners of the thin-lipped mouth below the white mustache.

"Sight of good readin' in some back numbers, Sim."

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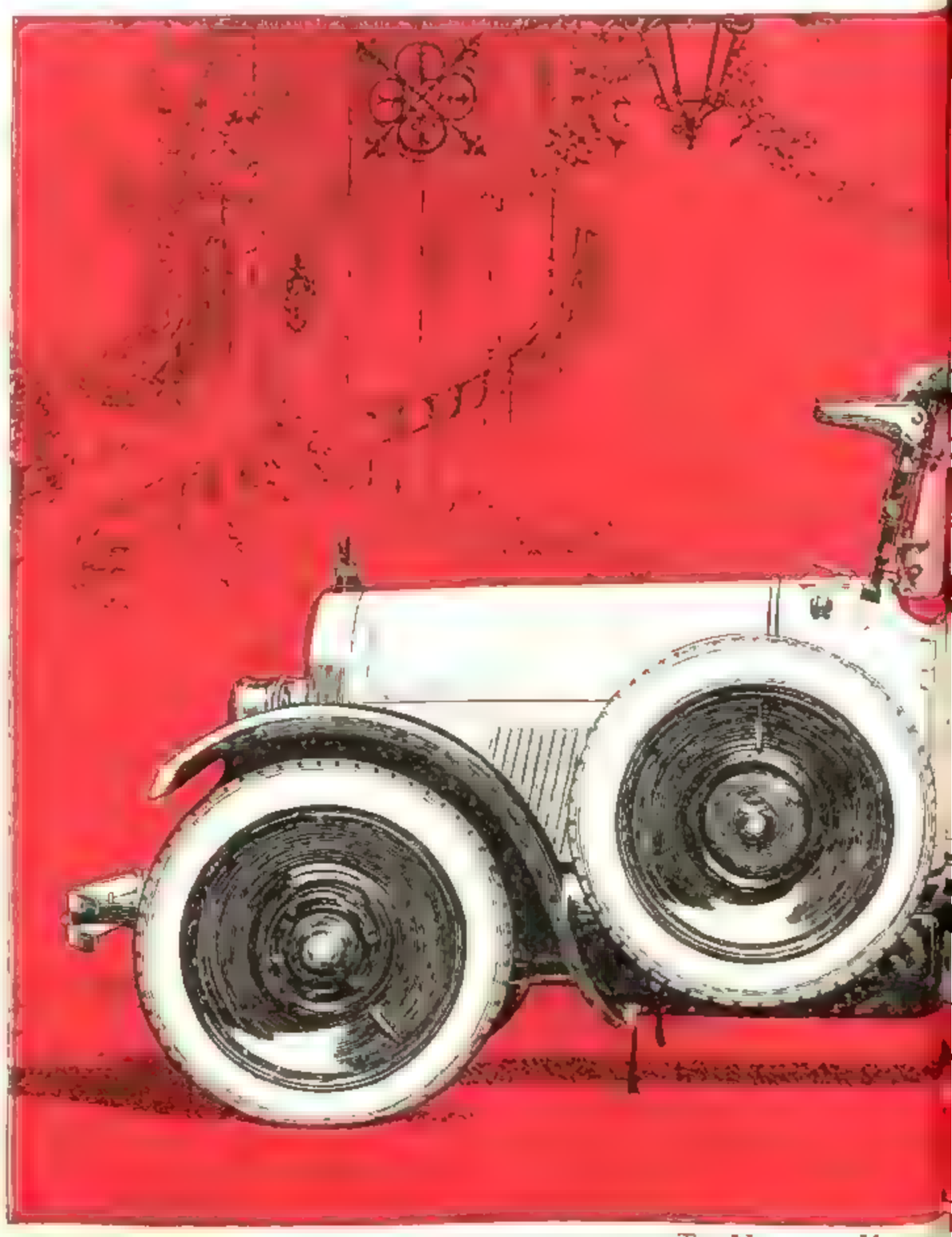

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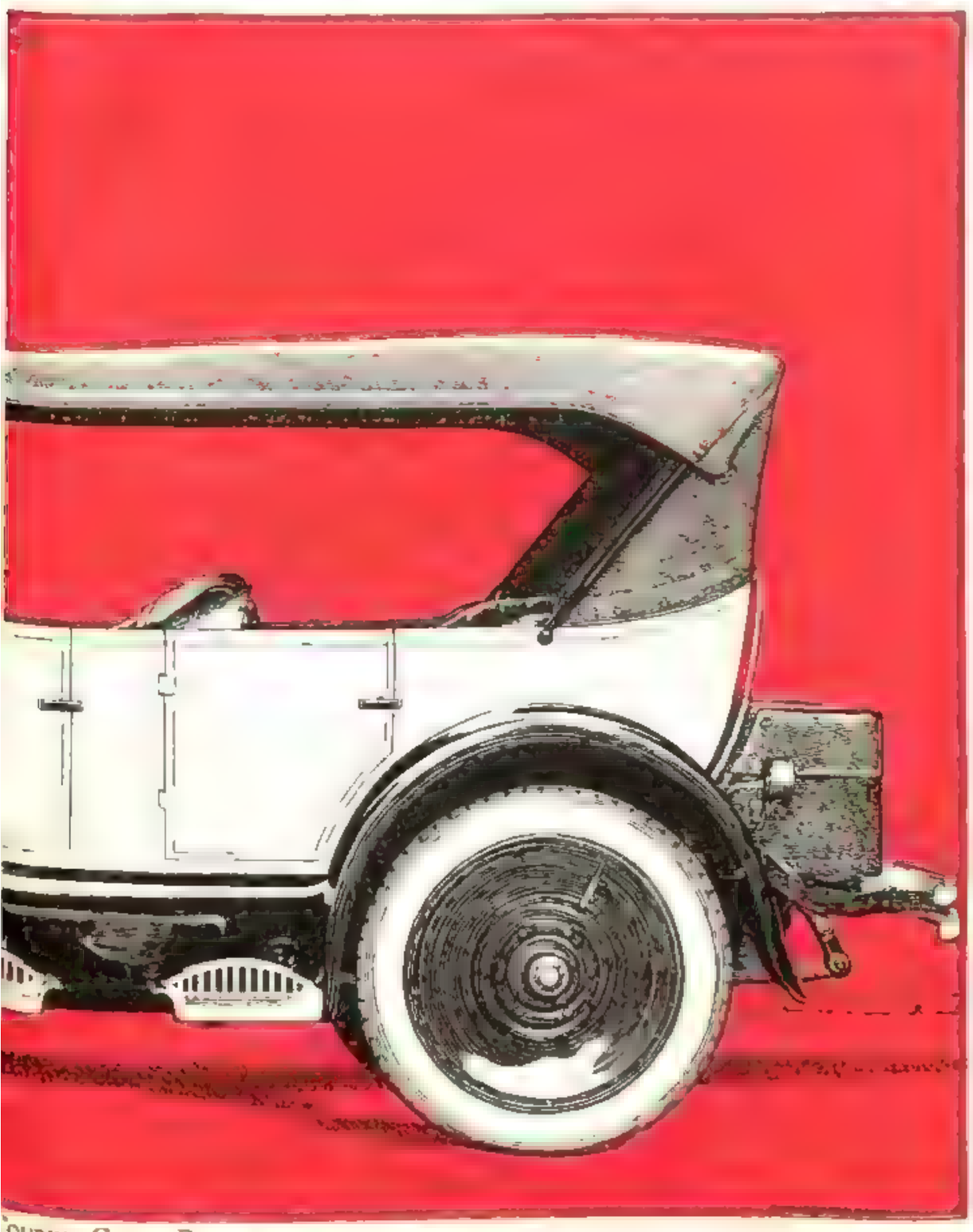

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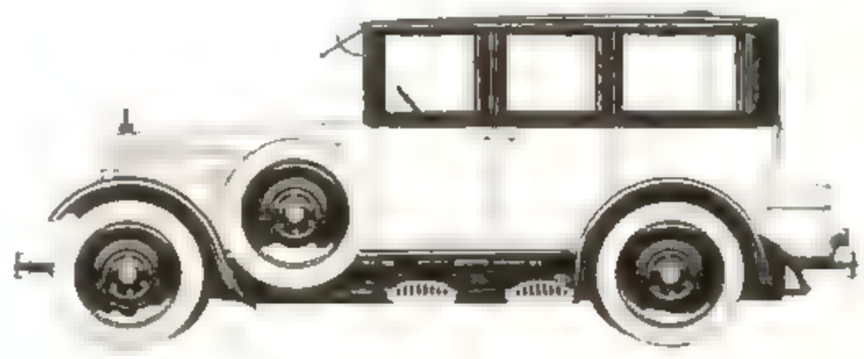

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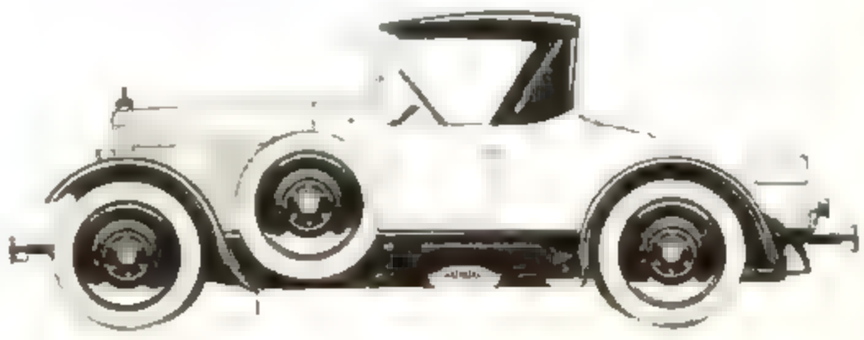

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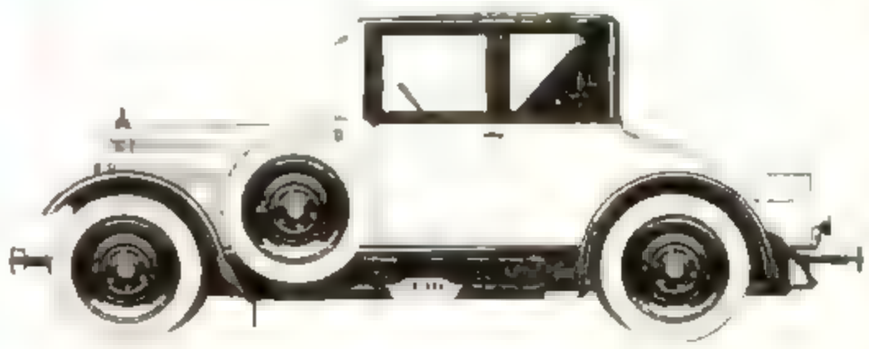

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FLORA AND FAUNA

Continued from Page 5

up everything that had a key, including the house, and I didn't hide the keys—I took 'em with me. And I made the Chink lock up all the matches in his private chest that has four locks to it. I was right puzzled that they hadn't yet burned the house down in the course of their personality building. With all their splendid opportunities, it looked like they might be a couple of mental festives.

For a few more days they was pernickety and pestering, though not achieving any devastation that really stood out. At least I didn't look around the place any too close, and I was always afraid to ask what childish pranks had took their fancy during the day. I was willing to meet 'em halfway—willing to live and let live.

Then I get in one night and the telephone begins to ring while I'm unlocking the door. It's the McKever ranch talking, a place down the valley about halfway to Red Gap. Mrs. McKever is speaking. She says she's been trying to get me all day, having something to tell me for my own good. She says a passel of grown woman idiots, with about thirty children packed into three cars, come down on 'em last night and tore the place up till it looks like they might be able to collect on their tornado insurance; and when they left this morning, with every able-bodied person in call helping 'em to pack, they let out that they was on their way to my place to spend a long hearty summer in the great silence where they can get close to the heart of Nature. And I'm to beware of the bunch, because the great silence won't have a lookin wherever they throw down; and besides bumping the heart of Nature, they will damage everything else, with children infesting the house like rats in a cornerib.

She's still giving me the loathsome details, and saying how the law should take its course with such noxious depredations, and how if she had such a baneful bunch of brats around her for long she'd certainly quirt 'em a-plenty; and I'm scared stiff, wishing I'd of got the tip earlier so I could of locked the house and throwed the key down the well and beat it for the brush, when I hear a blast of motor horns down at the first gate, and then comes a blast of yells in fresh childish voices, and there I'm caught between hell and high water.

I snatched a shot of gin to see would it make me think quick, but all the inspiration it give me was to jump into bed and say that all the signs pointed to smallpox. With ten minutes more I might of put on this sketch; but even before I could get to the bedroom the invasion had parked in front of the door, and Mrs. Genevieve Pratt is bouncing up the steps with a glad light of welcome for the outfit shining in her butterball face. She squeals and grabs me by the arm, drags me through the door, holds up her other hand to the packed cars and says, "Now, children, one, two, three!" And the kids recite a yell while Mrs. Pratt led 'em with an arm. It was something about "Who are we—who are we? We are the jolly little so-and-sos of the something-or-other, and who's all right—who's all right?"

Of course it was me that was all right. I managed to grin and not show that my knees was knocking. Then the leader gives another signal, and they bust into a song about the fruits and flowers and vegetables and the little lambkins frisking o'er the lea and God's angels of mercy hovering above with the fondest love, and it had three verses and chorus, and this fat-faced maniac led with both arms. But it give me time to make my knees behave and face the foul situation with some intelligence. I knew I was licked; nothing to do but try to keep down the indemnity.

The song ended and the cars begun sweating children at every pore. At first they did look to be thirty, like Mrs. McKever had said; but I now got a count on the herd and there was only nine. It'll show you the strain I was under—that nine looked so much better than thirty, though, of course, I'd as soon drive five hundred head of stock as one hundred; 'tain't any harder.

The earnest mothers was now wringing my hand and saying how good to get here and it had seemed like home the minute they passed through the gate—which they had left open—and now will I show 'em some lovely wooded spot where they can make camp. There was four of the women—Mrs. Pratt with her two children, Mrs. Tracy Bangs with four and Cora Wales with three, and a Miss Thompson that wasn't a mother at all, though I noticed she was looking earnest enough about something. She was the drawing teacher in the Red Gap schools and had been cafoozled into the thing so she could get a nice rest.

She was a good-built girl of thirty, wide between the eyes, with warmish hair and a firm nose and jaws looking like they might be made of concrete, and large able hands that she seemed to keep steady control of. You know how lots of women droop their hands or let 'em go in weakly flourishes. This one didn't. Then I got another thing about her. The three earnest mothers was straggly and draggly and unhooked and unpinned, with loose, dusty hair, and wearing flummeries unfit for their trip. But this girl had high-laced boots and a short tweed skirt and a blouse that I don't see how she'd kept it fresh-looking, and a proper man's hat and neat gauntlets and she might of stepped right into some show window to advertise Quality Sport Togs for Those Who Care.

Then I thought no wonder she could look neat, with no kids to look after; but soon the mothers are telling me how they had two blow-outs yesterday and three today, and Miss Thompson changed all the tires, having a perfect genius for mechanics, and Miss Thompson now says where do they make camp, because it's an irksome job; and at the same time she gets the four Bangs kids back into line from where they was trying to climb up the porch. I had a hunch then that she'd been doing more than change tires.

By this time I'd thought of the old bunk house that ain't been used for years by anyone but wood rats, and I tell 'em to take it over; and Mrs. Pratt says it will be ideal if ventilated, and I say it is, because you could of throwed a dog through it almost any place; so she and Mrs. Bangs and Miss Thompson drive the cars down, followed by the children, singing their glee about lambs and angels. Flora and brother had come to watch and listen. They looked stony, not to say hostile.

Mrs. Cora Wales stayed behind to chat, keeping her youngest, which is a fat male of two and naturally called Buster. Cora says it is a glad relief to get to a ranch where the old-time true Western hospitality is still practiced with an open hand, because they had stayed overnight at a ranch down the valley—she didn't want to mention any names—where the fine edge of this hearty old spirit seemed to of been just the least mite dulled. She said they had merely camped there, and give no one the least bit of trouble, because their system was so well organized and the dear young boy and girl persons so finely disciplined; and yet somehow they had been let to feel that the people would just as soon not of had their company. She next said she s'posed she should be down helping to make camp, and yet she didn't know, because Miss Thompson was so capable, and was even likely to get snappish if parties tried to help her; an excellent creature, she said, but not overly gifted with tact; taking a good deal on herself like she was a manager, and making others feel they was in the way. Still, she might as well stay here till supper was got ready.

Then our chat—as Cora called it—was broken up by Buster.

He'd set on the floor by the fireplace, nice and quiet, putting little handfuls of ashes in his hair, and he looked me over and opened up his face in kind of a sticky grin, showing all his uppers, so I reached for a box of marshmallows and held it out to him. He took two in each hand and stuffed the first handful into his mouth. He tried to stuff all four in, but give up after looking puzzled a minute. He starts to work on the first two, when his mother beams proudly and orders, "Say thank you to the beautiful lady, Buster darling." And Buster looks at her, helpless. So she says more firmly, "Be a little gentleman and say thank you to the kind lady!" Buster looks serious at this, but his jaws is still set. Then Cora is severe. "Buster Wales," she tells him, "say thank you this minute to the nice lady!" and feinted with her left at him. Buster's face went purple and got all crinkled and puckered; then his mouth opened and he yelled so strong that the two marshmallows come swifty out just ahead of it, and this made him mad as well as afraid, so he cut loose with all he had.

Flora had sneaked in to watch this, and now tried to give him back the two slimy marshmallows probably to see if he wouldn't do it again, but the mother stopped this, and when Buster begun to hold his breath she told him the angels of mercy would be mad as thunder at him, or words to that effect, for acting the rowdy. Cora never did get the idea, but I'll bet the angels of mercy knew that nobody can crowd two full-grown marshmallows into the human mouth and win any prizes for elocution. Anyway, Cora now said we might as well stroll down and see how their comfy little home from home was progressing, and Flora begged to lead Buster, which his mother permitted. Flora was bland but wily, and I watched her close. She was fascinated by Buster. I was afraid she wanted to get him off some quiet place and open him up to see how the yell was made.

We get down to the cabin, and at once I see that their system is well organized like Cora had said. It's a wonderful system, being to let Miss Thompson do all the work. She's got her sleeves rolled up and is moving as fast as some hand on piecework. The stuff is out of the cars, the folding cots for the ladies set up, blankets on the floor for the so-called younglings, the two-burner oil stove is fired and Miss Thompson is already measuring things out of the grub sacks. The answer to that girl was easy read. Ever know a party of green campers where one person didn't do most of the real work while the rest sit around and say, about every twenty minutes, "Isn't there something I can do to help?" I could read this girl's future without one look at her palm. In a few days they'd be kind of harsh every time they caught her trying to shirk, like she was hired help. Just for the moment, though, they was buttering her up with things like "Ain't Miss Thompson wonderful?" and saying that, of course, each must do her share.

Cora Wales had picked a bunch of petunias, which she now stuck into a tooth mug, saying didn't they add a tender touch. That was her share. Mrs. Tracy Bangs' share was tacking up flowered mottoes on the wall, telling the little ones to give out happiness and practice having the clean heart, and to think only love thoughts, which would banish the hate thoughts and all such. Mrs. Pratt was doing her share by telling the boy and girl persons a dear little story about Peeps, the really truly sunshine fairy that lives in a marble palace high above the clouds and brings sunshine to earth for all good children. The kids listened politely, all but Flora and brother. They was still aloof and stony, watching every move that was made. You could see they didn't take a nickel's worth of stock in Peeps the sunshine fairy. What they reminded me of—a couple of redskins come in to the settlement pretending to be peaceful but merely looking it over to see where it will be easy to attack some dark night and butcher all the whites.

I stood around a lot, stirring mush for Miss Thompson while she was slicing bacon. I asked why these other able-bodied females wasn't spitting the labor with her, and she merely said it was less trouble to do it herself. So I helped her neat up the grub sacks and told her about the wood rats and to look out if it rained, because the roof was also ventilated, and then I went back to my own meal, snatching another unit of gin before same. That's what these kids was rationed on—units. So many units of calories and so forth, which hadn't been invented in my own childhood.

After supper I strolled again down to the comfy home from home, not being able to get it off my mind. It had a name now. Tired as she was, Cora Wales had made a rustic sign to put over the door. It read Kamp Kozy, and Miss Thompson nailed it up when she'd finished the supper dishes. The ladies was all gushing about the great out-of-doors and how good their supper had tasted, and, really, Miss Thompson had a perfect genius for cooking; it had to be born in one, didn't I think, and I certainly did, and the kids had et their so many units of burned mush and was now turning in. They did seem a lot more docile than the prof's two. Not one of 'em had started anything yet. When I looked into the cabin Mrs. Pratt's Orlando was in his pajamas cranking his dollar watch, and when he'd done this he knelt down by his blankets and said a prayer. At least it was meant for that, because he was in the right position; but it was some jargon about out of the night that covered him, black as something from pole to pole, he was the master of his feet and the something of his soul, and under the something of something else his head was bloody but unbowed. He was a pale, goose-necked lout of nine, with whitish eyes, and it sounded kind of funny, his head bloody but unbowed; but them are the very words, because the eight other kids was pretty soon getting 'em off.

I says to Mrs. Pratt that I never heard this prayer before, and she said it was her own idea. She said the old-fashioned one about Now I lay me down to sleep was likely to work harm to the young mind, because the line "If I should die before I wake" would put the idea of death into their subconscience, which has lately been discovered, and it was much better to give 'em notions of resistance. I don't know. I didn't see but what bloody heads was nearly as bad, and anyway, I think the now-I-lay-me prayer is about as good a one as was ever thought up; but I didn't say so, being only an earnest cattle raiser.

I went off to my own bed after a few words with Miss Thompson, who come part way with me. She said she felt the need of a moment's quiet and I let her have it. She stood still for a time, looking at the stars, and at last she says, "I've never been superstitious, but the week before these good ladies persuaded me to this venture a friend gave me a great bunch of peacock feathers. And, of course, I'm not superstitious now, but facts are facts." Then she goes slowly back to her fate.

I hung around all next forenoon, thinking Flora and Clifford would probably indulge in some criminal practices; but I was disappointed. The new bunch was mostly Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and behaved almost like people, playing games and studying Nature and eating between meals when not watched. Even Miss Thompson had only one complaint about 'em. She said they'd boil out of their blankets early of mornings—she liking to get all her sleep—and begin to yell that oh, they was so happy! It was kind of another prayer. As soon as one waked up he had to begin saying, "Oh, I am so happy!" and keep on saying it in loud tones mebbe a hundred times until he felt a current of happiness streaming all through his system.

Miss Thompson said when they all got going together it was nothing to be waked up by, especially if a couple of the little girls was having snarls combed out of their hair and was bawling with pain and rage while they said they was oh, so happy! And Flora and Clifford had been down early, watching the exercises and genteel sports from the sidelines, and still looking disgusted and superior.

I rode out in the afternoon and got back to find that these two had tried to drown Buster Wales and now had the social status of lepers. They'd embezzled him from camp, where he was taking his nap, while the mothers was leading their procession on an instructive walk through the fields, telling 'em what everything was useful for. Buster was lured by these two down to the creek and told to look at a pretty birdy in the tree, and then pushed off the bank into a pool to see would he swim like a duck as their father had said. And he didn't. He went glub-glub and was rapidly filling when they had sense enough to fish him out. He was still waterlogged when the walking excursion come that way.

It was that same night Miss Thompson told me the right name for Clifford—Flora meaning flowers and Fauna meaning different kinds of wild animals, which is what Clifford certainly is. It's about the nicest thing anybody could truthfully say of him. Miss Thompson said he'd ought to of been drowned in the baptismal font, and would soon have horns and hoofs if his feeble-minded father didn't get some capable woman to act as mother to him. I don't think she'd ever looked at the prof twice, except like a drawing teacher would look at a principal; but this notion had already come to her surface. I told her Mrs. Pratt was aiming for this mission in life, and she says God help the whole family if she lands

(Continued on Page 44)

Man's Conquest of Time

The progress of mankind, from the earliest recorded ages, has been marked by a ceaseless struggle against the limitations of time and space.

Civilization is mutual interchange of thought and the product of thought. This interchange demands transportation, hence the development of civilization has paralleled the improvements in transportation.

A useful lifetime should not be measured in hours lived, but in deeds done. Doubling man's productive capacity offers the same net result as doubling his period of usefulness or doubling the number of producers.

More than any other single factor of civilization, the automobile has multiplied the producing power of man, by decimating time and distance, and by providing a broad and flexible means for the transportation of men and their products.

The amazing growth of the automobile industry could not have been, had not the automobile more than justified itself as an economizer of manpower, a stimulator of production and a creator of wealth.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

epitomizes the progress of the industry to date along the line of maximum economy consistent with modern requirements as to engineering efficiency and satisfactory quality. The wonderful increase in our sales proves that Chevrolet is leading in the evolution of individual transportation which measures and records the progress of civilization.

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

SUPERIOR Two Passenger Roadster	$510
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Touring	525
SUPERIOR Two Passenger Utility Coupé	680
SUPERIOR Four Passenger Sedanette	850
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Sedan	860
SUPERIOR Light Delivery Car	510

Utility Coupé

$680

F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

Chevrolet Motor Co.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

There are 10,000 Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered.

(Continued from Page 42)

it, because this was a woman that took all her mother sense from a magazine.

The prof heard about the attempted murder that night. He listened like it was some atrocity pulled by the Turks over in Armenia, something he wasn't responsible for and that didn't concern him much. Mrs. Pratt looked archly at him and said after all it had been a mere childish prank, and the prof looked grateful for this; but Miss Thompson stood up on her firm feet and said how about an operation? She said they was about to operate on the brain of a celebrated train robber to relieve some kind of pressure that makes you want to rob trains, so why wouldn't it work on Clifford and mebbe cure his criminal tendencies before the hangman got him? She was earnest about it. She looked like she'd adore to perform the operation herself right there.

Mrs. Pratt was indignant. She says all the child needs is a bit of understanding tenderness from a woman that devotes her leisure to a deep study of the child mind, and the prof must let Flora and Clifford come down and bunk amid these refining influences and learn the right things to say to their subconscience, and so forth. The prof looked grateful again. He was glad to get rid of his son, who would take frogs to bed with him and kept two garter snakes in the top bureau drawer, and I wasn't a bit stricken at parting with Flora and her doll. But I noticed the prof hadn't been at all horrified by Miss Thompson's speech. He tells me later that modern surgery has achieved downright miracles, and what fine eyes Miss Thompson has.

Flora and brother slept with the bunch after that; but brother wouldn't learn the prayer, and he wouldn't yell mornings that he was oh, so happy. He said it was silly, because he already was happy. Still, he was among these refining influences, though both him and Flora was forbidden to go anywhere near Buster Wales. But it seems after a couple of days that these two is acting on the bunch like the cake of yeast you put in a crock of home-brew. There come a rainy day and the mothers are sitting up with me—Peeps the sunshine fairy being asleep at the switch, I suppose—when Clifford has a fight with Orlando Pratt, each wanting to be a leader of others, and Orlando come to tell his mother about it, his head being bloody and bowed too.

Mrs. Pratt was tactful, the prof being there, and said these childish disagreements was bound to occur, and now the boys must apologize and make up. Clifford was brought in, but refused to apologize, so Orlando had to do it all—apologize for getting licked—and under them circumstances Clifford consented to shake hands in a sullen manner. Miss Thompson then wished to know if she couldn't have at least three minutes entirely alone with Clifford in an upper chamber. The prof looked right interested at this suggestion, but the mothers all said that physical punishment was degrading, so that was dropped.

Clifford was now leader of the bunch, and again became the Sword of Islam, inciting his desert tribe into various kinds of marauding, having told 'em flat that there wasn't any Peeps the sunshine fairy, and got 'em entirely cold about knowledge of the birds and flowers. He corrupted more than one Boy Scout that had led a stainless career up to that time, like the day they come in with two pullets and a rooster that they said was wild chickens they'd found roaming the desert; and, being attacked by these fierce birds, they had defended themselves with sling shots like Clifford ordered 'em.

The hunters was sent up to me to confess and find out what the damage was, but I said go ahead and have a few units of chicken stew and forget it, being thankful they hadn't killed a cow or a Chinaman or something. Mrs. Pratt said I should of imposed some penalty, like taking their badges away for twenty-four hours, and I don't have to tell what Miss Thompson warmly urged; but I was only too glad to drop it. I was thanking the gods every night for my unconquered soul and figuring it would stay that way longer if I didn't defend myself.

Then they had movies again. Orlando Pratt had seen movies took in Los Angeles, so he started to be the director, but, of course, that couldn't be, because Clifford had licked him, so Clifford was the director, except when he was the chief actor, then he'd let Flora direct, which at least kept it in the family. They got the prof's microscope and rigged it up on a tripod with a coffee grinder and they put on the fall of Rome. It was busy times for Clifford. Rome was attacked by savage Arabs and he had to be the Sword of Islam, riding Dandy Jim, and he had to be Nero playing an accordion he'd found in the bunk house, and he had to be a gladiator fighting with a lion, which he made Orlando Pratt take the part of in a fur rug tied around his waist—and he licked the lion till it threatened to tell its mother again—and then he'd go back and be the Sword again and scare the little girls, and between whiles he had to stop and grind the camera, and it was a good show except they had no real flames to burn Rome with.

The cabin was taking the part of Rome and Clifford would of touched it off gladly. He put it up to his tribe one afternoon when they'd got bored with the game, but the others seemed to think that something more than talk might come out of it, so they not only refused but threatened to tell on him if he applied the torch. But, anyway, they'd got to talking about fire, and Clifford brought out some matches and lit a few just to show how easy it would be. The Boy Scouts give him the laugh and said they wouldn't need matches to start a fire if they was going to burn something, because they could start one without 'em the way the wild Indians did before matches was invented. Clifford hadn't heard of this and said they was liars, so they started to show him he didn't know everything. Orlando Pratt had a bow and a drill he'd made from directions in the Boy Scout book, and they set to work boring into a dry board and blowing on the hole till they all got tired, and still no fire, and Clifford said he knew they was liars, and, even if they hadn't been, why take so much trouble when you could do it by scratching a match? He again showed 'em how easy it was with modern methods. This was in the shade up against the back of the cabin, and he built him a nice little fire while jeering at the Scouts.

Pretty soon they told him he had to put his fire out or they'd run and tell on him. He called 'em some more names and said what good was it to have the burning of Rome if it didn't burn? But he put out his fire. He wasn't going to take a chance if the other Arabs wouldn't stand in with him. Then, with the fire nicely put out, he wound up a pretty fair afternoon by taking the bunch off to a yellow jackets' nest he'd found. He said it was full of nice honey, and didn't they want some honey, and they did, and went to it while he commanded the attack from a distance. He must of been happy for some time after that, especially when the frantic mothers was telling him what things would happen to him if he was theirs. He knew he wasn't.

And that was the night of the holocaust. I was waked up by earnest-mother screams of fire, and one look out the window showed they had picked exactly the right word for it. I yelled to the prof and grabbed an overcoat and a pair of boots and beat it down to the scene of arson. The nightwear of a nation was there displayed, including one Chinaman's and about seven or eight cow hands that had been thoughtful enough to add reg'ler pants to theirs. The women was wringing their hands and yelling fire, and the kids was jumping up and down yelling fire, and the prof wasn't a bit more help when he come running with the ladder he'd stopped for. He just stood there holding it.

But, anyway, there wasn't anything to do. Clifford's fire of the afternoon must of got into the punk they'd made with their drill and then into the dry stuff on the ground, and there it had smoldered till it got good and ready, with a fine west wind to help. It had been just a rear and a pitch with that shack. It went off like the big set piece at a Fourth of July doings. They hadn't had too much time to get out, some of 'em being sound sleepers, and most of the bedding and lots of the clothes and all the grub was gone forever.

I felt downright relieved; a load had been took off my mind. So I tried to quiet the mothers and helped get a count on the little ones. Finally I got things calmed and we stood watching the merry flames lick up this tinder, and some of the Boy Scouts was soon telling of Clifford's fire that afternoon; and at this the mothers was flashing dirty looks at the prof, when out comes Miss Thompson from behind a tree, where she's been dressing. That girl would keep the judgment day waiting till she got dressed proper. It seems she's one of the heavy sleepers and had breathed a lot of smoke and was scorched some, besides losing all her toilet articles and a blouse she'd washed and ironed that day.

She didn't stop to put out any headlines about "Police Hunt Fire Fiend!" She looked straight ahead, very grim and moving like a sleepwalker; but she got to Clifford, grabbed the back of his collar, knelt on one knee, held him across the other and went into action. Corrective gymnastics! Her hands looked bigger than ever. It was grand. And the Sword of Islam had been caught at a sad moment, being out of his scabbard. His wails was music to all present.

Finally she flung the Sword aside and clutched Orlando Pratt, who was also dressed for it. Mrs. Pratt stood there in a trance of horror. So did the other mothers when the avenger got to their stock. Tracy Bangs 3d come next, and then the oldest Wales boy, and on down the line. The mothers would kind of whimper and draw in their breath loudly at each cruel blow. Not a kid had the sense to run except Flora, who was later found fifty feet up in a jack pine. This was the first time one of 'em had ever felt a human hand save in the way of kindness, and they wasn't prepared with strategies. Even the grown-ups had become afraid of Miss Thompson. She'd went hostile for fair. She looked savage and crazy in the firelight, like one of them natives in the jungle that runs amuck and slices people up with a curly knife. And when she looked around the circle for someone that hadn't had theirs yet she caught Clifford again and give him a return engagement.

Then she stood proudly up, and when the shrieks had died down into whines and gulps Mrs. Pratt come to enough to call it an infamous outrage and beg the prof to do something drastic. So he does, but not what Genevieve expects. He stalks over to Miss Thompson, who was getting her breath back, and says, "I would like the honor of shaking that capable hand if it can bear further exercise." So Miss Thompson shakes hands with him after making sure he means it. And the prof talks again. He says, "How many times I have secretly wished for the courage to do what you have just done so beautifully! I hope you have made a better man of me."

Miss Thompson, at this, kind of gulps and sniffs like she's going to cry herself, but she chokes it down and says if she'd only had the courage to do it earlier they'd all be safe in their beds this minute.

Mrs. Pratt was coming back to this with some good stinger, but the prof said "How indubitably true!" so she only sniffed and said that if Miss Thompson had completed her instructive performance perhaps she would now permit the mothers to get their abused little ones under shelter of some sort.

Miss Thompson give her a quick eye at this, and says she's spanked every one that isn't too big for it, however deserving, and Mrs. Pratt sniffs louder and the prof grins and I brought the bunch up here to sleep. We rummaged out blankets and managed to get 'em bunked, and Mrs. Pratt soothed the little ones with a bedtime story about Herbert Hedgehog playing tag with Rollo Rattlesnake or something like that, though not being able to keep her mind on it well because the prof is out on the porch listening to Miss Thompson tell how firmness with the tots is often a blessing to 'em in after life. The prof had the look of a man hearing something good for the first time.

Of course, the Mothers' Circle has to leave next morning, having lost all their duffel in this here crematory. The prof is leaving, too, and he suggests that Miss Thompson ride down in his car. She accepts, and gets a cold look from Mrs. Pratt, that overhears it. Then she explains very prettily. She says she has never been superstitious, but she has noticed that she made the thirteenth in their little expedition, which may of accounted for what some people would call its ill fortune; and anyway they won't miss her, because there is no food left to cook and no dishes to wash. The mothers merely bit their underlips at this, and the prof says to me on the side, "She is unique. Don't think I haven't remarked that she did practically all the work for that outfit—and what fine eyes she has!" It was twice he'd said that.

And Miss Thompson says to me later, "There's something about the poor man that seems to arouse all one's potential motherhood." Just like that.

Then she give another flash of form when the prof got to the wheel, ready to start. Clifford, the outlaw, that she had basely assaulted the night before, had been hanging on her all morning and holding the hand that walloped him every chance he got; but him and sister still meant to have the front seat up beside father. They made a scramble for it. The prof starts to say "Now, now, my dears, I think Miss Thompson would prefer——" but they shut him off with yells of "No, no!" and each one still trying to get ahead of the other into the seat; and then Miss Thompson stills the storm. She puts her left hand on her hip, points to the back seat with the other and says "Children!" in a low, chilly tone. That was all. They climbed into the back seat like they was part of some machinery that had just been oiled. The prof just googled at her, and the watching mothers pretended they hadn't noticed what can be done with little ones after you got a firm foundation laid.

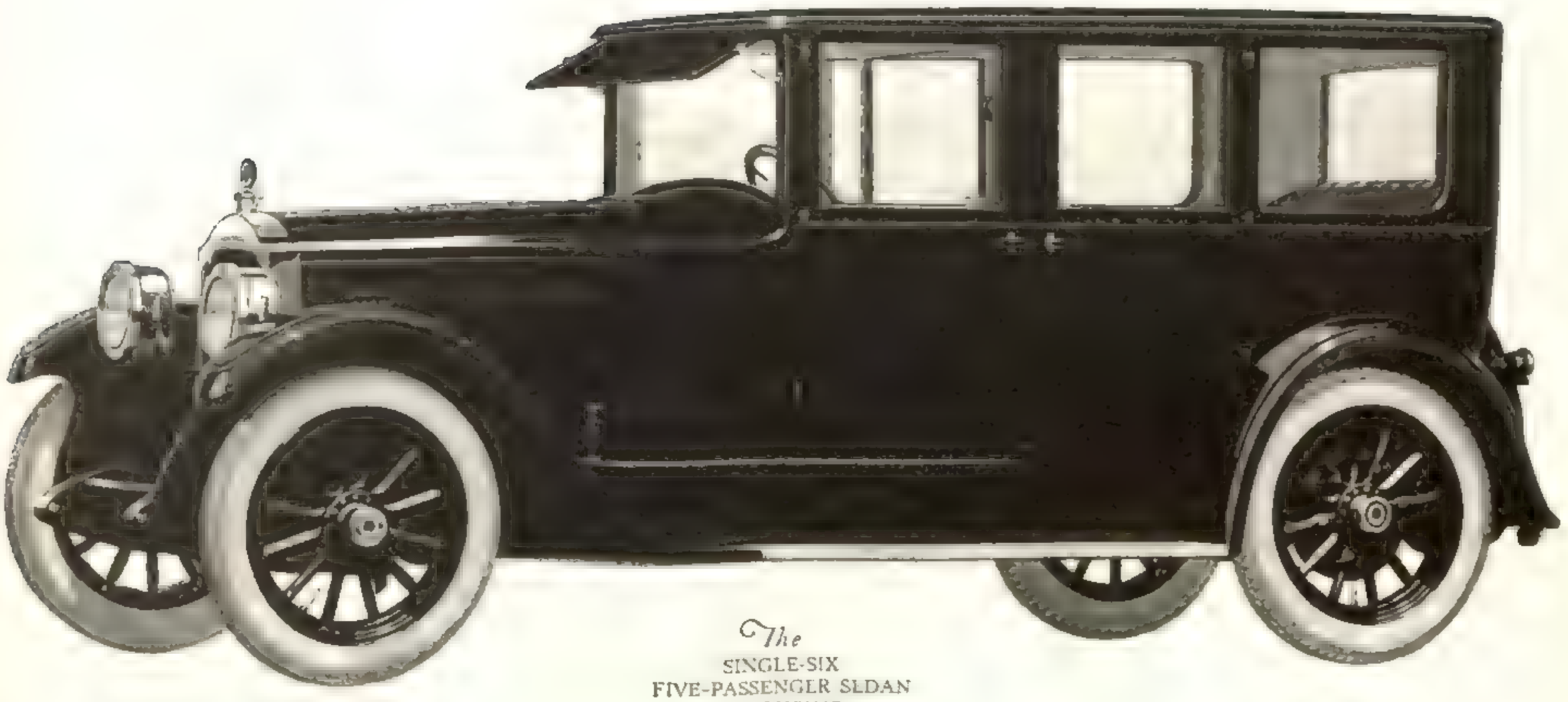
The prof drove off, and then the circle started. They was game to the last. They give their yell, with Genevieve leading, and then they sung a hymn entitled Safely Through Another Week. I joined in on that, and ten minutes later it was so quiet here for the first time in a month that I nearly jumped out of my hide when a humming bird buzzed past me. It was another week before I wouldn't jump at a door slam or the Chink dropping a glass in the kitchen. Say, you know a man can set out and lead a horse to death—just walking—and that's what one tiny tot can do to any mother that takes her child culture straight without a chaser of common sense.

The speaker achieved this last bit with her face averted for mannerly concealment of the yawn that ensued. She then said that the line about sleep being "sore labor's bath" was one of the best lines Shakspere ever got off. Anyway, it seemed so to a tired business woman. And, oh, yes, the engagement was announced. Mrs. Pratt said the creature had throwed herself at the prof's head, though close observers watching her work on his son that night would hardly have called it just that. Anyway she'd make a fine leader for any earnest stepmothers' circle.

As for this new child-culture stuff in general, mebbe so, mebbe not. For one thing, she couldn't remember that the young folks was so harshly spoke of in her day, when child culture consisted in teaching 'em to say "Sir!" and "Ma'am!" and not to chew with their mouth open. And, of course, you could put two and two together. At least she had heard of no amendment making this illegal. At the same time she reckoned that young folks had always been the same, and always would be, but it was now too late to prove this, so good night!

Bryce Canyon, Utah, Called the Plateau of Hades Because of its Spires and Monoliths

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"



The
SINGLE-SIX
FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN
LIMOUSINE

The invitation to you to ask the man who owns one, his experience with the Packard, has never involved any risk in the twenty-three years of its use.

It has always been seriously said and seriously meant, and never more so than in its application to the Single-Six.

The man who owns one has much to tell you of his Single-Six that is of genuine value.

In all probability he will tell you two outstanding things—the first of these, that there never was a Packard so truly of Packard standard as the Single-Six.

To this, if we are not mistaken, he will add that he has never known or heard of a six comparable to the Packard Single-Six.

Perhaps the most powerful impetus behind the countrywide conquest by the Packard, is this kind of report from the man who owns a Single-Six.

Five-Passenger Touring Car $2485
at Detroit

PACKARD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

defying the motorman of a street car. That minion of capitalism, in terror, halted his car abruptly. Unfortunately I could not wait to see the mounted Cossacks charge the mob with bared sabers; I was already late for an important engagement.

There is a row of red flags on Fourteenth Street marking a line of shell holes. A bystander informed me that these were caused by the bombardments of the Red Liquor Fleet during the Labor Day riots.

Even the signs on the shop windows indicate that the time is at hand. I have jotted down the following, significant of the activities and purposes of the people: The Red Magazine; Reading Room of the Daughters of the American Revolution: The International Supply Co.

Although I have not yet learned to speak English, I have sounded various eminent comrades on the future of America. They all agree with the editor of the New York Blackhander; the country seethes with discontent; within two months at the outside the country will be bathed in blood and a new era of peace and justice will come in!

Yours in the revolution.

—Morris Bishop.

The Shock Would be Fatal ——

IF, SOME day, when the barber held his little mirror behind the customer's head and asked "Is that right?" the customer should reply "No, it's a rotten job."

If, some day, when you entered a hardware store, a clerk came up to you at once, with a smile on his face, and asked what you wanted.

If, rushing into the depot in a hurry to get a Pullman seat five minutes before train time, the man ahead of you in line wasn't buying a ticket three feet long for Los Angeles, to use the twenty-seventh of next month.

If you asked for a good seat at the box office of a New York theater—and got it.

If you met a man from Southern California who told you that the climate there was disagreeable.

If a lecturer before a woman's club should say that If Winter Comes isn't a great spiritual novel.

If Sinclair Lewis should join the Kiwanis Club of Hartford, Connecticut.

If anybody from Charleston, South Carolina, spoke well of Atlanta, Georgia.

If anybody from Atlanta, Georgia, spoke well of Charleston, South Carolina.

If somebody born in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and now living on West 114th Street, Manhattan, should confess that he wasn't a New Yorker.

If the public should give Babe Ruth an encouraging cheer when he struck out.

If everybody in the Yale Bowl should watch the players instead of the ball when a punt is made.

If anybody said to you, "I admit I haven't got any sense of humor."

If the public agreed with the dramatic critics.

If the dramatic critics agreed with one another.

If you didn't know how to bring up your neighbors' children better than they did.

If the man Hearst supported got elected.

If the man with a new automobile didn't talk about it.

If the caddy wasn't to blame for your lost ball.

If the editor should print this. *—Walter Prichard Eaton.*

Casual Cassy

CASUAL CASSY, one afternoon, all dolled up in her best ladies' wearing apparel, went for a short brisk walk. Her chosen way trended o'er glade and dell, and, anon, through the very heart of the city. As she walked she met, by chance, a passing railroad train. Ever polite of mien, Casual Cassy said serenely "Good afternoon." But, rude and unmannerly as it was, the train just cut her dead!

Casual Cassy went skating. She was like a picture of A Winter Morning, in her trim fur-trimmed cloth suit and suitable hat. Donning her shining skates she skimmed like a skimmer far out across the icy glare. The ice gave way, and Casual Cassy sank to an icy grave. But the lake, the ill-natured lake, said, with an icy glare, "I can't bear girls like that!"

Once Casual Cassy called on an old school friend, who was now happily married, and had, happily, four children. One of them, a bright young lad of six summers, pointed a shotgun at Cassy. The boy was merely in play, and was happily ignorant that the gun was loaded. Though really not of a nervous nature, when the boy pulled the trigger Cassy went all to pieces.

One day Casual Cassy went motoring with some wealthy but honest friends. For a time they spun along merrily, and chatted gayly, and laughed inanely, as motorists will, but all at once, or mostly at once, the motor car struck a large rock. It shied, trembled and, on a sudden impulse, turned turtle. The erstwhile merry crowd was flung hither and yon, and even good-natured Cassy felt quite put out.

Casual Cassy slept quietly in her lacquered-brass continuous-rail bed. A storm arose, but Cassy did not, for she was asleep—asleep. Louder grew the thunder, more fiery the lightning! At last a terrific bolt shattered the house, and a ball of fire ripped through Cassy's bedroom. Waking suddenly, so, the poor girl was struck all of a heap.

Casual Cassy strolled, lilting a lay, through the flowery fields of Harlem. Filled with the uplift of the balmy summer atmosphere she lilted along, all unnoticing a goat that charged toward her just like a light brigade. The impact was swift and sure; the goat preserved his calm and stately demeanor, but Cassy felt awfully upset. *—Carolyn Wells.*

A Nature Lover

OH, HOW I love all buds that blow,
All flowers of field and combe!
I love the works of Nature so
I have to take them home.

For like a babe I needs must clutch
The pretty things I see;
I love the lovely flowers so much
I cannot let them be.

From meadow, marsh and wood I take
Enough to load a truck;
The branch was made for me to break,
The rose for me to pluck.

With dogwood boughs I freight my car,
And heaps of trailing pine;
I can't enjoy them where they are,
I have to make them mine.

While duller mortals dare avow
That where they ride or walk
They leave the bud upon the bough,
The bloom upon the stalk,

Their souls are sure of baser stuff,
Their hearts are made of stone;
He loves not loveliness enough
Who makes it not his own.

And so a curse, a blight, a bane,
My ruthless raid I ride,
To plunder orchard, heath and lane
And waste the countryside.

—Arthur Guiterman.

"Who's the Pink and White One Getting the Manicure?" "That's Megan, the Labor Leader"

Next Time You Raise a Dust—

Think of Mrs. Ella Guffle, the Little Georgia Widow Whose Farm Produces Five-Eighths of the Whisk Used in American Whisk Brooms

IT SEEMED incredible to the Yankee Magazine's representative that the little figure beside her, dressed in a batik garden smock and carrying a watering pot, should be the owner of those vast acres of waving yellow whisk which stretched away to the distant horizon. Yet the secret of Ella Guffle's success was not hard to find.

"I love my whisk," said the simple little woman.

And that's just it! Ella Guffle loves her whisk! What children or society are to other women, whisk is to Ella Guffle. You cannot understand it—I did not—until I saw her walking amid her whisk, talking to it, bidding it grow and be strong and brave! Gruff old whisk men in her employ say that the whisk will grow for no one as it does for "Li'l' Miss Ella," as they call her in their rough way.

She laughs as she tells of the great doings at The Whiskery, as the farm is called, when harvest time comes and the great sheaves of golden whisk are gathered, bound and shipped to the great marts to be made into whisk brooms, but a shadow crosses her face as she speaks of that dread summer of 1916 with its plague of whimpfs—the little insect which is the terror of all whisk growers. She is proudest, perhaps, when she shows the visitor two framed testimonials that hang in the front room of The Whiskery—one signed by the Amalgamated Bell Hops of America, and the other by the Associated Pullman Car Porters.

"They call me Mother Guffle," she says softly, "and say they owe everything to me!" *—Katharine Dayton.*

Book Review

The Works of Ibid and Anon

THERE are two authors whom I praise,
Their works are my delight.
They've Shakspere beaten seven ways,
And even H. B. Wright.
You cannot mention anything
That they've not touched upon,
And that's the reason why I sing
Of Ibid and Anon.

I wonder where they hid themselves,
And where they lived and died.
You cannot find their books on shelves;
I know it, for I've tried.
Yet some must have the books they wrote,
And some their pages con,
For every author loves to quote
From Ibid and Anon.

Now Ibid's works run more to prose,
Statistics and the like.
With poetry Anon just flows
Like water o'er a dike.
Though critics may dispute their claims,
Yet when we're dead and gone
Still bright will shine the deathless names
Of Ibid and Anon. —Newman Levy.

The Salome Sun

A LOT of folks are asking what they call this place. It has been called most everything—some things I wouldn't dare to print—but in the good old days, like they used to be, with wild women dancing, when the wine flowed free in the Red Bar Dump with its Red Birds gay—a tenderfoot got shot for calling it "Sal-o-may"; but nowadays, with the kick all out of the juice and the nights as dead as a Soldiers' Home—when there isn't a thing in town that's loose, they've expurgated it to "Sayloam."

I've got to get some blinders for Lonesome Larry or send him to Los Angeles on a vacation, I guess. He's getting so that every time a nice-looking girl comes along he either runs the gas tank over or forgets to collect for it, and at night he sits up so late singing in a barrel-tone voice that my Frog is getting thin from losing sleep, and a sore throat from trying to imitate him.

My little girl asked me something the other day that I haven't been able to figure out yet. She goes to church and it seems that away back in Bible times when they wasn't only four people on earth yet, some man called Kane got sore and killed a fellow by the name of Able, and when he saw what he'd done it scared him. My little girl says: "Daddy, if nobody had ever been dead yet, how did he know he had killed him?" And darned if I know what to tell her.

Folks is just like freight teams—they expect the lead horse to pull the whole load. That's no way to get anywhere. It takes teamwork to win—and teamwork means everybody getting up in the collar and digging their toes in until you get the load up the hill—and then lay back and rest if you want to.

Winter must be almost here. The wind has quit blowing from down towards Yuma, the thermometer went down below 105 yesterday and the flies are biting like the devil, trying to get one last square meal before cold weather sets in. Folks is hunting up socks and coats.

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

5,285 INSPECTIONS PER CAR

The faithfulness of performance so universally remarked in Dodge Brothers Motor Cars is due, in no small part, to the thoroughness with which each unit is inspected during the process of manufacture and assembly.

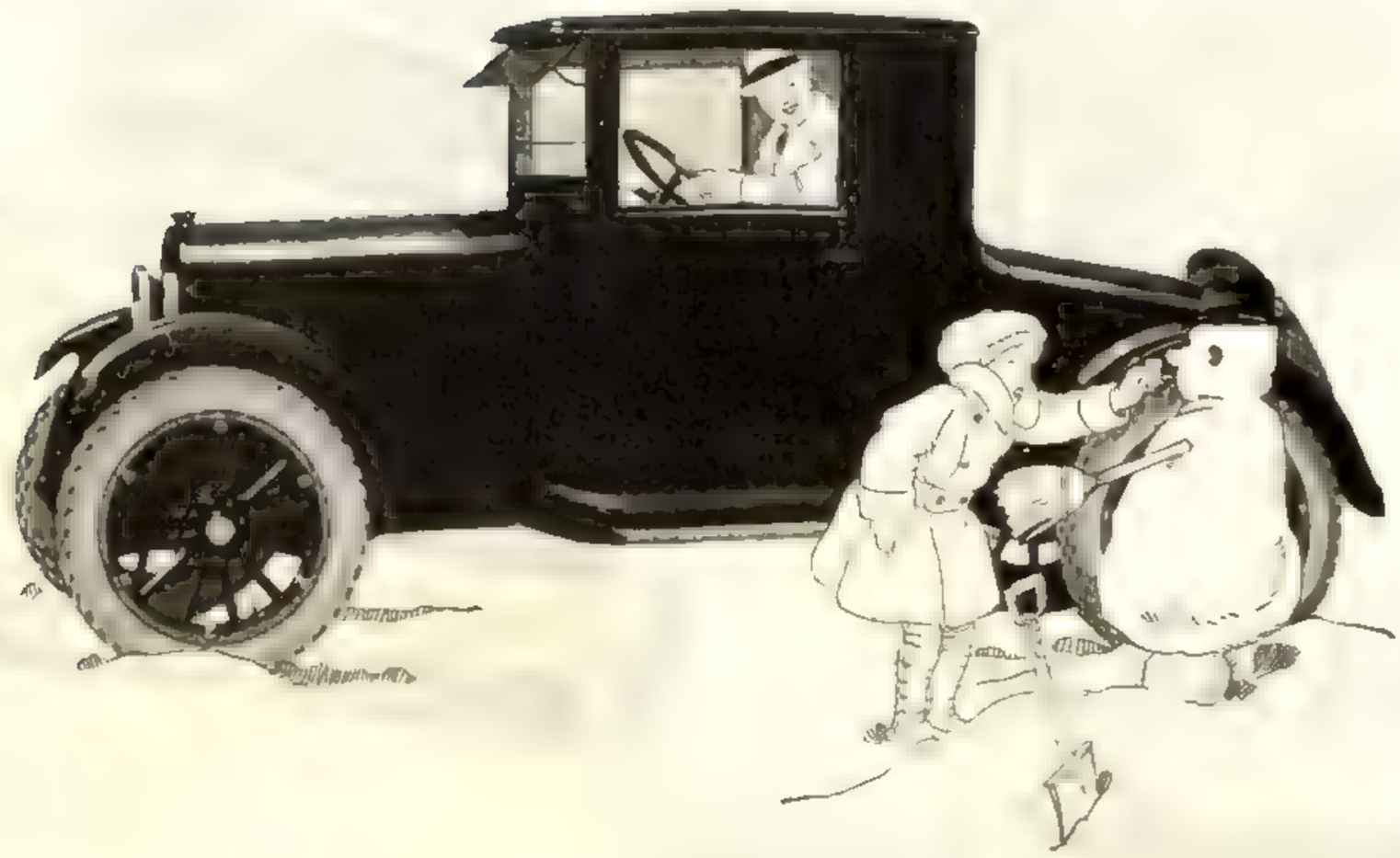
A trained staff of 1100 experts is employed in this work alone, and approximately 5285 inspections are made on each car.

So exacting and rigid are the standards applied to these inspections that the slightest variation either in workmanship or material is sufficient cause for immediate rejection.

Dodge Brothers are almost over-scrupulous in their constant aim to make each car as sound and perfect as is humanly possible.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Business Coupe is $980 f. o. b. Detroit



MORRIS' Supreme FOODS
MORRIS & COMPANY, U.S.A.

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Good friends in
your market basket;
a great variety of good foods

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They taste good! You are interested principally in how things taste and in their purity and wholesomeness.

A safe guide to these qualities in foods is the Morris Supreme yellow and black label. Get in the habit of looking for it. Supreme quality means the purity and delicious flavor you want.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Are You Sending the Whole Child to School?

HE was such a little chap. But brave? You should have seen him. Books and new pad in hand, he stood with his mother at the gateway while she heaped directions on his small, averted head. He was starting out for his first day at school. But it was the mother, and not he, who felt the tug of dismay at the heart and the start of a tear quickly whisked away.

Downstreet then, whistling and carefree, he trudged on that opening day, while the mother followed him with yearning eyes. Another milestone lay behind. Her baby was gone forever. The boy must prepare for himself a man's place in the world.

Is Your Child Equipped?

Five million school children in this country—a fourth of all the children in all the schools—are not equipped for the work. And what they lack is the most vital weapon of all—good eyesight. They are given splendid school-houses, a full equipment of school books—and yet neither parents nor teachers realize that many of these children are fighting with the broken sword of faulty vision.

Headaches, nervousness, listlessness, these proclaim the sapping of energy that is probably due to uncorrected eyesight. Difficulty in keeping up with school work is a suggestive symptom. The child who buries his head in his books, the child who squints, cannot learn his lessons properly and is thus not fully armed for the competitions of later life.

The Duty is Yours and Not the Child's

These handicapped children have never looked through any eyes but their own and assume that all children see exactly as they do. Naturally, they have not complained about their eyes, and their parents accordingly never dream that their eyes are not normal.

Your child's chance in life may depend upon your taking action now in this matter of his eyesight. The Wellsworth Scientific Staff, through many years of research work, has contributed much toward better vision for the school children of America. Get the facts about your child's eyes.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

WELLSWORTH PARK
ESTABLISHED 1833

LITTLE TOLO

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staggering to rise and Big Corny clumsily trying to assist him. Making a shrewd guess at causes, he still had the more vital safety of his ship to think of. He shoved Blaggard from the wheel, taking it himself, and roared, "Take in all stuns'ls!"

The mate issued the several orders, thumping on the forecastle hatch for the watch below as he did so.

"All hands!" he bawled. "Tumble up there!"

The men ran up sleepily.

"Headsheets to windward! Hands aft and brail up the spanker!"

Little Tolo found himself at a lee brail, with Big Corny hauling beside him.

"Hist, little felly! Don't you thry to git me in bad f'r this!" muttered the third mate, scowling fearfully at the stern face of the skipper. "'Twas yerself as stumbled. 'Twas thot sojer Blaggard as let her come to an' spilled yer pal off th' yard! Don't f'rgit, now!"

The ship continued to come to. She had gone too far to pay off under the simpler maneuver. Black Ben Forbes under similar conditions had been known to make the air hot with honest profanity; now he had seen that huddled little heap on the galley top, the scared faces of the men, and he only snapped out the bare commands needed to get his ship back to her course.

"She won't come, mister," he shouted to the mate. "Raise fore tack and sheet! Mr. Finucane, leave those brails. Take some hands to haul up the mains'l. Mister Mate, brace your head yards aback. She must come!"

In the second dog watch, when the ship once more sped fast on her course, the carpenter and sailmaker prepared the body of Sam Pescud for burial. The Yankee had been well liked; with the common absence of visible emotion sailors soon grow to cultivate, the most any of his mates had to say was a word as to his merits as a sailorman. Little Tolo alone allowed grief to show. Sam had been his friend, his only friend. Now he was gone. In half an hour or so there would be a splash in the sea, the speeding ship's wake would surge over the spot, and Sam Pescud would simply remain an entry in the ship's log.

Great tears fell from the little Finn's reddened eyes. The bruised lips so brutally gashed by the third mate bled afresh as the little man strove to stifle his grief. Grinning behind his bowed back, the sailmaker and Chips still permitted him to stay until they had need to work where he sat.

Little Tolo thought of his own beliefs concerning an after life. He knew nothing of Sam's religion. He did know that in his own land there was no parting of friends, for all went to a pleasant bourn where friendships were renewed to last forever. There was a doubt as to Sam's ideas in life; there could be no doubt as to Tolo's hopes for the future. Gently he turned aside the still unstitched canvas from Sam's breast. Then he took off the silver Greek cross from his own neck and reverently fastened it to his dead friend.

"Goot luck, shipmate, goot luck!" he whispered, hurriedly glancing around, fearful of ridicule but willing to dare it. He saw sailors lounging by, curious to see the burial. Big Corny, loitering near as if reluctant to face the inevitable inquiry aft, came towards the group near the body with some unnecessary remark about the work.

"Goot luck, Sam, ant fair wints where you go to," breathed Little Tolo. "Ta silver cross prings bat luck to anyboty but ta owner, so here I gif it to you, Sam. Goot luck!" He covered the trinket with the canvas and ran away to the forecastle to weep bitterly.

"We now commit this body to the deep ——" read Black Ben Forbes awkwardly. His strong bronzed face was troubled. He had read the same words over many a man but could never read them without a choke in the throat. Most of the simple service was mumbled. Not that it mattered. Mere words, whether spoken with an academic accent or in murdered English, could make small difference to Sam Pescud.

"—— until the sea shall give up its dead! Heave, lads!" the skipper concluded hastily.

A man at each head corner of the grating lifted the burden. Sam's weighted body slipped easily from under the rippling folds of his country's flag; a soft splash was scarcely heard above the murmur of the onrushing clipper, and Little Tolo's friend was embarked upon the long traverse.

"Mister Mate, muster all hands!"

There was a sting now to the skipper's voice. Big Corny made great play rounding up the men.

"That'll do you, Mr. Finucane. Step up here!" snapped Black Ben.

Big Corny was no longer an officer. Broken and disgraced for his part in getting the Challenge into a mess, he was again where he had started, where undoubtedly he belonged, in the forecastle. And with the perversity of his breed he fixed on Little Tolo as the cause of his downfall.

"Watch yerself, me son; Oi'll fix you!" he told Tolo as he cleaned out and took possession of the narrow board domain lately occupied by Sam Pescud. He might have started the fixing process straightaway; but there were plenty of the crew looking too jubilant for him to take chances. He mentally counted up enough of them, who owed him reprisals, to mishandle him to perfection. Blaggard alone tried to show him welcome, and Blaggard was not in favor.

"Why don't you shift your bunk over by his, Blaggard?" grinned a young mariner. "There'll be as fine a pair o' wooden soldiers as ever I see."

"G'wan away frum me, y' louse!" Corny growled, and his toady crept into his own cheerless bunk in blank wonder at the queerness of men of the sea. Only a few hours ago Big Corny had laughed and jested with him. Now he bade him take himself off in a tone of unmistakable menace.

So there were two friendless men in the Challenge forecastle.

But any little pleasantries contemplated by Big Corny for the benefit of Little Tolo had perforce to stand over. That same night a twinkling green light peeked up over the black horizon to windward, and Forward Ho was the word that ran around the clipper's decks and made orders almost unnecessary. Ever since Blaggard's exploit in throwing the ship aback both watches had been working at high pressure to repair damages. Except for the brief interval when Sam Pescud was launched on his sealed-orders cruise, the carpenter had employed as many seamen as he had axes, adzes or hammers to provide them with, working up rough sticks into stuns'l booms. As each was finished the bosuns got their gangs busy sending them aloft; and the sailmaker and his helpers saw to it there was no delay on their part in clothing the racing clipper with her flying kites.

Daylight found the Challenge fully clothed. Down low on the port hand a flash of sail appeared, and Captain Forbes himself took his telescope aloft. When he came down he glanced into the chart room at the barometer before making any audible report to the eager mates. The second mate had just finished issuing the daily ration of fresh water, and dangled the pump key in his hand.

"That's the Forward Ho, all right," said the skipper. "She's running into weather, too, if I'm any judge. Her skysail and royal stuns'ls and flying jib are in already. Glass is falling too. Watch the weather, and call me if any change."

"About the water, sir," the second mate put in hastily.

"Don't tell me water's running short!"

"No, sir. Plenty of it. But it's tasted queer for a good many days, and it kind o' stinks this morning."

Forbes smelled and tasted a sample of the tank water. His nose wrinkled up and a cloud crossed his clear eyes.

"Have the men complained?" he asked quietly.

"No, sir. Steward said it tasted funny, that's all."

"Then keep it to yourself," said the skipper, addressing both mates. "And if rain comes in any quantity don't lose any of it you are able to catch."

By noon a seaman perched high aloft reported the Forward Ho stripped of all her flying kites and running through a series of rain squalls. The Challenge sailed on under every stitch of snowy canvas with brilliant sunlight touching her with splendor.

"If she had the stinking water we'd get the rain!" grumbled the second mate disgustedly.

"How does she bear?" the skipper wanted to know.

"She seems to hold on to us, sir."

Forbes glanced at the barometer again. He looked puzzled. The horizon to leeward was black and sharp. There sailed the Forward Ho, under reduced sail, running through rain squalls and whitecapped seas. The Challenge stormed along under stuns'ls and skysails, in smooth water, under blue skies.

"We ought to gain on him now if we're able to at all!" exclaimed Black Ben. He gave a comprehensive glance at the trim of his ship. "Sweat up everything," he said. "Freshen the nip all around. Watch your steering and get every fathom out of her. If the Challenge can't give that ship the go-by in these conditions ——"

A rising sea slapped saucily at the ship's quarter and flung spray aboard. It stung the skipper's face, and he laughed.

"That's you! Blow, old breeze! Mister Mate, tell the men to watch their holds. If a man falls overboard now he swims home!"

There was weight in the breeze by midafternoon. Flying spindrift volleyed into the courses and lower stuns'ls like bird shot. The curling wave at the clipper's sharp stem roared hollowly; there was a twang and hum to the rigging that told of wholesome stress. Now and then a vagrant raindrop from a distant cloud fell with a spat. The day was warm, humid, a day which might develop into anything down there in the Indian Ocean.

In a harder puff the main skysail stuns'l burst with a tearing crack.

"Get another one aloft!" shouted the Old Man.

Men dragged a newly repaired sail from the locker. Other men stood ready with gantline and guy to run it up. Still more men were on their way to the dizzy perch to set it.

"Give us a song, lads!" cried the second mate, and the men tallied on to the rope.

"Start the runaway chorus!"

Little Tolo, feeling exalted with the swing and surge of the tremendous sailing, for days now beyond the shadow of a hazing mate, piped up shrilly:

"What shall we do wit' a trunken sailor?
What shall we do wit' a trunken sailor?
What shall we do wit' a trunken sailor—
Early in ta morning?"

And lustily, rustily, roaringly the chorus was bellowed forth as the bundled sail went up:

"Way, hay, up she rises!
Way, hay, up she rises!
Way, hay, up she rises,
Early in the morning!"

Men stamped along the decks with the rope. The sail went up like a wriggling snake hooked to a runaway derrick. As a man reached the end of his run he let go the rope, ran forward to the leading block and got a fresh hold. Then the next man, and so on, while Little Tolo sang manfully as he hauled:

"Put him in ta longboat, make him pail her,
Put him in ta longboat, make him pail her,
Put him in ta longboat, make him pail her
Early in ta morning!"

And again the chorus:

"Way, hay, up she rises!
Way, hay, up she rises!
Way, hay, up she rises
Early in the morning!"

"Belay that!" roared the second mate. "Want to run the sail through the block?"

In the first dog watch the stuns'l carried away again, and before men could start to handle it the fore skysail flew into ribbons.

"Get the mizzen skysail off her and stow it. Make the rags fast," the skipper ordered, with a keen look to windward.

Before the watch was over the main skysail had to come in; then all three royals, flying jib, and topgallant stuns'ls. Big Corny and Little Tolo took the outer end of the flying jib boom, stowing the billowing sail. When all was fast they were the last men to come inboard. The ship foamed along, piling the seas high about her figurehead.

Captain Forbes rubbed his hands gleefully, for the men coming down from aloft reported the Forward Ho dropping behind in the race.

"Tell the steward to give the men some rum," he said to the mate. The mate was glaring forward. The second mate suddenly laughed.

"What now?" demanded the Old Man.

On the forecastle head Big Corny stood, his back to the low lee rail, roaring something at Little Tolo, who crouched before him, hands outstretched, spitting in white fury. Like a cat the little man sprang at the bigger man, snatching at something about Corny's throat. Corny's curse carried aft like a shot.

"Stop that!" roared the skipper. "Go and stop them!" he cried to the second mate.

Corny struck viciously, hitting Little Tolo full between the eyes. The little man fell backwards as if struck with an ax. The last rays of the sun touched something at Big Corny's neck, making it flash like silver. It touched the man's rugged evil face. Little Tolo rose, lurching forward at his foe again, blindly, purposefully. Again the big man's fist smashed home on Tolo's forehead, and down he went. But now the light revealed some of the rage departed from Corny's face, and a cloud of doubt taking its place. Tolo rose again, ever facing Corny, nearer now, and again he snatched at that gleaming thing on the neck of his enemy.

Corny backed against the rail. It was at his knees. Then Tolo rushed, sprang into the air, clicking his heels, and his hands touched Corny's face.

"Take him off! Take th' little divvle off!" screamed Big Corny as the second mate sprang up the short forecastle ladder.

A Prayer for Memory—On New Year's Day: By Margaret E. Sangster

DEAR GOD, as I look down the lane that leads into the past,
I see that just my tiny dreams have been the ones to last—
The wistful hopes, the childish faiths, the gentle happy tears,
Glance out at me all down the lane that leads across the years.

The first blue sash I ever owned, the violets I found
When April cast her garment down upon the throbbing ground;
The home of white with reed blinds, that stood upon a hill,
A golden song of long ago that caused my soul to thrill.

Pale moonlight on the silver snow, and skies star-pierced and bright,
The rosy glow of dawn against the draperies of night;
And young love's kiss upon my lips, and young love's shaken voice. . . .
Dear God, these are the things that make a woman's heart rejoice!

Oh, I have known the urge of life, and I have conquered loss,
And I have felt my courage rise as I have touched my cross;
And I have won sweet victories, and put away despair—
But, God, it is the little things that make the lane so fair!

As I look down the lane of time, upon this New Year's Day,
I pray that you, dear God on high, will never take away
These happy hours that I have found, these moments I have met,
And that you'll call me, e'er I am so old that I forget!

In a flash it happened. The rail at Big Corny's knees tripped him. With a yell of terror he pitched backwards, clutched at the rail, missed it, and plunged into the roaring bow wave of the storming clipper.

"You've murdered him!" roared the second mate at Tolo. "He'll drown! The Old Man'll never heave-to in this!"

"Man overboard!" a seaman howled, searching helplessly for a float to heave overboard.

"I'll not stop for him!" yelled the skipper excitedly. "I can't!"

As swiftly as Big Corny had gone Little Tolo leaped to the rail, poised, and plunged after him without a sound.

"Man overboard!" the shout went up again. "Little Tolo's gone after Corny!"

"Damn him for a fool! But I can't let a brave man drown!" muttered the Old Man. "Clear away the boat," he told the mate. And to the second mate: "Strip the stuns'ls off her, mister. Send the men to stations and I'll back the mainyards."

Darkness fell, but before it came the skipper took a compass bearing of the spot where Little Tolo swam. Then he cast over a flare, and laid his mainyards aback.

The boat went away as soon as the ship came to a stand. It vanished into the darkness. The clipper's spars and rigging complained shrilly against the terrific strain; the seas hammered at the stationary ship like wolves assaulting a foundered horse. A tar barrel was set alight in the waist to guide the boat. It lit with devilish radiance the mazy fabric of the ship and the awed faces of her crew.

"I should have let them drown, damn 'em!" grumbled the Old Man impatiently when half an hour had passed. "Now I've lost a boat's crew and a good second mate."

A faint hail came out of the darkness before the hour was wholly gone. Men manned the side with ropes. The boat appeared like a white ghost, was hooked on, hoisted and disgorged its human freight. They bundled Big Corny out first, and turned to help Little Tolo. But the little Finn tumbled out on deck without assistance.

"The little fellow saved him, sir," the second mate said. "We found them swimming. But the big fellow's about all in."

"Get the ship on her course," grunted the skipper, and turned to the rescued men.

"You've done a bad day's work ——" he began, then stopped in amazement.

Little Tolo seemed to gather his wits with a tremendous effort of will, and launched himself like a cat upon Big Corny. The big fellow leaned, half strangled with sea water, a pitiful object, against the mizzenmast. He had no defense left. Little Tolo, mouthing unintelligible things in Finnish, clawed him, hammered him, kicked him, all but killed him before the astounded skipper hauled him away.

"The man's gone crazy!" he shouted. Big Corny lay a bedraggled heap in a puddle of brine and blood.

"Ay am not crazy, sir," panted Little Tolo. Triumphantly he held before the skipper's eyes a broken silver chain, from which depended a silver Greek cross; and the little man's face was transfigured. "Ay am not crazy," repeated Tolo.

He shook the silver links.

"Ay gafe my goot-luck piece to may frient Sam, so he would haf goot luck ant fair winds where he is gone. Rount his deat neck Ay put it pefore t'ey sewed him up. Ant Ay see it after on ta t'roat of Big Corny, ta t'ief! Ay ask for it, ant he hit me. He went oferboard, ant took it wit' him. Ay ——"

"So you went after him and saved his life so you could half murder him!" exclaimed the skipper.

"Ay went to get my luck piece, sir. It gifes bat luck to ta man who is not ta proper owner. See what bat luck comes to ta ship because he stole it. Now Ay haf it, ant it will pring only goot luck, captain. Only goot luck."

Little Tolo turned away. Big Corny was already on the quarterdeck ladder, crawling away forward. Captain Forbes put out a hand.

"Ask the steward for some rum, and take some to that man," he said. "Your good-luck piece has brought nobody any luck. Better pitch it overboard. It's lost me the race and a bonus. Away with you and your bad luck!"

"Goot luck it will pring you now, captain," replied Little Tolo softly.

Another dawn found the Challenge reeling off the best speed she had ever made, running like a scared thing before a smoking gale under topgallant sails over reefed topsails and fore course. At eight bells, eight o'clock, the watches were changed, and the skipper's face showed elation at the prospect of making up some of his lost time. Then a cloud settled on his brows. The mate came on deck, pale and dismal. He complained of cramps. He had fur on his tongue and had not slept.

The port-watch bosun came aft, looking frightened. He reported half the watch doubled up with internal cramps, unable to turn to. The second mate, grinning at first at the forlorn look of the mate, suddenly turned white. He, too, discovered that his breakfast appetite seemed less keen than an hour ago.

Little Tolo appeared to take the helm, as cheery as if somebody else had undergone the perils of that overnight deep-sea swim. Big Corny lurched aft, too, looking cowed but not ill.

"It's the water!" gasped the second mate. He met the Old Man's eye and shut up instantly.

"Go and lie down, mister," the skipper told the mate. "I'll stand your watch the forenoon. Bosun, come to my cabin. I'll give the ailing men some Jamaica ginger. Work 'em easy a while."

At noon, watches were changed again. More than half the starboard watch rolled in their bunks in agony. Little Tolo and Big Corny had steered all the watch. A new man took the wheel. The skipper remained on deck. A sky that had been filled with racing scud lowered, black and forbidding. Still the clipper tore through the seas. Captain Forbes was unwilling to risk shortening sail with the men crumpling up every few minutes. Yet she was overpressed, and he knew it.

Twice during the afternoon watch rain commenced to fall. It passed each time before the weakened crew could spread catches for it.

By the first dog watch both mates were rolling in tortured knots in their bunks. Sails, Chips, one bosun and two-thirds of the crew tottered out of sight like pallid specters, to appear no more for a while. Captain Forbes lay on a deck locker to rest, and there he stayed; with his last conscious utterance he bade the men remain on the poop.

Another midnight came. Little Tolo steered. Blaggard had volunteered to go on the lookout. He had slipped below instead of up the forecastle ladder, and lay moaning in sheer panic in his bunk. Big Corny crouched beside the wheel, whimpering that he was sick.

"Take ta wheel a bit," said Tolo.

"Oi'm sick!" whined Corny.

Little Tolo produced from his shirt bosom a hard knotted bit of rope. It was a bell lanyard. He had unhitched it from the poop bell as he came aft. He made it whistle around his head, and brought it with a tremendous whack across Corny's shoulders.

"Take ta wheel a bit," he said.

Big Corny steered.

Tolo went to the cabin. From the medicine locker he took ginger and carried it forward. First he dosed the groaning men; then he poured a thumping dose into Blaggard and produced his bell lanyard.

"Go on deck!" he said.

"I'm sick!" whimpered Blaggard.

The knotted cord swished once, thudded across Blaggard's back, and Tolo pointed to the ladder.

"Go on deck a bit," he said.

Blaggard went and crouched beside Big Corny.

Then Little Tolo visited the mates, and gave them ginger. The skipper was chattering feverishly about setting stuns'ls. To him Tolo brought brandy and a blanket.

"Ta stuns'ls is all set, sir," said Tolo.

"Th' little mon's bewitched!" whispered Corny.

"Mad as a bleedin' 'atter!" moaned Blaggard.

At daylight Tolo scampered aloft. From the main truck he scanned the ocean through the captain's telescope. Far, far away astern and to leeward he caught the gleam of sail under a slaty squall. It was a full-rigged ship, hove-to under a reefed main topsail. He swarmed down by a backstay, and went to the galley. There he found bread and meat, and stale cold coffee, which he heated with wood. With hands full he went aft, peering keenly at the faces of Corny and Blaggard.

"You ain't sick. You're only scairt," he said. "Take food yourselves, ant carry the rest to any of ta men able to eat. T'en come aft again."

He took the wheel from Corny's cold hands, and took out his bell lanyard again warningly. They obeyed him, but he little liked the expression on their faces. The ship steered heavily, but he must take a chance. Trying her, he found that she would steer in a fashion if he lashed the helm. When he had found the right angle of helm he turned a bight of the spanker sheet about the spokes and went forward. A sharp burst of rain drenched him as he went by the midship house. In a few minutes the scuppers were running with precious fresh water.

"Up wit' you!" he screamed to Corny and Blaggard, cowering in the forecastle. He plied his knotted cord savagely, cutting their naked flesh, striking at faces and arms, backs and bare legs without favor. "Stretch ta awnings ant catch ta water!" he yelled.

He worked like two men himself. Every few minutes he ran aft to watch the helm, then back to the man's-size job of stretching wet canvas to catch rain against a roaring gale. Two seamen crawled out, shamed by his indomitable energy, and lent their feeble aid. Aloft the overtaxed canvas crackled, the rigging thrummed, the sound of the thundering seas was awe-inspiring. But the clipper reeled along. The rain fell in torrents. The deck tanks, left to run themselves dry of the bad water at first sign of his ability to set the catch, Tolo now filled with canvas hose led from a lowered corner of the bulging awnings.

Then he sent his mates, willing and unwilling, around to all the sick, bearing brimming hookpots of cool sweet water.

"How's she going, mister?" asked the skipper, half rising to drink. He was coming out of a feverish doze. "Haven't taken in the stuns'ls yet, have you?"

"Eferyt'ing is fine, sir!" Little Tolo replied, taking back the cup. "Forward Ho is hove-to far pehint, sir. Ay tolt you ta silver cross is goot luck when ta proper owner wears it!"

Through another day the Challenge sped with her helpless crew. Towards the end of it even the bell lanyard failed to whip motion into Big Corny and Blaggard. They were beaten men. Still Little Tolo watched and steered, leaving the helm only to administer ginger or water or brandy to dazed men. Captain Forbes had thrice staggered to his feet, fuming fretfully that his clipper was sluggish for want of sail. Each time his legs failed him, and he fell among his blankets again while Tolo steered.

Tolo knew that seldom had a clipper sailed so fast. He had no notion of navigation, but he did know that no ship he had ever sailed in, no skipper he had ever sailed with, had carried sail as the Challenge had carried it through the past two days.

"Ay ought to take in ta topgallants," he muttered drowsily.

The mate appeared first of all the recovering sick. He stared around the empty decks. It was late afternoon.

"What day is it?" he asked Tolo. Tolo's heavy eyes were winking.

"Ay don't know," said Tolo.

A sharply defined lower limb of the westering sun peeped under a cloud.

"Where are the rest of the watch?" the mate asked.

"Ay don't know," said Tolo, and nodded, almost falling.

But the mate had gone for his sextant and deck watch. He knew he had been sick, but for how long was a mystery yet. On tottery legs the officer got a sight of the sun before the cloud obscured it, and went to work it up. When he returned he stared curiously at Little Tolo, who stood stubbornly wakeful at the helm in spite of senses almost dead.

"Say, d'ye know how long you've had the wheel?" he asked.

"All ta watch, sir," said Tolo. "Ta Forward Ho is hove-to, out of sight to looard. Ta for'ard tanks is full wit' sweet water, ant ta ship goes free."

"Free! You bet she goes free, unless my figures lie like a stone horse! Six hundred miles since last sights!"

The mate went up to the skipper and spoke to him, waving his working paper as if to drive home a point with it. Captain Forbes painfully raised himself; the mate repeated his report, and the skipper staggered to his feet. The sun peeped out again. The bosuns sleepishly came up the ladder, and the second mate appeared, looking white but hopeful.

"That little man?" exclaimed Black Ben Forbes, glaring at Little Tolo. "Brought the ship along like that? Alone?"

"Must have, sir. And he says the deck tanks are full of sweet water too."

"Ay tolt you Ay pring goot luck, captain!" Tolo cried in triumph. "My goot-luck piece only prings bat luck to t'em as didn't ought to wear it. No more bat luck. Ta Forward Ho is hove-to far, far to looard, ant ——"

"Catch him! He's falling asleep on his feet!" shouted the skipper, shaking the cobwebs from his own senses as he realized how far from lost his race was still.

The mates took Little Tolo from the wheel. One of the bosuns took it, and the other offered to help the little Finn forward to his bunk.

"Ay am all right. Ay can go myself," Little Tolo asserted drowsily but proudly.

They watched him as he rolled heavily towards the ladder. They watched him closely as he dodged and staggered along the main deck, avoiding uncoiled ropes and slopping seas with the instinct of a true seaman.

He passed the galley, and his voice rose astoundingly in song:

"Strike ta pell, secont mate, let's go pelow,
Look well ta win'ward ant you see it's goin' ta plow;
Maype you're treamin' of home ant your gal,
All ta same yoost hurry up ant strike, strike ta pell!"

"Strike eight bells, mister," the skipper said.

"It lacks two hours, sir," the second mate replied.

"Strike eight bells for Little Tolo, mister, though it lacks a full watch!"

The second mate stooped to pick up the lanyard.

"There's no lanyard," he said wonderingly.

"Here comes the little man again," remarked the mate. "What has he got?"

Little Tolo came up the steps, holding out the bell lanyard.

"Ay don't vant it any more," he explained.

There was blood on the knots. The officers looked at each other with dawning grins as the second mate fastened it to the clapper.

Little Tolo's song rose again:

"T'ere on ta fo'c'sle head stands ta lookout,
Hants in his pockets, he's walkin' apout;
Reliefs may pe late, ant 'tis all very well,
Yoost ta same please hurry up ant strike, strike ta pell!"

"Strike it, mister!" repeated the skipper impatiently.

Eight bells were struck, though the time was scarcely four bells.

Little Tolo went below.

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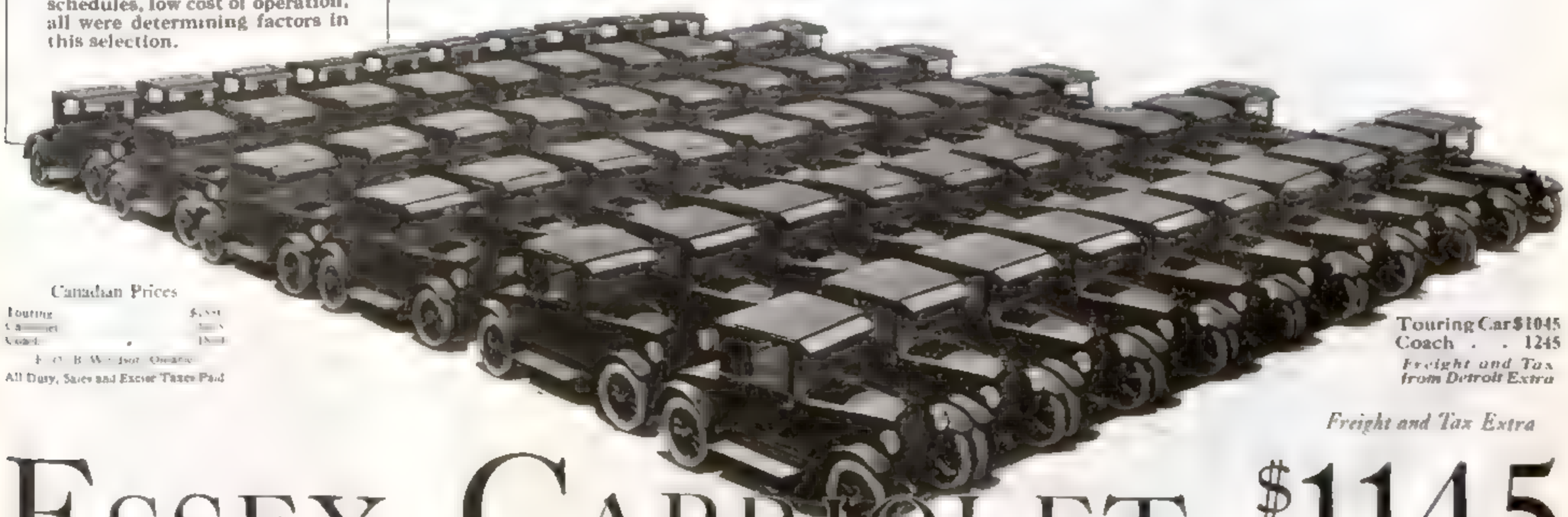

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HIGHBOY RINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

…word as to Highboy…d how…come unheralded and unpedigreed to …Crewe stables. The explanation lay …ler, dappl…, and in the …Kindly's s…ual orders to buy…ever…f…r…shoulder that …only o…and …f…, because, up to the …H…had been c…dent …the spirits on skin …at the near wheel …surrounded …n two …old-…

…stuffings …minutes, …the neck …e excited …at the voice …him free of …

…s gelding had …re maddening …is stable man…easy to handle, …ied and brushed, …tly off the palm …rtheless and not…d mentioned har… T…ere seemed to be a …t a…eptance that High…n on …hat subject had been …L…e, human and other…t, were too valuable …ion to be cast beneath …and equine cyclone that …hundred dollars in cash …der.

…n so elated at the moment …d brought the horse home …sport of pride and had so …price at which his astuteness …the prize of a season, that …e three hundred dollars im…ely became a festering thorn in the flesh. The old trainer would gladly have wiped out the sting of defeat with three thousand of his hard-earned dollars had there been any practical method of so doing. But the iron of the situation went still deeper. Three lots of remnants had gone to the obscure auction block since Highboy's advent, yet he remained in rightful possession of bed and board.

"No, Bimbo," Kindly had said on the three occasions, "I can't do it, questions or no questions. It's on account of his gentle ways, you see. It might turn out that he would win some woman's heart and then break her neck. We'll just have to keep him, and at least he's easy to look at."

Easy to look at! As if that made things any better! Now, in the moment of his deepest despair of finding a cure for his sorely wounded master, Bimbo stared at the beauty of Highboy, at his perked ears, broad forehead, fearless eye, arched neck; at the glorious dapples that came and went under the flick of the sunlight; at the splendid bush of his sweeping tail and at the five straight lines of a perfect horse—four cannons and a level back. God help him, what a waste! Bimbo's eyes grew bloodshot with rage; his lips parted, he swore and from swearing sank to vituperation.

"Gelding! Bah! Lounge lizard! Mantel ornament! Father unknown; likewise mother! Good to look at as naked sin and rotten from the ground up! Parasite and bathersk…! Eunuch!"

Highboy pitched on his forefeet, flaunted his tail, threw up his widespread heels, insulted Bimbo, and then tore off to the farther side of the pasture, where he began to trot up and down, neck arched, nose in, ears pointing forward, hoofs spurning the sod and plume streaming on the wind. The old trainer's face turned purple with a fresh access of rage; he spat violently on the ground and turned his back on the grand-stand performance. That night, his bulky frame feeling unusually exhausted, he…early, but not to sleep. The vis…n of Highboy persecuted him. How could anything so lovely be intrinsically …rman? Quite suddenly he came to a …ndous resolve. He would hitch Highboy to two tons of drag, with a board fence between him and the heaviest, staidest …wheeler in the stable, and either break him or kill him or be killed. His own life had so lost its savor that he risked only the small end of nothing. Who would choose to live on with his mouth full of ashes when he might go down gloriously in combat with a mortal enemy?

The more he thought of the scheme the better it looked. Elimination of every other possibility had led him finally to Highboy. Anything which would change suddenly the status of the rebel must surely appeal to Kindly's dormant affection for horseflesh in the essence. Here would be spontaneity, surprise and joy in possession of an undreamed treasure, all rolled into one! What if he, Bimbo, should fail and die in the attempt? Well, there were times when a lot can be said for death as a boon. What if he should kill Highboy? He produced a grin in the dark which was a cross between a sardonic grimace and a gleam of pure glee. His sane judgment told him that Kindly would consider the event an economic relief. He could hardly wait for the morning, and thus thinking he slept and slept soundly.

Now, many a man has gone to bed with a problem and awaked to find its answer staring him in the face. Thus with Bimbo. He thought he had hit on a daring attempt at solution of his trouble on the night before, but when he awoke an idea stood waiting for him which for sheer boldness made his previous scheme seem faint-hearted cowardice.

It was as though the apparition of Highboy had been in reality an important message, an attempt at long-distance horse telegraphy, a hunch in the making, which had knocked and knocked in vain on the barred door of Bimbo's waking intelligence and then given up the struggle only to creep into the warm emptiness of his sleeping brain and fill the vacant apartment chock-ablock with its presence.

He did not stop to reason. He clambered out of bed and into his clothes by six of the clock, Eastern standard time. By seven Highboy was in his stall; by 7:30 he had munched two quarts of oats and by eight he was reveling beneath such a combing and rubbing down as had not been his portion in many weeks. By 8:30 he was in harness and by 8:35 Bimbo was beating it for the manor house as fast as his stumpy legs and stumpier breath would permit him to travel. He actually had the pleasurable illusion that he was flying. He burst into the morning room where Kindly, alone, was dejectedly eating a leisurely breakfast preparatory to catching the 9:05 for town.

The facial contortions induced by the emotions of disaster or great joy are astoundingly similar; consequently, and since Bimbo remained for a moment speechless by force of circumstances and the weight of his paunch, it was natural that Kindly should have picked the wrong answer to his trainer's inarticulate commotion and spoken as follows:

"If anything has happened to one of the horses, Bimbo, just shoot him and put him out of his misery. If it's anything else, use your own judgment. Whatever it is, don't bother me."

"I won't bother you, Mr. Crewe," said Bimbo, recovering his breath, "further than to request you to walk as far as the Upper Paddock."

Ordinarily the trainer addressed his employer as Kindly, except when before strangers or in the show ring, and the extremely formal opening of the interview should have warned Crewe that something unusual was afoot, something so formidable that it could not be carelessly brushed aside. His eyes assumed the vacant stare that on several recent occasions had proved so disconcerting to his secretary. With a shrug of his shoulders which looked more like a shrinking quiver, he turned on Bimbo.

"Get this straight," he said; "I'm not going near the paddocks, and, what's more, I'm not going to drive in the coach parade."

"Not going to drive in the coach parade!" whispered Bimbo with a pause between each word, his eyes slowly bulging from his head.

"That's what I said," confirmed Kindly. His eyes grew vacant again. "I'm still trying to decide," he continued presently, "whether I'll show this year at all."

"Trying—trying to decide whether you'll show!" gulped Bimbo, amazement in his florid face and tears in his voice. Then suddenly he awoke from the trance into which his master's terrible words had plunged him. His bulldog chin shot out and his head up. "Listen to me!" he roared. "I've spoken to you as trainer to his boss and you wouldn't hear. Now it's Bimbo to Kindly and man to man. Listen to me! You're going to the Upper Paddock if I have to call the hands and carry you there. You're going now! Do you get that?"

"I heard you," said Kindly quietly. "You're fired, of course, Bimbo. I'm sorry."

"Fired!" snorted Bimbo. "Well, I don't care a damn if I am! Who minds being fired for five minutes? Will you come or do you still want to make it a ride?"

Kindly's eyes grew hard for the first time in the twelve happy years of almost brotherly companionship with his trainer. They became two points of steel which drilled Bimbo through and through. It was a look which in any other moment would have struck terror to his lion heart, but in this instance he took it so calmly that a shadow of doubt swept across Kindly's troubled face. But only for an instant. He drew out his watch.

"I'll come," he said shortly, "just for the five minutes it will take me to put Charlie in charge."

Side by side, and in silence, the two estranged friends, comrades in many a shared victory, left the house and walked briskly toward the stables; but with a difference. Kindly carried his head low, while Bimbo seemed to be striving to stretch his short neck to the heavens. His eyes protruded like the orbs of a crab as they strained forward for a first sight of the distant paddock, and were filled with a reaching anxiety which changed suddenly to complacent joy. His heart began to pound with something more than the labor of mere physical exertion.

"Hold it, boy!" he murmured inaudibly in exalted supplication. "Hold it, my beauty!"

The path to the stables led the two men close to the great Upper Paddock, which embraced the four-furlong practice track. As they approached the fence, Bimbo, in spite of himself, slanted stealthy eyes at Kindly; and Kindly, knowing that he was watched, kept his gaze stubbornly on the ground. The consequence was that Kindly saw where he was going and Bimbo did not; Kindly stepped over a hose, while Bimbo tripped on it and all but came a purler. As he rushed headlong to catch up with his balance Kindly shot one glance across the fence and forthwith came violently to a stop.

The sight which met his eyes was the eighth, ninth and tenth wonder of the world. On the fresh green turf, well away from the track, stood the high English dogcart, two idle grooms and two horses, hitched tandem. The wheeler, a splendid bay, tried and true, was a bit restive from the chest up, tossing his head impatiently; but the leader, steel gray and darkly dappled, seemed posed in weathered Pentelic marble. From the straight-hanging plume of his tail, along the sheer line of his level back, over the curve of his arched neck and up to and including his erect ears, he was as fixed as a painting—only he lived. Waves of electric life throbbed from his still body to beat against Kindly's bursting temples.

"What horse is that?" he asked sharply.

"Highboy, sir," replied Bimbo promptly, without pausing to wonder at the question.

"How long has he stood like that?" continued Kindly, laying trembling hands on the top rail of the fence to steady himself.

"Since I told him to hold it while I fetched you," answered Bimbo out of the fullness of his faith. He sidled up to Kindly and suddenly all his pent emotions came burbling out in a volley of chatter: "Great balls of sweat, Kindly, don't you tumble? Don't you know he knows you're looking at him? Pride, by God! He's in the lead, ain't he? He's out and free; he's alone, not one of a level bunch. He's It, and he knows it just like you and me when we're on the box with the horn tallyhoing to make the people stare."

"You're right, Bimbo," gulped Kindly.

He was still in a daze; he was choking; he was at the very bottom of a translucent sea and he would drown if he didn't get to the top in a hurry. Up he came, and up. His shoulders began to straighten and his chest to bulge. All the blood in his veins started a race from his heels to his head. It was like the sap of springtime, hurrying back with youth to a stricken world. It lifted him, bore him swiftly upward until he shot out of the deep waters into the freedom of a new air.

"You're right," he breathed exultantly, staring hungrily at Highboy.

As though he had called, the sometime rebel turned his head with a slow, majestic movement and looked his owner square in the eyes. Instantly Kindly's body became vibrant. He slipped over the fence as smoothly as a snake over a stone wall, approached the horse quietly, and reaching out a steady hand began to caress him. Lowering his nose, Highboy promptly butted him in the chest and struck the sod a single sharp blow with his right fore hoof.

"I get you!" cried Kindly with boyish jubilation as he recoiled from the dignified and firm rebuff. "You mean 'Let's go!'"

He started toward the cart wheel, his arms extended and his fingers working as though they were in rehearsal for a half-forgotten play. The grooms moved forward, stood at attention and laid strong hands on the reins close to the bits. The horses quivered and pawed; bent their heads and cast them up again, almost lifting the grooms from their feet. Kindly sprang smoothly to the driver's box with a catlike alacrity astonishing in one of his generous build and recent age. He picked up the rug, wrapped it around his thighs in knowing manner, sank back on the high pad, leaned forward, gathered the lines and lifted the whip from the socket.

"Cast loose, boys," he said quietly, "and stand free."

The grooms complied and leaped aside; the horses shot forward on a bee line across the sward, moving in a swift but nervous, jerky trot. For a moment they pulled hard, tightening the wires, listening, ears back, for a message, and presently it came to them. It told of gentle, knowing hands giving them their will for a moment—velvet in the mouth for a moment—and then whispering steadily of the strength of steel. For that they had waited—the touch and call of the master. They heard and answered, eased their weight from the bits, pricked their ears forward and steadied down, freeing themselves from domination by obedience to the law. They became a glorious rhythm, a harmony, smooth to the eye, melodious to the ear.

They were making at right angles for the track and the fence, but Kindly had no intention of risking an expert turn. He bore down gently on the left reins as if he were guiding a commonplace bobsled. Gradually he brought the team around in a wide sweep to the track; and then, bit by bit, moment by moment, gave them their heads until they were racing along at a thunderous trot. Around they went and around once more. He eased them, let them go, eased them again, talking soft words to Highboy, getting acquainted, telling him confidential things in a low tone which suggested further intimacies and perhaps love in the near future.

As they passed for the second time the gaping stable crowd which had gathered around Bimbo, Kindly called out in a clear voice, "Open the gate!"

"No, Kindly," protested Bimbo. "Not today!"

His shout floated down the wind, weakening into a wail as he saw his master swing from the track to the turf and, with slip of rein and touch of lash, boldly venture on a broad figure eight. At the first turn Highboy seemed to check and waver, but in reality his lithe body was merely squirming to get a message and get it quickly—and it came.

"B-r-r-r-u!" Kindly caught up a six-inch loop over the middle knuckle of his driving hand. "Cluck! Cluck!" He let the loop go and at the same instant cast

(Continued on Page 56)

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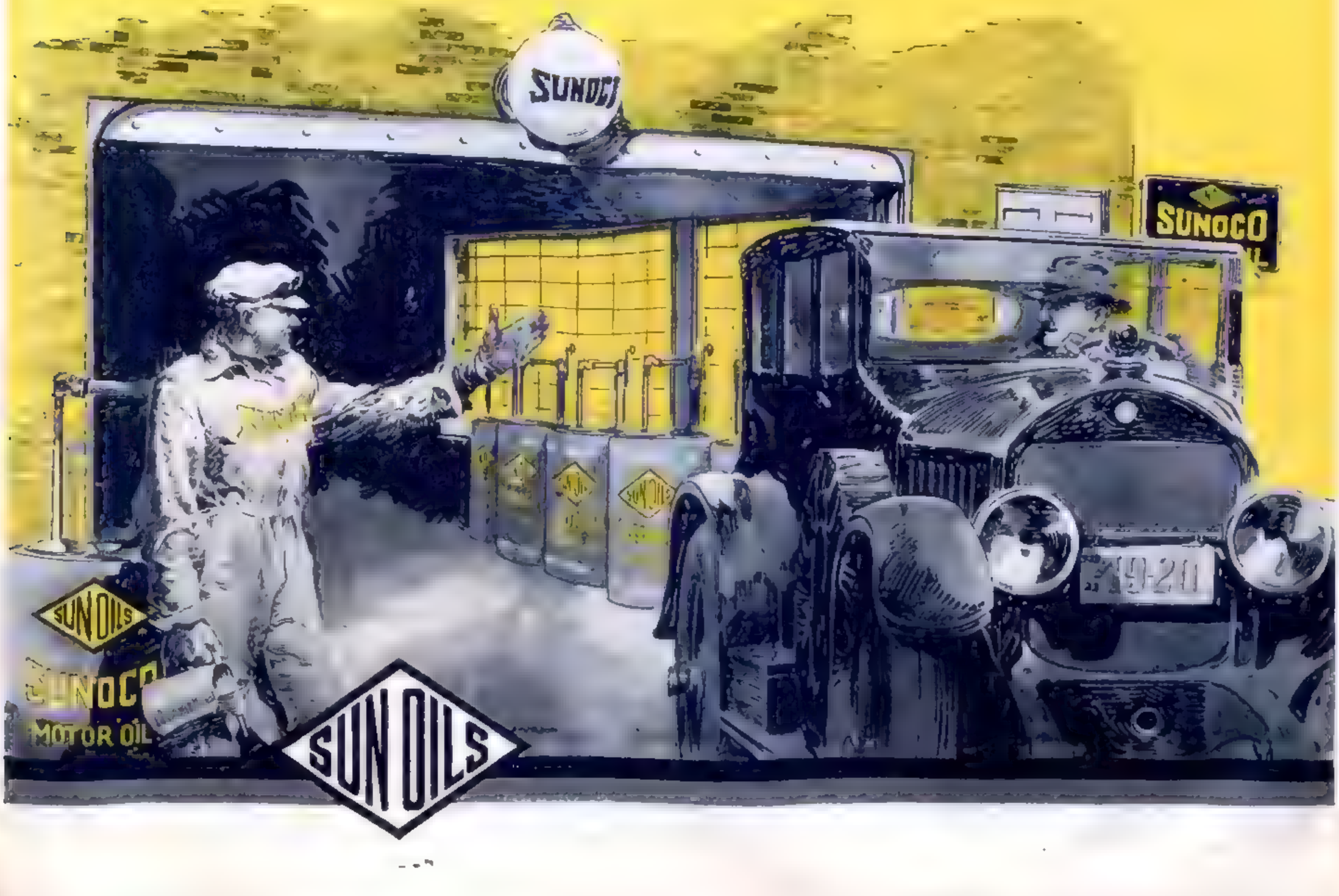


(Continued from Page 54)

the whip's lash gently to Highboy's off shoulder. Into his full stride swung the gelding, leaning for the left swerve. Swiftly they made the small circle. "B-r-r-r-u!" again, slip of rein, lash to the other shoulder, "Cluck! Cluck!" and an all but perfect turn to the right. They came out of the figure eight and straightened. Bimbo forced back the gate with his own hands to give them the joy of the open road and the freedom of the wide world.

An hour later Kindly, perched on a stool, and Bimbo on a feed box, were assisting at Highboy's toilet after exercise. No words can describe the affection and admiration, amounting almost to awe, with which they regarded him. Kindly was still bubbling over with the feats of intelligence and intuition which the horse had performed during the morning's work-out and related them *seriatim* and over and over to his avid audience of one. But these wonders of technic faded into nothingness beneath the shadow of the great miracle of Highboy himself—Highboy as the triumphant vindication of horseflesh as an essence, one and indivisible.

"You may be thinking, Bimbo," said Kindly, "that he's been a leader before, away back somewhere in his stormy past; but I tell you he hasn't. I know it! I don't mean to say he jackknifed on me. No; nothing so crude as that; but he asked questions all the time!"

"Did he now?" exclaimed Bimbo, even while he nodded his head up and down to indicate that he could quite understand the marvel. Half an hour later Kindly was still talking.

"I ask you, Bimbo," he was saying portentously, "what's behind all this business of coach and four, high cart, sulky or any bit of clean-stepping prettiness between the shafts? Why do we do it? Horse and man, why do we love it? I'll tell you. Just two things—exhilaration and admiration. Take one away and the other is spoiled. And don't forget the horses are in on both. You bet they are! They drain the joy from action and the nectar from the public eye. Look at Highboy here! Golly! See the coxcomb turn his head! What happened to him this morning? No; I don't want you to talk. I'll tell you. The same thing as has put many a pretty woman over the hurdles. Boredom and vanity in conjunction with the psychological moment."

"Sure-lee!" interjected Bimbo, spitting at a grain of oats and hitting it. "That's what he fell for!"

"Don't think I'm not giving you credit, Bimbo," resumed Kindly hurriedly. "I am, and your pay's raised 10 per cent from this day. Now, here's what I was saying, only clearer: The horse is the thing, of course; but what makes him show is the public eye, just the same as you and me when we're on the box with four reins in one hand and the whip at the salute. Do you get me, Bimbo? What I mean is, when there's no one left to cry 'Oh, look! Look!' as we come bowling along, and all we hear is 'Gee! See what's got away from Buffalo Bill!' why, coaching will be finished, metaled roads or no metaled roads."

Bimbo shook his head affirmatively.

"When you or me is on the box of a sharpish morning, Kindly, we be just kids—and the horses too."

"That's it," confirmed Kindly, rising from the stool to flex his muscles.

He opened and bent his arms with a snap; his eyes sparkled and his face radiated such joy that it seemed to illumine the stable with a golden light. He threw back his head and drew a long breath. Ye gods, what smells! Pungent oats and hay. Warm odors, more vulgar. The acrid smell of sweat and the sweet breath of horses. Leather—leather, bright and new; leather, worn and dry; leather, polished to the flower of old oak! Then his eyes fell upon Highboy and promptly filled with the illuminating moisture which is the visual distillation of happiness. He went to the horse, cast his right arm over his withers, pressed against him, caressed him. This time he was not repulsed. Highboy spoke to him with a whimpering whinny, curved his neck sharply and rubbed with his nose first Kindly's empty pocket and then his dangling and equally empty left hand.

"Heigh! Someone fetch me an apple, and fetch it quick!" called Kindly as his fingers crept along the bulging muscle beneath the mane and sought the two hollows behind the pointed ears. "What a hide, Bimbo! Baby's skin, here behind the ears of him. Not a blemish anywhere. All dappled silk, from eyes to buttocks. What a glory of a horse to be reborn, all in a morning, from a bit of understanding flattery!"

When Kindly finally wandered back to the house along toward one o'clock, still smiling from the depths of a happy daze, his wife greeted him with the following words:

"Why, Kindly Crewe! Did you miss your train? What on earth are you doing here? You know I never eat anything myself for lunch." And then as she really looked at him, "Oh, my dear, what has happened? Whatever it is I am glad!"

At the end of a week the office, which had been worrying itself sick over his sad and too continual presence, began to howl over his absence, as is the way of offices, and to predict dire results if he did not come to town by the first train or a flying machine. It pointed out that his many previous absences had been premeditated and consequently predigested by the monster organization, but this was different. There were deals to be closed; checks to be signed; papers, documents, that awaited his decision.

In the meantime—see Kindly and his tandem team seeking out the widest of the clay roads in the oak-and-pine belt. The oaks have turned; their leaves are red as pigeon's blood against the dark and juicy green of the everlasting pines. The air tingles and tinkles with the first pricklings of the frost. Look at Kindly, the youth of him! Shoulders squared, arms out, whip at the salute and Highboy in the lead! Up up into the collar for the open stretch. Oh, the beauty of his action, the pride of his head, the joy and the spring and the drive of his stride! "I'm Highboy! Highboy! King of the road for a day!" And then——

"B-r-r-r-u! Ho, my beauty! Up with your knees! Swing wide! Swing wide! Pipe the guy that's standing there to watch you take the turn! Cluck! Cluck!"

No slip of rein, no expert tossing of the guiding lash, for Highboy knows it all and more. Out he sidles, leans for the turn and flashes into line again, trotting free and wide, crash for crash with the hoof beats of the bay between the shafts. On they go, sailing along on whirling pin wheels of brilliant red, tempted to nick the outer edge of the foolish town—tempted and yielding. Not into the thick of the traffic. Oh, no! Just into the park and out again, to see the people stare!

Before Bimbo could scratch his ear, so to speak, show week was upon them and the Crewe string entered for a try at every class. Kindly drove, Bimbo drove, and Charlie, the head groom, nervously took his turn. They showed everything that wears leather for pleasure and in due course worked down to "Hackneys; tandem." Long had been the debate waged between Kindly and Bimbo and back again as to just what Highboy would do in the ring and whether they should show him at all, always to come up against the blank wall of the question, "What if the judges call for a canter?"

Now a word as to cantering tandem, trickiest of all equine maneuvers, barring the *haute école*. The driver takes his team on the trot, straight at a solid barrier. At the very moment of the right-angled swerve the horses must change lead and break into a canter; but that is not all. Just one thing more: Leader and wheeler must start in step, hoof for hoof and stride for stride. The real question—the silent question behind all the spoken ones asked by Kindly of Bimbo and by Bimbo of Kindly was, "Can living man throw Highboy into a canter and bring him out again short of the Canadian border?"

"Well," concluded Kindly, "perhaps the judges won't call for it. They don't have to, and they haven't for three seasons on end. And what if they do? Perhaps Highboy will go through it once, just to show off. Anyway, I'm not going to try him out—not once; not even here in the paddock. If he killed himself or me before I trot him up and down under the noses of the boys who thought they had a laugh on you, Bimbo, why, I'd never forgive myself—never!"

The great day and the fateful hour came. There were five tandem teams and Kindly drove fourth. If the quantity and quality of the rattle of applause which followed the evolutions of the pedigreed bay and the brilliant dappled gray of unknown lineage meant anything to the judges, it surely meant another blue ribbon to the Crewe stables. Highly pleased with the world in general, himself and Highboy in particular, Kindly stepped briskly from the ring, looked at his watch and saw he must hurry to dress in time for dinner.

Friends stopped him right and left, some for a hasty word and some for the outline of the horse in history. They knew it was not in him to be brusque, and, one and all, they never missed a chance to take a leisurely warm bath in his smile whenever opportunity offered. Consequently, by the time he reached the outer lobby the best part of half an hour had passed, and as he stood there for one last handshake there came rolling out to him an uproar shot through with jabs of lightning in the shape of shouts of "Kindly! Kindly!"

Opening a way for himself with a plowing shoulder, he rushed back to the ring and for a single second stood transfixed. In the center of the tanbark was his best English dogcart with Bimbo on the driver's seat. In front of Bimbo was the wheeler, quivering but steady, and in front of the wheeler stood Highboy, erect on his hind legs and looking as high as the Woolworth Building as he thrashed around with his fore feet and madly tried to throw bit and bridle from his tossing head.

"So," raced the thought through Kindly's brain, "the judges called them back for a canter, after all, and Bimbo couldn't find me!"

He tore off hat and coat as he leaped into the ring, and in a moment was slipping up over one wheel of the cart as Bimbo, trembling and purple with rage, surrendered the reins and descended via the other.

"B-r-r-r-u! You dappled devil!" shouted Kindly.

Down came Highboy to all fours, deliberately turned his head all the way round and looked at his friend and master as one who would say, "So you're back where you belong, are you?"

Under cover of the ecstatic roar from the crowd, Kindly leaned over and spoke to the spluttering Bimbo:

"Oh, never mind that! I know what happened. They've called for a canter. Tell me quick, has he seen any of the other teams do it?"

"Three," answered Bimbo—"all rotten."

The bugle sounded. Kindly telegraphed a message along the tautened lines. The team sprang forward in unison and he began to talk aloud.

"Up with your knees, boy! Into your collar! Snap into it! Show them—show them how! Now! Hoop-la, Highboy! You've got it! Hold it! Hold it! Steady boy! Whoa!"

The grooms sprang to the horses' heads. As he helped his master down, Bimbo chortled in a raucous voice, all malice forgotten, "What a canter, eh, Mr. Crewe? Oh, you Highboy!"

"The top of the cream, Bimbo!" answered Kindly, blinking the tears from his shining eyes. "Smooth as music and moonlight. I didn't do anything. Really, I didn't. He did it all himself. He isn't a horse at all. He's something God thought of just once."

"Well," murmured Bimbo reflectively, "I wouldn't lay quite the whole of it on God. If you'd heard some of the things I called him while he stood on his hind legs for five solid minutes, trying to paw holes in the roof, perhaps you'd get my meaning."

"Why, that's the very thing I was thinking of!" laughed Kindly with upthrown head. "He was made just for himself and me."

Two weeks later Kindly and his blue-ribbon team were back on the soft roads of the open country. The parchment leaves of the oaks were hanging on through the grim, cold winds of winter and the pines loomed big and dark above the bare, brown soil. But life ran with a surging note, high and full, through the veins of horse and man. They were coming in from a ten-mile tearing drive, and as of old the lure of town and people was strong upon them. Just a nick into the town, dash across the Boulevard, into the park and out again! This was the song of hoof and heart: "Rat-tat, tat-tat! Here we come! Look! Look! Aren't we lovely? Aren't we strong? And young, young, young!"

As they swept up to a crossing at a spanking trot, Kindly saw grouped on the left curb a shrimp of a man pushing a loaded baby carriage, and behind him his wife and two children of walking size. On the right was a narrow walk and the pronged iron fence of a great estate. To Kindly and the rushing horses it mattered not that the family group was greasy to look at and bundled in garments that poisoned the winter air. They were people—people with eyes to see, ears to hear and hearts to leap in admiration.

Suddenly an icy chill shot through Kindly's extended arms. The man saw them, and yet he had started to cross with the woman and children strung out behind him! What on earth were they thinking? Didn't they know? Gangway! Gangway! Did they take a tandem in flying-wedge formation for a motor car with horn, emergency brake and clapperty chains that could stop in its own length? In the terror of that instant Kindly grew hard, and rage seized him as he yelled at the top of his voice, "Heigh! You! Look out!"

He saw the man's face turn and leer at him with sneering lip as he kept on straight into the path of the flying team. Kindly's hands ate up the reins for a short hold. He knew he could lift Highboy, but never the wheeler. A baby, God help him! He could almost have killed the man with joy; but a baby! He had the lines at last, wrapped to his elbows. He braced his feet, bent his back forward to the coming strain, but never needed to pull. Highboy waited for no order; he shot straight into the air, leaped high, twisted violently to the side and fell, impaled to the heart on the sharp prongs of the iron fence. Wheeler and cart wrenched around to follow and crashed against his hanging buttocks, already quivering in the death throe. Kindly was hurled over and through the wreckage to find himself standing on numbed feet directly above the baby carriage and the rat-faced little man.

"Are you crazy?" he choked.

"You crazy," replied the stranger with alien accent, and walked on, uncurious, his family trailing stolidly behind him.

Late that night, when Bimbo came to the manor house to report that all that could be done in the way of cleaning up the pitiful mess had been accomplished, he found word that Kindly wished to see him in person, and followed the maid to the library with quaking heart. He expected to find his master an utterly broken man, but apparently Kindly had more than recovered from the actual shock of the disaster. Instead of breaking, it seemed rather to have added something to him. He was reading a book as Bimbo entered, and the eyes he raised from its pages were calm and warmly affectionate.

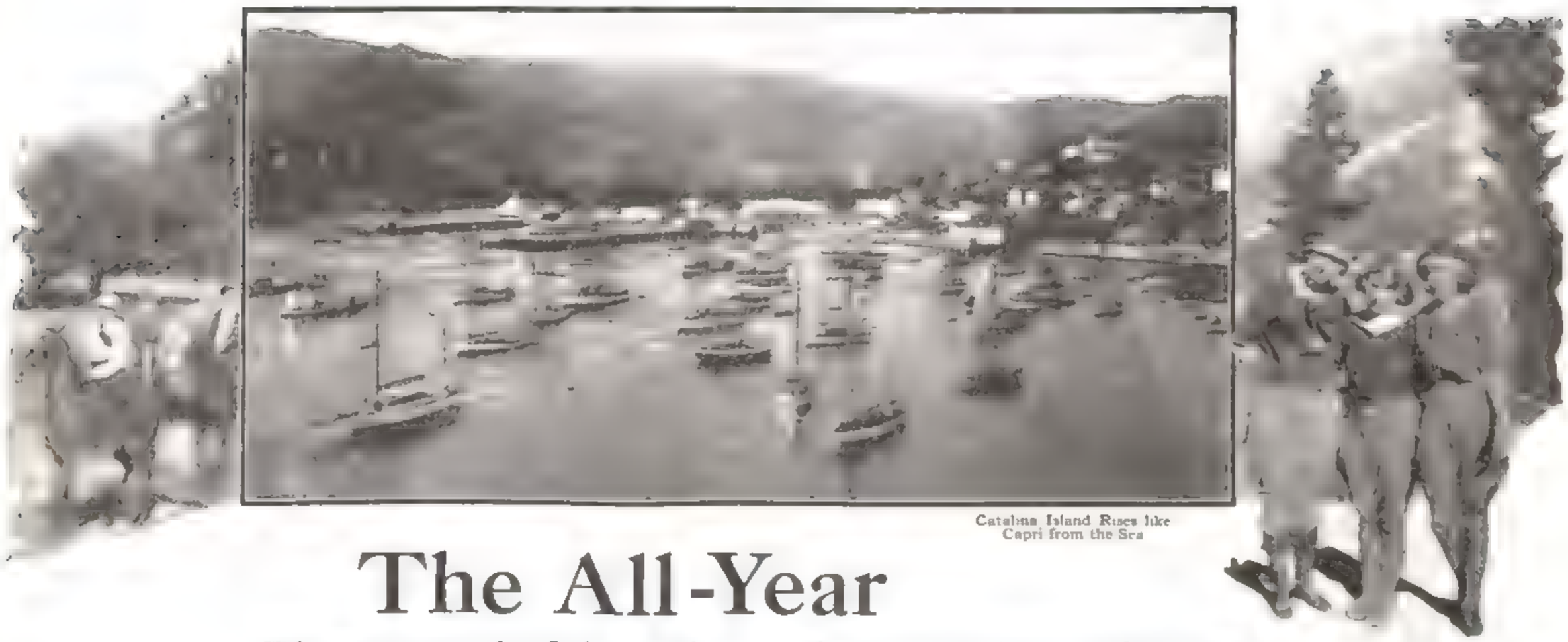
"Sit down, Bimbo," he said. "This isn't a business interview, though I may tell you of some radical changes in the classes of horses we are to breed from now on. What I want to do tonight is to talk about Highboy. I want to fix him for all time in my mind just as he was—the oneness and the pride of him—and I'll tell you why. He taught me something. That isn't it, either. He gave me something—something besides his life, I mean."

Bimbo nodded his bullet head solemnly and started to speak, but Kindly stopped him with a raised hand and continued: "You know, they say the heart can't remember for long the features of a face. Try to think of someone you've loved who is gone, and what do you remember? Some favorite photograph of that face and perhaps where it was taken. But Highboy didn't have features; he had points. A warm eye on a broad forehead. Let's remember that. Winged nostrils and a chest like an apron of silk. Clean forelegs that he could use like a boxer. Dapples! What dapples, Bimbo; big as your hand, each with the luster of a black pearl behind a silvery veil! A strong hide and in it himself, courage and rebellion, docility and rage, an unconquerable spirit—undying flame!"

Bimbo's eyes became suffused.

"Let up on that, Kindly," he said gruffly and in haste. "I just been burying of him."

"So you have," said Kindly, untroubled but with understanding. "Well, old friend, this is what I wanted to tell you: The ratty little man with the baby carriage was right. If only you could have seen his face when he said 'You crazy!' I am crazy; that is, I was crazy this morning. Don't eight million hooters blare the swan song I wouldn't hear? Haven't the metaled roads been tolling the death knell on us for a dozen years? And this is what Highboy did for me, Bimbo. He took the sting out of it. What a message! What a clarion call! What a sunset to our day of glory! God help us, Bimbo, what a curtain!"



Catalina Island Rises like Capri from the Sea

The All-Year Playground of America—*the one place of its kind*

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

I HAVE been to Europe and the Orient—have climbed the Alps in Switzerland and Italy, and the Chinese Himalayas. I've seen the famous Island of Capri. I've ridden camels on the great Sahara Desert at sunrise. Enjoyed, in fact, most of the beauties and the grandeurs that mark different portions of the earth.

And yet I've visited no one spot on the globe that combines "so many trips abroad in one" as one section of your own country provides.

• •

The railway journey there from your eastern cities is itself worth while, and the most comfortable that I've ever taken—summer or winter, and I've made it several times during both seasons.

But the most extraordinary thing about your Southern California, granting its supreme scenic variety, is that year-'round perfect climate, which I had heard about but never quite believed could be so delightful until I experienced it myself.

Bells that called Padres to prayer

• •

In my country we love sports and follow them almost religiously in good weather.

But in Southern California you have more than three hundred days a year with the sun shining and all our sports to boot.

English golf courses are famous, but you have many of the world's best there, and you can play almost every day. Then there's fishing, hunting, yachting and sea-bathing of the finest kind.

You find the Tropics in most unexpected places

You ride your horses in the mountains, motor to your desert, enjoy the peaceful beauty of the rare old missions, or have tea at your hotel or modest boarding place in your great central city there, and all within a radius of two hundred miles, which you travel on those incomparable motor roads.

• •

I don't see how anyone could be bored there, and I never met a fellow who was bored. He was always going here or there, or doing this or that. And his children looked the happiest and healthiest that I have ever seen.

I hear that a hundred thousand new visitors went there last summer. My only wonder is that they had not been there before.

• •

Above is a tribute to a portion of your country that perhaps you've never seen—the All-Year Playground of America, the one place of its kind. Come now or next summer—come at any season—and enjoy its complete change. Bring the family. Put your children in fine schools.

There are things to see and do here that you've never seen or done before. Every minute will repay you many fold.

It is not too soon to plan for this great trip. No matter what season you plan to come, send now for full information. Ask railroad ticket agents for full information. Or mail coupon below. Plan for next summer, or come now. You'll say it's the best trip of your life.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Information Coupon

All-Year Club of Southern California
Dept. M-2011, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer and year-'round vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name

Address

Watch This Column

Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt"

Watch for this illustration on the billboards. It means "The Flirt" is being shown in your locality

Whenever a book or story by Booth Tarkington appears, I grab for it and usually am not fit for much of anything else until it is finished. Whatever this brilliant American author writes, whether of boys or girls, women or men, the pastoral or the sophisticated, *there is always dramatic strength to the story.*

* * *

When I read "The Flirt" I was so impressed that I determined to put it in pictures. Tarkington's keen insight into American life, American ways, American humor and emotions fascinated me and I knew I could make of it a picture-play that would delight and linger long in the memory. Well, I've got it at last, and I am more than satisfied with it. * * *

It required time to make "The Flirt" in pictures—time to select an all-star cast worthy of the theme and to create settings and atmosphere that the author undoubtedly visualized when he wrote. I candidly believe that Booth Tarkington will be tickled to death when he sees his masterpiece in pictures and his remarkable characters endowed with life.

* * *

I earnestly advise all theatre goers to ask the managers of their favorite theatres when they will show "The Flirt." Everyone with an ounce of American blood in his veins will love it and thrill to the situations which this author knows so well how to create.

* * *

If you will cut this advertisement out and present it at the box-office of your theatre when "The Flirt" is being shown, there will be an allowance of 5 cents on the admission price.

* * *

By the way, I wish you would drop me a line and tell me what you think of recent Universal Pictures. Criticize them if they need it. I am not thin-skinned. At least, I *hope* not.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President.*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

THAT DEVIL, FANFARON

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tack, happily reunited, went to Lausanne. There, on the second day of their stay, the young wife sent for a *masseuse*. Now, American tourists simply have to tell somebody about their experiences. With the men, it is usually a patient bartender, other times the barber or concierge; but they've got to talk to somebody. The women confide in anyone who speaks English, preferably the waiter taking their order or the man from whom they buy tickets. Him they will hold up for an hour with the tale of all their travels and the latest news from home, whilst anguished groans break from the waiting line behind them.

Of all confidants, a manicurist or *masseuse* proves the most irresistible. The secrets told in the beauty shops at home would shock a world grown blasé on newspaper scandals; but the gossip to which the European manicurists and *masseuses* listen daily—sh-h, there are gentlemen present!

Mrs. Tack's prattle was innocent, but she certainly covered a lot of ground. Having first extracted from the *masseuse* all the choicest rumors going the rounds about the prominent people visiting in Lausanne, she began to narrate her own experiences in Europe. However, even the soothing influence of skilled rubbing failed to draw any mention of her quarrel with Theodore. The nearest she touched to that tender subject was a tirade against unattached women and other such vamps at the fashionable resorts. From that she progressed to enthusiastic praise of a wonderful concierge at the last hotel in which they had tarried—the grandest man! Everybody was in love with him and she didn't wonder. Princesses and duchesses and countesses—just everybody. They simply went mad about him. And the funniest part of the whole thing was that he wasn't good-looking at all—rather fat in fact, and forty years old if he was a day. But there must be something very fascinating about him, because all those women lost their heads completely, and gave him presents and made perfect fools of themselves.

The *masseuse*, who had been rubbing industriously and listening with her mind elsewhere, suddenly grew interested. What was the name of this hotel? The Imperial-Splendide? Ah-h-h! And the name of the concierge? Mrs. Tack laughed. How on earth should she know? She hadn't fallen in love with him; in fact she hardly remembered what he looked like.

The *masseuse* became strangely silent whilst the young wife continued her narrative of Fanfaron's conquests. The Princess Sophie, the Grand Duchess Olga, the Marquise de Bombom—she did not overlook a solitary one, but babbled along contentedly as a woman will when she has a live, warm topic like that.

The result of this chance interview was a curious scene in the home of the *masseuse* that night.

"Bah! I don't believe it!" cried a grim, horse-faced woman to whom the *masseuse* repeated all she had heard.

"But how would the little fool know all that, Anna?"

"She has heard some silly gossip."

"No," said the *masseuse* decidedly, "he told it himself. She could not have learned all the things she recited to me if he had not."

"I tell you, it is all foolishness and a big lie," returned the other harshly. "Nevertheless, I will go home, Frieda. I will find out for myself."

Three days after this conversation took place, Monsieur Fanfaron wired to Mactavish in Paris: "*Au Secours!*" Ah, there was a cry from the heart, my friends! How he puzzled and fretted and perspired over its wording! How many times he exclaimed "Whoof!" as he ran his fingers through his stiff pompadour! What agonies of concentration he went through to make the appeal irresistible! At one moment prompted to lay the whole business before him, at the next fearful lest his ally shy off from a domestic trouble, he used up about eight pounds of cable forms before deciding on that simple call of distress. But when it was written Fanfaron felt satisfied. Nobody calling himself a man could ignore such a cry from a friend.

However, Mactavish did ignore it for a couple of days—it's a fact. The difficulty was that Mac knew no French, and when he showed the thing to the waiter who brought his breakfast, and that worthy explained it meant "Help" or "to the rescue," he was completely at a loss. Then he showed it to the barber who shaved him.

"If She Prefers That Buffoon, Let Her Have Him!" He Exclaimed Disgustedly, Eying the Concierge From Afar

"Ah!" cried the barber. "It is a tip, m'sieu. That horse starts in the third race tomorrow at Longchamp."

Accordingly Mac plunged heavily on Au Secours, which happened to be a long shot; so did the barber; but something or other delayed Au Secours a matter of twenty or thirty lengths, and then he called up Fanfaron on the long distance to find out what-the-hell.

"Come at once!" he heard in a thin, whispery voice, as from the depths of a well. "I cannot tell you now. It is most important."

The movie expert acted with the promptitude which distinguished everything he undertook.

"I gotta grab that express! Get me a taxi!" he yelled to the carriage starter, and twenty minutes later was en route to Switzerland.

What was up, he wondered. Probably another of those kings out of jobs was going back to his throne, or maybe Venizelos was cooking up a little business, or some American heiress was going to get married—anyhow, it must be something big or Fanfaron would never jerk him back like this.

Judge of his dismay when the concierge met him at the station next morning, looking like the wreck of a misspent life.

"Holy mackerel, what ails you?"

"Ah, you may well ask, Mac! I am ruined. You see before you a man persecuted to desperation. I no longer take any interest in life. Let us go and get a drink, *hein?*"

Fanfaron, indeed, presented a pitiable aspect. His face had grown haggard and flabby. One could see by the disarray of his clothes that worry had driven this man to contempt for appearances. There was a hunted look in his eyes, and he kept continually glancing about him like a harried animal.

"Say, listen—what's the matter? You ain't lost your money, have you?"

"*Diable*, no!" exclaimed Fanfaron in horror. "It is not so bad as that. It is my wife." And on the way to the hotel in the omnibus, which they had to themselves, he unfolded the whole tragic story.

"Gee, boy, but this is swell!" gloated Mactavish.

"Swell?" cried the concierge, his eyes popping. "And you call yourself my friend!"

"Sure! This'll go big! It'll knock 'em cockeyed, see? Leave it to me! If it don't get a laugh from two continents ——"

"But I've had the laugh enough," protested Fanfaron miserably.

The movie expert flapped his hands in despair. What could you do with a guy like that? Couldn't even see the possibilities of the finest feature stuff he had run up against in many a day! Why, they would eat it up in America!

"Say, listen!" he said sternly. "You want to make a piece of money, don't you?"

Soothed in spite of himself, Fanfaron murmured, "Well, of course, Mac; but ——"

"No buts about it. This business was made to order, see? You just leave it to me and I'll make your name a household word—a hundred and fifty million people a week, don't forget that!"

"I thought it was two hundred millions, Mac?"

"Well, so it is, countin' Canada."

"But my job! You forget that."

"Say, when I get through with this business, that job'll look like chicken feed to you, see? Besides, they'll be eating out of your hand. Yes, sir, they'll get down on their knees and beg you to stay."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, Mac! That is impossible."

"All right! You just wait and see!"

"But my wife? What about her?"

"That's your lookout," answered Mactavish carelessly. His manner plainly indicated that he had no time to waste on trifles.

Fanfaron sighed and shook his head dubiously, pursing his lips. Yet it was evident that the presence of his ally put heart into him, for he had regained something of his usual authoritative swagger by the time they reached the Imperial-Splendide.

It vanished the instant they entered the lobby. The manager was waiting for him, white with rage.

"Now, Fanfaron," he bellowed, "what does this mean?"

"What does what mean, m'sieu?" inquired the concierge feebly, and then he glimpsed Madame Fanfaron hovering balefully near the elevator and he knew. A long, heartrending "Ah-h-h" escaped him and he clasped his forehead.

"Yes, viper! I am here!" cried his wife, advancing upon him.

Monsieur Fanfaron retreated a step.

"Now, Anna! Nothing rash, I implore you," he entreated.

"Rash? Ha-ha! Yes! Ha-ha! That is good! Yes! Yes!"

Now, the mere repetition of this monosyllable does not begin to convey its significance. A woman can make it mean anything. Uttered grimly, in a sort of angry bleat, it is as positive a no as a clout on the side of the head. A rising inflection denotes doubt, or lofty contempt, or both; but, oh, the derision and utter scorn it can be made to carry by the addition of a certain kind of laugh and the tapping of a foot! The concierge turned pale.

"Be reasonable," he quavered. "It is all a mistake, a terrible mistake."

"Liar! I will see for myself. Don't think you can fool me again."

This conversation being carried on in German, Mactavish could not follow it, but he needed no interpreter as to its general tenor.

"Say, listen, ma'am, you're on the wrong track, see?" he began in his best manner of propitiation. But, alas, the personality which had won him attention from crowned heads made no impression on the concierge's wife. All her pent-up fury now burst forth and she gave Mac a push that sent him reeling into the open elevator.

"I will see these hussies for myself, I tell you!" she shrilled. "You are all in conspiracy. Yes!"

It was the most fortunate thing that could have happened, because the scene gave the manager an excuse for forcible measures. Before the curious spectators knew what had happened, and before the concierge could protest, a flying wedge of employes bore down on Madame Fanfaron and escorted her, shrieking and struggling, into the street. Marc-Aurèle followed to intervene, regardless of the consequences; but evidently the futility of her course had occurred to madame, for she suddenly grew composed, warned them in calm tones to turn her loose, and when they had done so walked away without looking back.

"*Ça, c'est une chose!*" cried Fanfaron miserably. "I am in for it now!"

"Shucks!" exclaimed Mactavish. "What's eatin' you? Do you think she'd make all that fuss unless she was crazy about you? Cheer up! She'll never leave you."

The concierge stared at him incredulously.

"My friend," he said, "you misapprehend my difficulty. That is just the trouble."

The manager was waiting for him when he reëntered the hotel.

"Well, Fanfaron!"

"M'sieu?"

"This is too much."

"I deplore it. But what can I do?"

"Do you expect the hotel to suffer from the crazy behavior of Madame Fanfaron? *Diable!* Yesterday she waited for Madame la Marquise at the gates and snapped her fingers under her nose. Yes! Like that! And she has questioned all the employes about your affairs."

"Ah-h-h, then I am ruined!"

"And she called the Grand Duchess Olga a painted cow. Yes, to her face, right there in the gardens! It is too much, Fanfaron, much too much."

The concierge wiped the perspiration from his cheeks with a handkerchief, but made no reply.

"And today—you saw. She was waiting for the Princess Sophie to come down. This has gone far enough, Fanfaron. If you cannot control your wife and keep her at home ——"

"I will try, m'sieu."

"That is not sufficient. What if you do not succeed? Another incident like yesterday's and our trade will be lost."

"Monsieur means that I am discharged?"

"I regret it, but no other course is left to me."

He was regarding the concierge with hard, steely eyes. Fanfaron threw out his hands with a gesture of despair, and without a word turned on his heel. He took his street coat from the hook in his tiny closet, wrapped up his other effects in a newspaper and went out.

"Adieu, m'sieu! Adieu, Gustave! Adieu, Tissay!"

He was making odd squeaks in his throat as he passed through the door, and tears were hopping down his cheeks. Anger boiled up a few minutes later, however, when Mactavish overtook him on the promenade.

"Whoof! You are a fine fixer, you are! Traitor! Judas!"

"Hey, keep your shirt on, old dear!"

"Bah!"

"Sure! Two bahs—bah, bah! But wait a while, see? I ain't begun yet. That bird at the hotel will be coming to you with his hat in his hand inside a week, get me? And he'll be willing to pay a fat bonus to hire you back again."

"Tell it to Monsieur Sweeny, Mac."

The movie expert, after a glance at his face, refrained from further efforts to placate him.

"What time does the Princess Sophie go for her afternoon drive?" he demanded.

"Always at the same hour—at four o'clock. And she stops at the little pavilion near the chapel for a cup of tea."

"Fine! You meet me opposite that pavilion at 4:30, understand?"

"I will not. It is only some more monkey business."

"Say, listen—I've made good money for you, ain't I?"

The concierge grudgingly assented.

"Then you do what I say. You be on the job there at 4:30 sharp and everything will be hunky-dory."

"Well, things cannot be worse. I will attend."

Mactavish's next maneuver was to send a note. A manicurist wrote it for him. It was in German and addressed to Madame Fanfaron:

> She goes for her drive at four o'clock and will be at the pavilion on the lake near the chapel. And your husband? A word to the wise ——
>
> A FRIEND.

When this had been dispatched by a boy, with orders to shove it under the door, knock and then run, the movie expert set out to round up the newspaper correspondents. He found four or five in their favorite rendezvous and gave them the story, first exacting a solemn pledge that nothing of these happenings should be divulged to any picture man.

"All right. We're all set," he said. "Don't you guys be late."

The correspondents were on hand at four o'clock, hidden in the chapel. Mactavish and an assistant with a moving-picture machine waited opposite the pavilion, nonchalantly smoking cigarettes. About 4:15 a tall, angular figure hove in sight and Madame Fanfaron arrived, her manner agitated. Perceiving Mactavish, she promptly took refuge behind the angle of a stone wall, where she remained.

Presently her head peeped out to reconnoiter the road. It dodged back again, for coming toward the pavilion, with a free, rolling gait, was her husband. The exercise had improved Monsieur Fanfaron's spirits. His stick swung energetically and he walked fast. Ah, the scoundrel, how eagerly he came!

A carriage drawn by two plump, sleek black horses passed him. As it did so a gloved hand dropped a crumpled piece of paper almost at his feet. It was only the wrapping of a gianduja, of which the princess was very fond; but Madame Fanfaron could not know that. That bit of crumpled paper was the last straw of proof she needed, and also the straw that broke her restraint.

She rushed from her hiding place just as the Princess Sophie was alighting to enter the pavilion. The princess, being inclined to embonpoint, moved very leisurely, which gave time for the unsuspecting Fanfaron to arrive.

"Ready? Camera!" yelled Mactavish, as Madame Fanfaron reached the carriage.

"Ha! I have caught you! Yes! You will, will you? Out of my way, pig!"

With her right hand she gave a push to her husband's face that came near upsetting him and then fell upon the astounded princess. And before that great lady knew what was happening, Madame Fanfaron started clawing at her hat and hair. The coachman sprang to the rescue; so did the employes of the tea shop in the pavilion. They dragged the furious wife off her victim, but not before Madame Fanfaron had played havoc with the princess' toilet and make-up, and she continued to scream threats.

In this emergency the concierge could not command his faculties to do anything at all. He merely stood stock still and gaped. The princess, however, rallied immediately and showed the thoroughbred strain. Reëntering the carriage, she composed her cloak and hat and hair, adjusted her veil

(Continued on Page 62)

"Healthful Effect of Gas Light"

is the title of an article quoting well known experts, which appeared in a recent issue of a national weekly.

MODERN gas lighting, according to these and other high authorities, has a highly beneficial effect on the quality of air in the room. The perfect combustion of illuminating gas rids the atmosphere of dust and bacteria, sets up a healthful circulation of air, and increases ventilation from outside. But most important of all is the fact that incandescent gas light is the most eye-comforting and restful form of artificial illumination.

Modern gas lighting owes its efficiency, economy and comfort to the gas mantle. Welsbach Mantles and Lighting Fixtures have made possible perfect home illumination. Good gas light is unsurpassed in its volume of soft, evenly diffused brilliance, its daylike qualities and trueness of color tone.

Welsbach

GAS MANTLES

WELCO—*Inverted or upright, is the best gas mantle money can buy. 25c each.*

No. 4—*The most popular mantle made. Both inverted and upright types 15c each.*

UPON the make of gas mantle you buy depend the quality of light, its restfulness to your eyes, its permanent brilliancy. You cannot judge the value of a gas mantle or the service it will give by its appearance.

All Mantles Are Not Welsbach

Don't gamble; don't guess. Assure yourself the best light, most light and longest service by insisting on mantles identified by the Welsbach name and Shield of Quality. They are your guarantee of perfect satisfaction.

At your dealer's or the Gas Company

WELSBACH COMPANY
Gloucester, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

REFLEX—*A thoroughly reliable and satisfactory mantle. 20c each for inverted or upright.*

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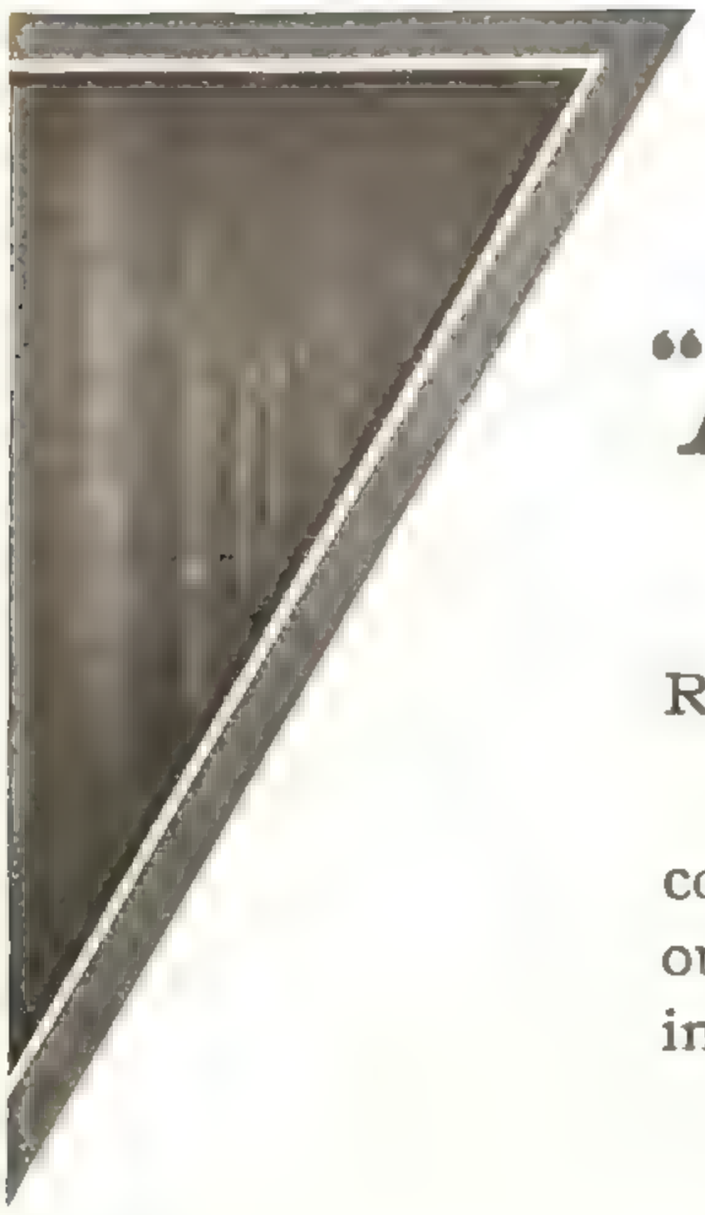


"An' then I jammed on the brakes!"

Right there is the climax of Father's story:

"—Comin' down Breaknek Hill—line of cars comin' up—fellow in a big gray roadster shoots out of the line to pass someone else—right slam in front of me—

"An' then I jammed on the brakes!"

You may doubt whether it was ***all*** the other chap's fault, you may suspect Father of exaggerating the danger a bit—but you can't doubt the importance of good brakes to anyone who drives a car.

On hills or level streets—when the man in front stops or turns without warning—when the speed lunatic shoots out of a side street into the main thoroughfare—countless are the emergencies that even the best driver can't meet if his brakes fail him.

—And just one other point:

Brakes are integral parts of the rear axle; so if you have Timken Axles on your car, you can be sure of the same Timken dependability in the brakes that stop your car as in the shafts and gears that carry driving power to the wheels and in the front-axle mechanism that makes steering safe and easy.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Sole Representatives in the British Isles: AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS CO., 3, Berners Street, London, W. 1.

TIMKEN AXLES

(Continued from Page 59)

and inquired in a tone of polite scorn, "Who is this creature?"

"I'll show you who I am!" shrieked Madame Fanfaron, striving to break loose.

"To the hotel!" commanded the princess crisply.

The coachman turned his horses, crack went the whip, and they drove rapidly away.

"Cut!" barked Mactavish, and as the camera man started to take his machine apart he heaved a sigh of infinite content, his soul filled with the peace of work well done.

"Now, Mac!" boomed the concierge threateningly, coming to life.

"Well?"

"What does this monkey business mean? *Hein?* Ah, fool that I was to trust you—Judas!"

"Oh, tie that out in the yard!" retorted the movie expert wearily. "I don't expect a one-cylinder brain to get this right off, see? But stop that bellowing and wait a while."

He approached Madame Fanfaron, who had been released and now stood in the doorway of the pavilion, sobbing bitterly. The teashop employes were debating the advisability of calling a gendarme and giving her in charge for creating a disturbance.

"Say, ma'am, you're a wonder!"

"M'sieu?"

"Great work! Here's two hundred francs."

The poor woman lifted her tear-streaked face.

"I do not understand, m'sieu. Ah, it is you! Go away from me! You are in league with him."

"Sure I'm in league with him!"

"*Hein?*"

"Why all this business about your husband and these ladies at the hotel—it's a frame-up—I started that just to get a picture."

"I do not believe it."

Her hand closed over the two hundred francs, however.

"It's so, just the same."

"And," put in Fanfaron with eager haste, "there will be five hundred francs more for you later, too, Anna. *Hein*, Mac?"

"Sure!" assented Mac to appease her, adding in a grim aside, "You pay for it, buddy."

Monsieur Fanfaron let that point pass. He had Mactavish committed, and that was something.

"Give these people twenty francs, kiddo, and tell them it was all a joke, see? We don't want the cops in on this."

"My friend the American millionaire you see here wishes you to accept this ten francs," Fanfaron told the tea-shop employes. "The scene you have witnessed is a hoax, *hein?*—the cinema, you understand. It was a mystification, an illusion."

"Ah-h-h!" they exclaimed in chorus, much disappointed. "And madame is not going to kill you, then?"

"Not today, my friends."

They jabbered together a while and then began to laugh. The cinema, *hein?* Perhaps they might see themselves on the screen! O-o, là, là!

"Well, let's go!" cried Mactavish. "I got a taxi around the corner. Get in, ma'am, and ride back with us. We'll make your husband sit up with the driver."

"No, I will not ride with you. And as for that devil there, don't think I believe a word of all this. I have had my suspicions for years. Ha-a-a, you are not through with me yet, viper!" And clutching the two hundred francs tightly in her hand until she reached the first corner, behind which screen she proceeded to stick it deep in her stocking, Madame Fanfaron returned homeward.

The concierge became very thoughtful as they drove back to town, and the more he thought the more cheerful he grew.

"This fillum now, Mac," he said softly, "we are partners, *hein?*"

"Sure we are! Whatever I get out of it we split fifty-fifty. That's the kind of a guy I am."

"Ah, Mac," cried Fanfaron, tears of affection dimming his eyes, "you are a great man! Yes!"

Evidently he was engaged in agreeable mental arithmetic during the remainder of the ride, for he remarked once, "That job, pouf! It is chicken feed! I will show them!"

"Huh?"

"I am through with the hotel, Mac. Let them find another concierge. I will resign."

The movie expert grunted, being deep in discussion with his assistant.

"Yes," continued Fanfaron complacently, "I think I shall go into the cinema, Mac. I shall become a rough-heavy."

"Fine! But you'd get your chow more regular at concierging."

"Or possibly I will make the box. I like fighting. Whoof! Do you recall what I did to that assassin?"

"Sure, but quit flingin' your arms around. And say, listen, old-timer, fighting ain't just uppercuttin' the other man. As often as not you're on the receiving end, and that's different—a whole lot different."

"Yes?" said Fanfaron, and he seemed struck by this new angle. Indeed, it occupied his thoughts until they arrived at the hotel, and it is worthy of note that the concierge never again broached the proposition.

"Wait!" Mactavish said to him. "Come on up to my room. The boys want to talk to you, see?"

The boys to whom he referred were the newspaper correspondents, who had followed in another car. Fanfaron was very dubious about these journalists; but reflecting that Mactavish knew what he was about and would probably make his trouble pay returns in money, he went up in the elevator with them and answered all their questions for half an hour.

Some of them he found very difficult. For instance, what was the secret of his success with women? To what did he ascribe his power? Anybody can see that an answer would lead a man into strange confessions unless he shamelessly admitted at the outset that he had no success with women and no charm for them at all. And what man would ever admit that? I ask you. Certainly Fanfaron could not.

He tried evasion, but it was no use. They drove him from pillar to post. Finally he made a few coy admissions as to what he thought appealed to women in his personality. Having secured these, the newspaper men ended the interview with a whoop and adjourned for a few drinks.

As for all the incidents of Fanfaron's conquests, they already had the full story from Mactavish, but for days afterwards they were hounding the Princess Sophie and the Grand Duchess Olga and the Marquise de Bombom and others of lesser note in an endeavor to obtain their side of the romance. Women special writers in America wrote columns about Satyr Fanfaron, and interviewed prominent people on what they thought ought to be done for the protection of lone women against such wolves of society. Did Marc-Aurèle Fanfaron, that strange enigma, possess a dual personality? And what about the little blue-eyed girl wife at home, eating her heart out from loneliness and blighted love?

In predicting that the story would be a knock-out, Mactavish was conservative. Nearly every newspaper in America except the Christian Endeavor Herald slapped it on the front page. A surprising number of them used Modern Don Juan in the head. It crowded the Turkish-Greek mess from the outside columns, and political sensations of the day were simply nowhere. Love affair of a princess with a concierge—attack in open street by jealous wife—handsome husband of humble birth pursued by high-born ladies against his will—rage and chagrin of noble lords—challenges to duels—descriptions of the charms of the Grand Duchess Olga and the chic Marquise de Bombom—well, you can see for yourself that it contained all the elements. Scenario hounds swooned over it.

And then, Fanfaron's interview! His modest replies the evident reluctance with which he bared his past the implied hypnotic power he exerted over women—no wonder that half the Paris news bureaus received orders by cable to rush follow-up stories and dispatched their most brilliant word artists on the job.

France and England gobbled it just as greedily. Of course, it tickled the mob's vanity that one of their number should have princesses and duchesses succumbing to his charms, and from that standpoint it was an A-1 circulation getter. The Swiss newspapers showed themselves more conservative. At first they fought shy of the sensation, but gradually yielding to the clamor raised from outside, they reprinted extracts from the Paris and London press, thus denying by implication all responsibility for their accuracy.

Mactavish had assuredly started something. But the unfortunate ladies concerned—cruel to them? Not at all! What did the Princess Sophie care about what the rabble thought? Only faint echoes of the newspaper sensation ever reached her, and she laughed over these. Being blessed with a sense of humor, she even found a certain pleasure in the accounts of the affair given her by friends.

As for the Marquise de Bombom, that dashing young woman fairly cooed with delight. It gave a fillip to a season which had otherwise been boresome, and she went down for a surreptitious look at this heart-breaker. Perhaps but, no, he would never do. The marquise returned to her suite in a pet and dismissed the thing from mind.

Her aged husband did not take the affair so calmly. Goaded by the raised eyebrows of his cronies, and sensing the laughter behind his back, he took a horse-whip and set out to chastise Fanfaron publicly. But one look changed his mind. He gave a snorting laugh.

"*Diable*, if she prefers that buffoon, let her have him!" he exclaimed disgustedly, eying the concierge from afar.

Monsieur Fanfaron, who had espied the marquis and his whip, and guessed the purpose that brought him skulking about, looked around for a way of escape. Then, realizing that the ancient dandy had decided not to attempt a whipping, he twirled his mustaches fiercely, held his shoulders like a wrestler and inflated his chest.

"Pouf!" he told Mac later. "If he had attempted to attack me I should have broken him in two, that marquis. Yes! A flick of my muscle and Madame de Bombom would now be a widow."

The third principal in Fanfaron's romances even profited by the notoriety. A large Paris music hall offered an engagement to the Grand Duchess Olga to sing folk songs, and she eagerly embraced it. Poor lady, it was a godsend to her.

The hero himself was appalled by the notoriety, and the extraordinary twisting of facts in all the stories stunned him.

"*Diable*, what conscienceless liars they are!" he exclaimed in awe. He hid the newspaper from his wife that day.

Entering the Imperial-Splendide to look for a comb he had forgotten, he was met by the manager in the lobby.

"Out!" roared that dignitary. "Never darken these doors again! *Scélérat* that you are! Why could I not see what was going on? It is written in your face!"

As a matter of fact, the only emotions written in Fanfaron's face at that moment were stupefaction and fear. He beat a hasty retreat, and later wrote a five-page letter of protest to the manager, two of them devoted to demanding back his comb.

And next day his wife left him—he ought to have known this publicity could not be kept from her. A neighbor hot-footed it to their house with a newspaper within an hour after his departure in the morning, and when he returned at noon there ensued a terrible scene. Denials, supplication, pretended indifference, countercharges—all were of no avail. There was the printed word, there under his nose. Somehow it still carries tremendous conviction despite many years' abuse, and Fanfaron realized the futility of protestation.

Madame Fanfaron called him every name she could lay her tongue to, employing French when she had exhausted German, and finally resorting to Italian, which beats them all in epithets. Then she packed up some belongings, indulged in a good cry and went home to her mother in Bern. Marc-Aurèle offered no defense. He hadn't any.

"See now the pickle you have got me into!" he cried wrathfully to Mactavish. "Bah!"

"Wait!"

"Wait for what?"

"Just wait—that's all!"

To his surprise he found himself a sort of hero at the Club Helvetia. Stauffacher, for instance, could scarcely conceal his jealousy.

"Ach, how does he do it?—the fat numskull! And to think that possibly I have overlooked—oh, well, that is life! Just one series of regrets."

This thought colored all the comment at the club. Every concierge there seemed worried that perhaps he had missed a lot of chances in the past. Poor Fanfaron kept aloof and refused to talk about his troubles, and, of course, his silence was interpreted as confirmation. He grew hourly in importance as the glamour of mystery gathered about him. It may be that Mactavish, that eminent psychologist, divined some such reaction when he pledged the concierge to keep his mouth shut.

Being in so deep, it required little persuasion to induce Fanfaron to pose for some further pictures which Mac wanted. Accordingly, they filmed him talking to the Contessa Belladonna, with that vivacious lady rolling her lustrous eyes as she placed a tiny white hand caressingly on his sleeve. To be sure, the contessa was a manicurist hired for the rôle, but Mac had her all dressed up like a Christmas tree, and nobody would know the difference.

"Ah," reflected Fanfaron, on his way to the club that night to play manille, "it is the first false step that counts. After that you have to keep going."

Events next day somewhat modified his view of the notoriety he had gained. The greatest resort hotel in Europe wired him an offer to become concierge there; two American film-production companies cabled propositions to make a screen version of his story. Letters poured in from every part of the Continent. He received nine offers of marriage and heaven knows how many love missives. Half a dozen theatrical agents asked his terms for a tour in vaudeville, and when he timidly entered the Imperial-Splendide to obtain a final settlement of the *debours* the manager greeted him with a cheerful "Ah, good morning, Fanfaron. I hope you are well. You have come back to us, *hein?*"

He mentioned this to Mactavish at lunch.

"Say, listen!" said that astounding genius. "Let him sweat for a while, see? Maybe you'll want to take up some of these here offers."

"No, I don't want to leave here, Mac. It has been my life. My friends—the game at the club—money is not everything, Mac."

"Gee, you're awful sentimental!"

"I am all heart," admitted Fanfaron.

"Well, anyhow, you hold that bird off for a day or two. Make like you don't want the job. And if you take it, stick him for a good fat bonus, see? Get me?"

"Assuredly! You want me to make the bluff, *hein?*"

"That's it! Stick him good and hard."

"I will," Fanfaron promised firmly.

The reason for the manager's change of front speedily became apparent. An extraordinary demand to see the famous concierge had set in. American tourists came flocking by hundreds, attracted by the newspaper stories of this modern Don Juan and his irresistible attractions. Ladies of every nationality applied for reservations at the Imperial-Splendide, and they made it a practice to parade nonchalantly in front of the concierge's desk in order to look him over.

But what was this? A vapid, colorless person with a beard sat in the sacred chair. He smirked at them. Many indirect inquiries and complaints reached the manager's ears. He heard, too, that the great Rizzi Hotel was bidding for Fanfaron's services. *Diable*, perhaps he had been too hasty!

He sent for Fanfaron. They had a long and strenuous interview. No question of salary entered into the bargain, because concierges rely on tips; but after all that had occurred, Monsieur Fanfaron could not consider returning to the Imperial-Splendide without a bonus. No, his feelings had been too deeply wounded. It ended by the payment of a greater sum than he could ordinarily have earned by a year of hard work, and on the following day the yearning ladies who paraded past the concierge's desk were rewarded by beholding the bold features and rolling eye made familiar by countless newspaper photographs and the screen.

"It just proves that good works bring their reward," he said earnestly to Mactavish. "*Alors*, had I not undertaken to aid Monsieur Tack, all this fine fortune would never have befallen me, *hein?*"

"You said it, kiddo! Stay with it!"

"I will. And we are partners in the fillums, too, are we not, Mac?"

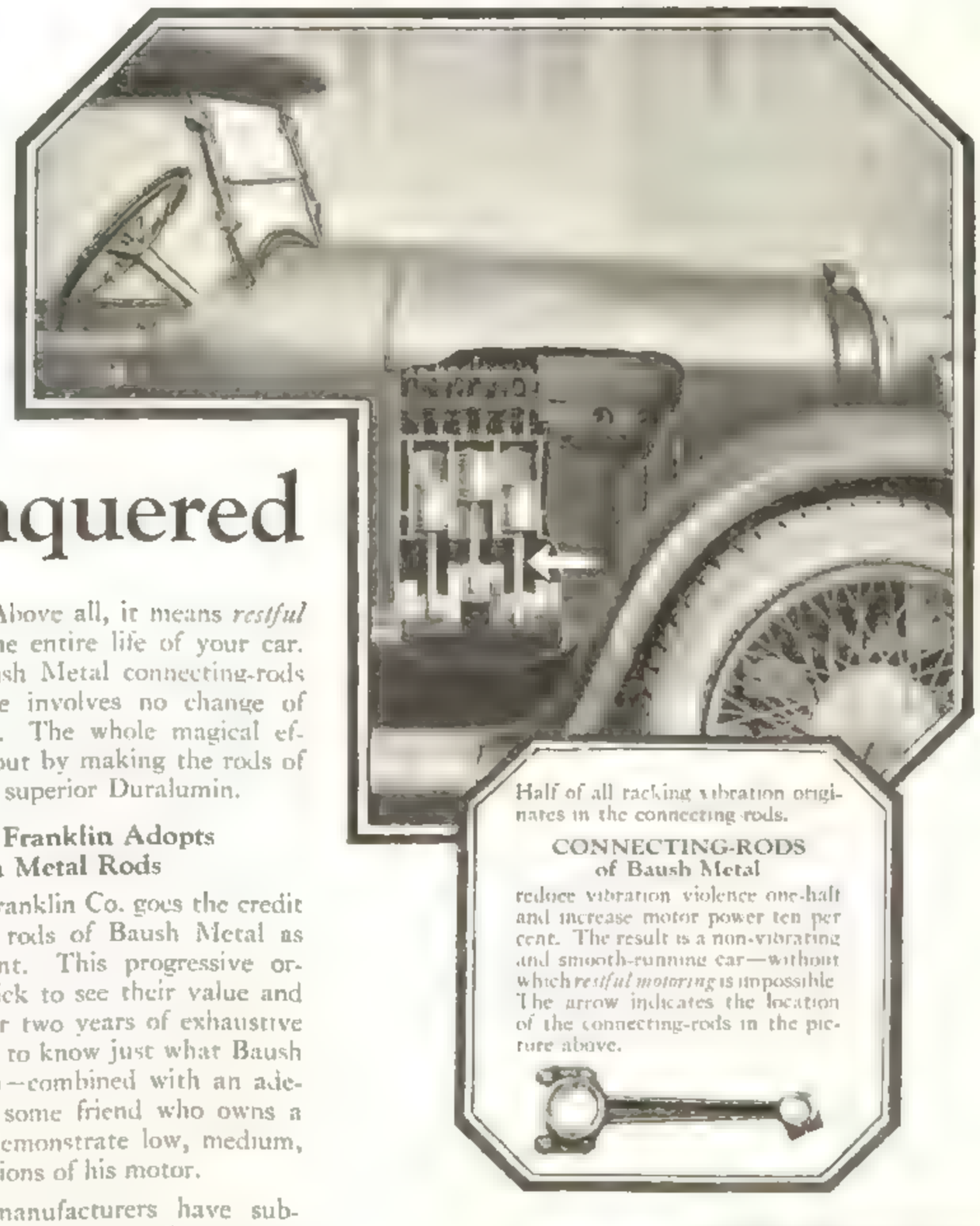
"You'll get your share at the end of the month."

Well content, Monsieur Fanfaron lit a cigar and started out for the Club Helvetia to play manille. He swung his stick jauntily as he went along, humming a tune. But suddenly a thought clouded his brow.

"Ah-h-h, my wife!" he exclaimed in tragic accents.

"She is sure to come back," he added sadly. "She always does."

HAPPY is the motorist who is free from car vibration that persistent nuisance that spoils fine adjustments, impairs motor power, and destroys restful motoring.



Car Vibration Conquered

HAVE you ever realized that more destructive car vibration originates in *connecting-rods* than in all other sources combined? Have you further realized that the *weight* of your connecting-rods determines whether these vibrations shall be mild or violent—harmless or destructive?

Engineers have known for years that light rods would make vibration harmless, but could not find a satisfactory medium lighter than steel. Baush Metal—the superior Duralumin—now solves this whole problem. This light, strong, dependable metal eliminates one-half of all the destructive violence coming from connecting-rods.

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Every minute your car is running, your connecting-rods cause 8,000 to 24,000 vibrations. The rods move down and up at terrific speed—from 1,000 to 3,000 times per minute. Take 1,500 revolutions as an average speed. One thousand five hundred revolutions involve 3,000 motions—1,500 downward and 1,500 upward. Each motion creates a powerful vibration. With four rods working, 12,000 vibrations are created every minute.

Connecting-rods weighing 3 pounds each, as most steel rods do, create 3-pound vibrations. Rods made of Baush Metal, weighing only 1½ pounds, create but 1½-pound vibrations. Baush Metal thus makes these 12,000 rod vibrations comparatively harmless and preserves otherwise wasted power in its original form for safe delivery to the crank shaft, where it belongs.

The immediate result is a smooth-running, non-vibrating car and a gain of ten per cent in *useful power*. It means tightness and strength for years instead of months, less adjustments, more power when you want it, quicker pick-up, and less gear-shifting on busy streets. It means more miles per gallon, less repair bills. Above all, it means *restful motoring* during the entire life of your car.

The use of Baush Metal connecting-rods in any automobile involves no change of mechanical design. The whole magical effect is brought about by making the rods of Baush Metal—the superior Duralumin.

The New Franklin Adopts Baush Metal Rods

To The H. H. Franklin Co. goes the credit for first adopting rods of Baush Metal as standard equipment. This progressive organization was quick to see their value and adopted them after two years of exhaustive tests. If you wish to know just what Baush Metal rods can do—combined with an adequate motor—ask some friend who owns a new Franklin to demonstrate low, medium, and high speed actions of his motor.

Other leading manufacturers have subjected Baush rods to tests totaling several hundred thousand miles. Watch for their announcements of adoption. Also note that the first to act will be those having the longest records for conservative and consistent advancement of their engineering values.

The Baush Metal connecting-rod is only one of numerous ways of applying this remarkable metal to moving parts—the source of all serious vibration.

The Perfect Metal for Moving Parts

Motor cars do not wear out—they vibrate out. Vibration is the external *symptom*—heavy moving parts is the *disease*. Baush Metal cures the *disease itself* by nullifying vibration in moving parts, where the disease originates. The presence of Baush Metal in any moving part can be confidently accepted as proof of your car manufacturer's sincere wish to nullify vibration and to give you the benefit of the best Duralumin.

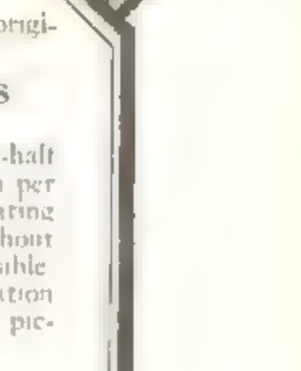
Half of all racking vibration originates in the connecting-rods.

CONNECTING-RODS of Baush Metal

reduce vibration violence one-half and increase motor power ten per cent. The result is a non-vibrating and smooth-running car—without which *restful motoring* is impossible. The arrow indicates the location of the connecting-rods in the picture above.

TIRE RIMS of Baush Metal

on four wheels save 40 to 80 pounds. Every pound saved *below the springs* improves riding comfort, makes driving easier and prolongs tire life. Baush Metal is non-corrosive, which means enduring rim beauty and no wall weakening by sharp instruments when tires must be removed.



TIMING GEARS of Baush Metal

have won a host of friends through their dependability. Their light weight insures quietness and durability. They cannot stretch as do other devices. Thus they maintain perfect timing precision throughout the life of the car. More than 180,000 now in use. No dissatisfaction has ever come to our notice.

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THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 19)

that morning the object of this potent allure had drunk her love philter, and so she had followed him to Pirates' Causeway. Failure then was now a thousand times atoned for; what but that charm could have brought him to the churchyard? "Don't think I believe in all this nonsense," she repeated quickly, "but these ignorant niggers do."

"You ought not to play on their fears."

The vexed Bonsal saw ahead a glowing red spot, and he assumed that the man from Devon was sauntering, smoking one of John Smith's cigars; but they were now approaching the jalousied cottage and the air was heavy with the scent of the bell-like solandras.

"I won't hang up the bottle if you tell me I mustn't," the girl said softly.

"Good night."

Bonsal fled from this oncoming educated child of Nature. He growled a greeting as he passed Holton, who was significantly humming, "Roamin' in the gloamin', with my lassie by my side."

A sudden rain squall soaked Bonsal and a sharp wind puff set him to a leap. He caught a swirling piece of sodden paper flying down wind, which proved on subsequent examination to be a letter from a Jacksonville bank sharply demanding payment of a note for fifty thousand dollars, and threatening foreclosure. The letter was curt to harshness.

So that was it: Jeanne's island home was threatened. In the drooping small hours of darkness he pictured Jeanne, who had never set foot on outer land, driven to an unknown world. What equipment had she for this forced journey? Cloistered—that was the word, for all her Paris dresses and flair of worldly knowledge; hostile, through an embittered father's cruel teaching; and with no money-earning knowledge; how should she struggle for bread and shelter? His old-time hopeless mood of the North came back to him beneath the black pall that shrouded the cloud-hidden moon. He thought of his first hours in the rose radiance of this enchanted isle, softly lapped by azure seas which no cares could touch; so it had seemed to him on that night of wonders when he had wandered in a romantic dream. No fairy playground, this lotus land, but a place of harsh realities, to which letters could come as merciless as though addressed to a business man in a numbered house on a lettered street in an ordinary town, and where one must guard against lies and treacheries and unthinkable personal violences. He might have added, if he had known, against love philters and love charms and black tropical jealousies.

*

JEANNE admitted a fact: She was on the rocks. She made a resolution: To wait for high tide. So intense a relief was this admission, so long fought against, and this resolve to do nothing, that her spirits soared. She dressed, humming a blithe tune, selecting a white dress, delicately embroidered by pupils of two women brought by her father from Teneriffe. She flung aside the gown without so much as a lifted eyebrow when she saw on it an indelible blood-red stain from a croton. In a land where laundresses cannot be taught to use a clothesline this accident occurs just often enough to teach mistresses patience and encourage the wearing of simple clothes. Jeanne found another dress, unblemished, with a prettier pattern, and she went on singing as she finished. You may call it despair, fatalism, feverish excitement, what you will; she went out into the morning brightness in radiant spirits.

MacGregor, major-domo, aged descendant of slaves of a Scotch loyalist who had come from South Carolina in 1777, told Jeanne that she was like Missie of two years before. Mrs. Pillinger, dim-eyed, unobservant, yet ventured on a daring caution about young men, and reminded Jeanne that little was known about the two visitors.

Jeanne, listening with head aslant, demanded an explanation.

"What are they to me?" she asked.

"What are you to them? What do you want to be to one or the other?"

Startled by such terseness from this fountain of words, Jeanne stared, then slowly flushed a rosy red. She turned on her heel. Alone, she relapsed for a moment into brooding reflection, but sharply recovered by a visible effort of will. She straightened her long flat back and went to her office with the air of one who owned the world and was happy in her possession. Charlie Bonsal, clutching a harsh letter from a banker, saw her from the distance through dancing oleander branches and caught the faint echo of her song above the plashing of the surf. Anxiety made him angry; feather-headed, she could act like that when her home was in danger. He saw Holton, on watch from the pier, stroll towards her veranda. He flamed into jealousy. Her morning hours had hitherto been held sacred. Would Holton presume to intrude? He did presume; Charlie followed.

Jeanne sat in her high-backed throne of state before her large table and accorded an interview, one by one, to the crowd in her anteroom. The coal-black page boy in the white suit, whom Bonsal had christened the Black-Headed Sea Gull, had ushered in her citrus man and the tomato foreman. Through the latticed door came Holton, apologetic, smiling; he had finished the map and could not wait, he said.

Jeanne hid pleasure behind a formal manner and with courteous abruptness waved him to a seat. She was all business now and apparently unconscious that she and her methods were being watched by a young man with beautiful blue eyes. But she was acutely aware that he was there. She held herself so well in hand that she showed no surprise when Charlie Bonsal entered and asked for a few minutes on a matter of some importance. She would soon be at leisure, she said, and would he mind waiting until she saw her people so that they could get back to work? So two young men watched her, each knowing that some indefinable change had come over her, one thinking that it arose because they had intruded for the first time on allotted hours, the other, more subtle, speculating, probing, as he peered through long lashes from half-shut eyes.

Neither could guess that a few feeble words of warning had roused sex consciousness. Mrs. Pillinger's caution had come as a light tap on the door of one half awake. Jeanne, alert, keenly alive, was now on guard. She had sat as a judge on the bench without thinking of either young man or caring what impression she made; but now she wished them to know her as mistress of Paradise Island, conducting its affairs and controlling its destinies. Their unexpected coming this morning had thrust into her hands a weapon of defense. She eagerly seized this shield and meant to carry it henceforth. She would no longer be a girl snatching at relief from care by seizing pleasure as it came in jolly camaraderie. She would stay on the quarter deck all the time. If the high tide came and her vessel floated off, all right; if it stuck fast and was shattered in a storm, all right; in the one case she would remain in dignity in the place of honor; in the other, she would jump from it into the waves. So intimate was she with tides and vessels that her flashing thought was in terms of the sea and of ships.

She listened while Simeon Stovall told her that two thousand crates of early tomatoes were ripe for picking and for shipment to New York "to catch de holiday market and de top price." Hercules Lowe informed her that he could ship five hundred crates of grapefruit and two hundred crates of avocados. No American shooks had been sent for out of which crates free of duty could be made, and where was the fast boat to get these perishable products to market?

"It is cheaper to make the crates here and pay the duty," Jeanne promptly said. "Have them made. Transportation will be provided."

"But de saw done busted, Miss Jeanne," said Hercules Lowe.

"That Georgia pine will split straight," she told them. "Put six boys on it—two shillings a nine-hour day."

"Yes, Miss Jeanne."

They went out. Jeanne touched her bell. "Send in Gwynam." She appeared to be making penciled notes, and never glanced towards her audience of two.

Gwynam, foreman of perfumes, dark-skinned, suave, intelligent, complained of lack of labels; Mrs. Turnquest seemed to have gone "plumb crazy and lazin' about, not even keeping dem wuthless girls at work."

Jeanne rang up Central—that is to say, the library. "Cepara, put me on to your mother, please." The two watchers saw Jeanne's eyes harden, and they knew that sullen Cepara Turnquest was, as usual, impertinent just to the edge of toleration. "I've sent for Mrs. Turnquest," Jeanne said, laying down the receiver and turning to Gwynam. "Wait outside." Jim Opie, blanched and bleached, was the next incomer. The old engineer at the power house respectfully asked when the new boiler would arrive, and the new cylinder head, and the dozen other necessities which he named. "The old plant," he said, "is gittin' ready to lay down and flicker out, Miss Jeanne. I can't promise lights tonight."

"Do the best you can, Jim. The schooner's delayed."

She sent for MacGregor, ordered all the candelabra in the house fitted with wax candles, and the lamps cleaned and filled. "We're used to delays, Jim," she said. "Make the best of it. If the light fails tonight I'll know it's not your fault."

Sapolita came next in turn, in her high brilliant shoes and a bright green blouse. "Mr. Rollo has fever," she said in her melancholy voice. "Here's his list, Miss Jeanne."

Her roving eyes lingered on Bonsal's face without betraying recollection that she had volunteered perjury for his sake. They turned impartially to Holton and did not appear to notice the indignant virtue with which he glanced from her to Bonsal. Impassive, they met Jeanne's questioning look. Asked why the requisition was at least twice as long as usual, she solemnly supposed that twice as many things were needed. She could not tell why a ton of steel rods was wanted, nor so much cement, nor two hundred pint mugs.

"But, Sapolita, you must know something. All the foremen who want these things must have talked to the storekeeper when you were there."

"That's so, Miss Jeanne, but I guess I was thinking of li'l' old New York."

As no impertinence was meant, this dreamer over lost metropolitan joys was dismissed.

Mrs. Turnquest came, was asked to sit down, and she chatted pleasantly with the two men. She had run out of gold leaf and tubes of rose madder, she explained. Jeanne took a folder from a vertical file, studied reports, made a calculation.

"You should have at least a dozen books of leaf," she said, "and half a gross of color tubes."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Turnquest asked equably. "I can't think where they've gone to, then."

"Do you think you can find them?" asked Jeanne a little sharply.

"I'll have a look, Miss Jeanne. I s'posed I had used them."

"Thank you, Mrs. Turnquest. Please tell Mr. Gwynam."

It so happened that the swing door stood open as the lady passed through the anteroom. They saw her straighten and loftily ignore Mr. Gwynam, saw him eye her with a murderous grimace.

Three more seekers after an audience were promptly dismissed, then Jeanne turned to her two visitors. "Mr. Holton," she said crisply, "Mr. Bonsal is here on business, so ——"

"Of course. May I come back when he's done?"

"Please do."

Bonsal, alone with Jeanne, felt rebuffed that she did not drop the aloof business manner. The wide table between them seemed an impassable gulf, but it was to a chair on the distant side that her waved hand invited him. He had never seen her so beautiful, never so deeply felt the magnetism of her fine health and controlled vitality; she seemed to glitter in hard brilliance as would an inaccessible snow-capped mountain peak. Such a miracle may be wrought in a girl by suddenly wakened consciousness.

No, he told her in answer to her question, he had found no clew to Transom, but he had found a letter. He had had to read it because it was smudged and torn. He thought nobody else had seen it. He stumbled on, unaided by expressions of curiosity or interest. He wanted to be of some help to her. He was sure that he

could be of use. He was discouraged by that impalpable new reticence, that courteous withdrawal. He burst out bluntly with questions: Had she arranged with the bank? If not, what was she going to do? Had she money to meet the note? He handed over the letter.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Bonsal."

He looked across the table, straight into her eyes. "You haven't answered," he said.

"I hadn't even missed the letter," she told him truly.

She did not add that she feared to touch the file in which it was supposed to be. She spoke lightly, as though the matter were unimportant. She would not let him force barriers. She parried all attacks. She achieved finesse, intuitively and under stress, and would not allow him to recover the old footing. This courteous, apparently carefree hostess neatly conveyed to him her appreciation of his interest in her affairs, and left no doubt that that interest was closely verging on unwarrantable interference. As for the bank, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled across the table; that was a vexatious incident, just like the breakdown in the power plant or the sawmill. These things were always happening, and always adjusted.

"Can you pay it?" This dogged youth eyed her, frowning, almost smashing down her shield.

She colored with resentment, flushed a glance, drooped her lids, then in exasperation shot a barbed arrow, feathered by a laugh:

"If I can't I'll borrow from you."

He rose at that, flushing, and bowed himself out.

"He bought it," Jeanne thought, drooping, as she looked towards the swing door. "Why won't he leave me in peace?"

She felt suddenly weary, ashamed of a morning of acted lies and pretense, frightened at an hour of brave, useless commands and prodigal promise, and contemptuous of herself that the unexpected presence of two young men had helped to steel her to deceit of her people. Could she save her island, after all? She had got through the last year by the payment on the yacht and carrying forward balances; but the second payment on the yacht failing, she had no way of quieting the bank and was hard put to it for ready money. She could get over Christmas with wages, but after that —— Could she part with land? Pirates' Causeway, the north end, with its mahogany house, its tiny circular bay with twelve feet of water up to the rocks, its citrus orchard in bearing, its white curving beach; surely some yachtsman seeking a winter haven would steer straight for such a chance. She would not part with that isolated islet, she told herself fiercely. Her father's retreat, the place to which he had fled when he wished to be alone, where he had ofttimes remained invisible for a week at a time, where he had sometimes hidden himself when yachts anchored off Blackbeard's Reef, to which he had summoned her when black moods wore off, and where he had lavished understanding affection which had sustained and increased her passionate love for him; she could not split her island kingdom. She would not part with this piece of her heartstrings.

Holton came, buoyant, bustling. She clutched at forgetfulness, smiling at him.

Two heads, almost touching, bent over the rough map of South Devon which he had drawn, and Jeanne dived deep into her father's memories. The Chequers Inn—she asked which cracked old oak beam sagged the most, and whether Jim Tarver, the poaching tinker, still slipped in with his lurcher, Bill Sykes. Then she laughed at her foolish question, for Jim was a whole generation ahead of Mr. Holton of course. She was delighted that Mr. Holton had heard legends about Jim, and listened eagerly to one in which ferrets had behaved so oddly that Jim had thought them 'witched. Holton's memory was as remarkable as that of Jeanne.

These childhood tales, heard while sitting on her father's knee, had been etched indelibly on her brain, and about almost every name she mentioned Drake Holton had some tale to tell. She knew that her absorbed interest at this moment in her father's past was almost panic flight from the present, and she was grateful to Holton, who loved the old homeland as ardently as she did. No trifle about his farm or his neighbors had been too minute for attention or too unimportant to recall. He threw the same glamour over the green pastures and red soils and old buildings of Devon as her father had thrown. Jeanne had an hour of respite almost happy.

"Show me the old tithing barn," she said, "with slits for windows that looked like owls' eyes, and the little wooden tower on the top like the button on a mandarin's cap." Holton clasped her hand, pointed her forefinger and placed its tip on the crossroads.

"Just there, Jeanne, facing east."

His speaking voice was as softly persuasive as his singing notes, and the touch of his hand was soothing. Jeanne realized that she had dropped her shield, and wondered why she let it lie even for an instant. If it had been Charlie Bonsal —— She withdrew her finger, but she did not deny the "Jeanne."

There was tension between those two at the table as they pretended to bend over the map. It was one of those moments in which a young man and a girl may take a great step forward together, when acquaintances may become friends, when friends may become lovers. Jeanne turned her head slantwise and shot a glance into blue wells that seemed to open to her scrutiny; but the man of Devon went too fast. He grasped her hand, which rested on the map palm down, and pressed it too hard. Jeanne rose, thanking him quietly for making the map.

Holton instantly dropped the lover for the warning friend, spoke quietly of the library, of the librarian; he regretted that the American could not seem to learn that some things are simply not done. He got it out neatly and without appearing to carry tales. Bonsal—a jolly good chap but without the right standards—had struck up a desperate flirtation with the Turnquest girl, was at the library a lot, "left your drawing-room last night to keep an appointment with her," and so on. That cut; he saw Jeanne straighten as they walked the porch together.

"I hoped she would marry Gwynam," she said coldly, "but I saw that he had quarreled with her mother."

"You know why, now. Bonsal has cut him out. You and I are English, and I was bound to tell you. How about a picnic today—South Beach, on the ponies?"

She caught at the suggestion. "Rats have eaten all the men's saddles but mine," she said.

"Who wants saddles? Leave it all to me. Don't you worry. You just come to the veranda in half an hour, and everything will be ready."

She nodded, smiling. "Tell Mr. Bonsal ——"

"Must we?" he dared.

"Be sure and find him," she ordered crisply and went in.

Going after the ponies he overtook Bonsal, but said no word of picnics. They met Cepara Turnquest. Bonsal's greeting was curt. The other lifted his hat too high, bowed too low, and looked at Bonsal with a sly grin, full of meaning.

Bonsal turned away abruptly, strolled about, questioned half a dozen people, drew conclusions about Jeanne's orders of the morning. "Bluffing!" he said to himself. "She's on the rocks." So his conviction about Jeanne's position was expressed in the precise words of Jeanne's admission to herself. He went to the power plant, offered eagerly accepted help, but was soon after summoned to the telephone. He heard Jeanne's voice, and in his perturbed mood he thought it a trifle frosty.

"How did you know I was here, Miss Smith?" he asked.

"One knows everything about everybody on this island," she answered.

It seemed to him that there was unnecessary emphasis on "everything." That ladylike bulldog, he was sure, had reported his midnight stroll with Cepara Turnquest. He listened to an invitation to a swim and picnic on South Beach. He glanced at the harrassed Opie, and declined the invitation. There might be no light that night, he explained, if he did not stay to help. A surprised voice coldly protested against his bothering himself with such matters.

"There is a day's work for two skilled mechanics," he replied, emphasizing the last word.

The click of the replaced receiver sounded as the locking of a door on him. Miserable, he went violently to work, telling himself that his interest was in the island rather than in Miss Smith, that he had a mighty

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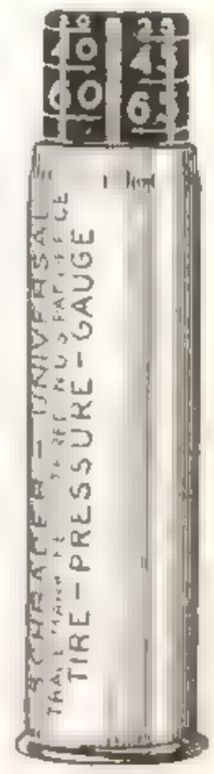

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powerful hunch on saving this property if it could be saved, that there was no time to be lost. He had just naturally got to make her tell him where she stood. She did not understand; if she did she could not be fooling about with a fellow who yapped sentimental songs and was always saying smooth things and curling his lashes down over his sweet little lying eyes. Bonsal did not stop for meals or rest, but worked fiercely on.

"She'll take half her load, Mr. Bonsal," Opie said late in the afternoon, "thanks to you. Tell the princess to scrap this whole lot of junk and put in an up-to-date alternating current. No more of your back-number direct current; that'll be cheapest in the end."

"Will the island afford it, Opie?"

"Afford it? Why, son, she could paper the island with fifty-dollar bills and roof it with hundreds! The old man lost money on everything. That didn't matter. He meant to. Cost was nothing; perfection everything."

"Perhaps he was spending his capital."

Old Opie grinned at a suggestion so absurd. "Like him, wouldn't it be—him the finest business man I ever saw, and worshiping his daughter? He would spend her money, would he? Not he! He drew from a well that had no bottom. They say"—Opie glanced at his colored helper, then came nearer to Bonsal and whispered mysteriously—"he had money when he came, but not bucketfuls. He found the stuff. That's the tale. Pirate stuff. Congo knows. Congo'll never tell."

Bonsal, knowing that his help alone had saved the island from darkness that night, left the power house, tired out, hungry and incredibly dirty. Sweat had streaked a grimy face, a green-painted shutter had printed bars down his back, and great black stains oilily marked his front; but he would not retreat at the sound of pony hoofs, and doggedly lifted his hat as a gay little cavalcade of three came tapping along.

Jeanne failed through a short instant to recognize him. She pulled up, Holton by her side, while Mrs. Pillinger, with a nod, rode on. The pair held their ponies in the long shade of a coconut grove, but the setting sun shone full on Bonsal, pitilessly marking out every grease spot on his clothes. The calm superior smile of the ladylike bulldog goaded the cross, wearied young man almost to open violence. He had the impulse to drag the man from the saddle and roll him in the light dust of the stony road.

"There was no need for you to do this," Jeanne was distantly reproachful. "Opie knows his work well, and has two helpers."

"I thought there was need," was the curt answer.

"Oh, if you prefer this to a swim with us ——" She twisted her bridle hand and the pony stretched a lazy foot.

"If you could spare me half an hour tomorrow morning, Miss Smith ——"

She looked into the somber face, almost on a level with hers.

"Now," she said, suddenly resolved to put this young man in his place once and for all. She slipped down, slapped her pony, which trotted off, and nodded to the man from Devon. "At half past eight," she called out as he rode away. He lifted his hat. She led the way down a path beneath the palms.

A coconut fell just behind Bonsal. The thump made him jump. The jump did not tell him where his nerves were, for he had not yet learned to connect moods and mental processes with his physical condition. He looked at Jeanne's indignant erect back and squared angry shoulders, and mentally called her a fool kid who sang and picnicked while Rome was burning. They came to a cleared circle in which stood a stone summerhouse overlooking the sea. Its palmetto roof far overhung the pillared arches and provided welcome shade. Jeanne sat down. He remained standing against a background of sunset radiance of gold and blue sea and soft pink clouds. She folded her hands in her lap and showed him a masked face, blank, bland. He was a dirty blob on indescribable beauty of color, but she saw him in outline as sculptured force, and was intensely impressed by his suggestion of power.

"Bluffing!" he burst out hotly, as she remained silent. "That pine will not split straight, and while they make the crates the tomatoes rot. The whole shipment wouldn't pay for the freight. Have you sent for the cylinder head or the new saw? What schooner is delayed? None. Have you money to pay the bank? You haven't said so."

Jeanne, astonished, dropped her mask. She looked into his face not so much indignant as puzzled. If he had been half as domineering she would have snapped the talk off short; but he was so far beyond bounds that she was concerned about him. A touch of the sun was no uncommon visitation on careless strangers who go hatless, but she had never heard of it in winter. Was his skin flushed beneath the dirt? She thought he might have a temperature. So he had, but not the kind a clinical thermometer would have marked. He was boiling. The fuel was a compound of jealousy, hunger, general exasperation and anxiety about her.

"You mean awfully well," she forced herself to say, though she did not know whether he did or not. "I don't mind your knowing about the bank."

"You do mind."

"Have it your way then."

"I intend to."

Jeanne's back stiffened. Her head was slightly aslant, and her face and her yellow riding costume were aflush from cloud reflection. She looked like an ethereal boy.

"Like Ithuriel." The beauty of her wrung these reluctant words from unwilling lips. "Why don't you act like him?"

"He was an angel, Mr. Bonsal. I've a good answer. I am not one."

He had not been sunstruck; his skin looked healthily cool as far as she could see. What was the matter with this hitherto rather retiring young man?

"Is there money to pay that note?"

He spoke as he had in war to a subordinate. He had fatally offended her and he did not care. The island that he had thought his was in danger. She flirted and sang and bathed while the banker's letter floated about on idle breezes, unmissed and unanswered.

Jeanne shrugged lightly. Their glances met across the small summerhouse. Her lids were narrowed because of light from radiant clouds. Her eyes wavered and drooped. Jeanne was not used to prevaricating.

"You promised to let me help you," Bonsal reminded her more gently. "You don't seem to have anybody to turn to, but you put me off. That is not a friendly letter. You have had others before. The bank is upset about something. You don't understand. Perhaps you can't."

"Thanks."

"Oh, you can get as mad as you like, Miss Smith. That's all right. I just want to be sure about things before I go away."

This was the last thing Jeanne had expected to hear, but she hid her surprise.

"I am sorry," she remarked with calm courtesy. "You feel you must go?"

"How can I stay loafing about here?"

"Loafing?" She glanced at his clothes.

"Or playing mechanic. This is a heavenly place," he said as he thrust grimy hands into his pockets and glowered down at her. "It is the work of a master hand. I take off my hat to the memory of your father. He set it spinning down the grooves. It is slowing down. It is beginning to topple. It might be whipped up, perhaps. I don't know. You don't care." He glanced out over the lovely well-ordered land. "In this climate fields and orchards relapse to bush in three years. Can you think of that? These people, left to themselves, will fall to semistarvation and revert almost to barbarism. The people and the land were left to you as a guardian and a trustee. Are you making good? Do you see that if that bank is not paid and forecloses, you can never sell as a going concern?"

Jeanne rose, trembling with anger, and walked away. Over her shoulder she fired a deadly shot.

"You are going to try and make good your claim," she said, "and you want the place in order when you come to take it from me."

"Jeanne!" She wheeled; the wounded passion in that cry compelled it against her will. She would have relented, humbly apologized, he would have begged forgiveness, had either face softened. A flashing exchange of apparently hostile glances, then he spoke. "You know you don't believe that. You hit below the belt. You did once before today. If you were a man I should call you a coward."

He flung his arms about her, pinning her, holding her close, straining her to him. He kissed her. He rained kisses. She twisted her head. Her cheek rubbed against his. She writhed, but he held her fast. She ceased at last to struggle and he put his lips to hers. "I love you. Good-by."

He dropped his arms. Dazed, trembling, he watched her walk slowly away, her head bent, her steps uncertain.

Jeanne, for the first time in her life feeling furtive, kept close to the fringe of sea-grape trees which bordered the narrow beach and plodded through heavy sand. Her instinct—it was nothing so coherent as a thought—was to get unobserved to her room. It was not that her khaki-colored riding suit was marked by a grease spot on the breast, nor that a black smudge splotched her cheek; she did not know or think of those things; she only wished to hide. She had no conscious knowledge of surroundings, no capacity to feel, no anger, no surprise, no ordered thought. Deadly lassitude pervaded her, numbed her will, rendered dragging feet unwilling and dulled her ears. It was only incessant repetition of engine throbs which at last carried a message to her brain.

She looked up and saw a motor launch heading for the pier by her house. She started to run, noting the anchored yacht in the distance, making out in the fast-deepening twilight a woman's outline in the launch. She beat in the race and had finished her bath when her maid came with the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Shortbridge, of the yacht Juniata.

"Iced drinks, cigars, cigarettes on the porch. Say I'll be there soon."

"Dey's asked for Mr. Bonsal, Miss Jeanne."

A silence; then "Come back and hook me up. And, Lulu, burn this riding suit tomorrow."

Lulu was a long time in coming back, and when she came she brought a note.

"I am sorry," Bonsal wrote. "I cannot expect forgiveness and so do not ask for it. I shall always love you. Good-by."

"Oh!" Jeanne cried, looking round blankly.

She tore the paper into shreds and dropped them into a vase. She caught the sound of the retreating engine, and assumed that Bonsal's friends had gone with him. She went to the drawing-room, but stopped short on the threshold. She saw the profile of a burnished head bent in absorbed study of a yellowed ivory paper knife. She got a pleased impression of a stainless elegance patently artificial but not meretricious, and she was sorry that such perfect shoulders beat time to quick short breaths; an asthmatic sufferer, Jeanne thought, flying from a Northern winter.

Fascinated by the actions of this Mrs. Shortbridge, Jeanne watched the motionless head, the bent rigid neck, the face held close in scrutiny of a time-worn inscription on the paper knife. She saw it flung down, a Malay creese jerked from its sheath and an eager finger pushed along the wavy lines of its deadly blade. This seemed to Jeanne a repetition of a familiar act, and heightened curiosity already intense. The burnished head was now turned from her, and she saw a hand pounce on a netsuke, saw Mrs. Shortbridge slowly nod into the minute, diabolic face of the tiny Japanese figure, as though recognizing an old friend after long separation.

Jeanne stepped lightly back, began to hum a tune and reentered the room. She stopped short and closed her lips, for the beautiful lady had not heard. Breathing quietly, hands clasped tightly, Mrs. Shortbridge sat with closed eyes, her face so white that the tinted cheeks looked crudely blood splashed. Jeanne began a second retreat, but checked herself as the eyes opened in a blank stare. It swiftly changed into a scrutiny so intense, so concentrated, that Jeanne felt herself stripped naked; an instant, no more, but an instant of flame.

"You knew them. You knew my father, knew him well," Jeanne cried impetuously, nodding towards the table and holding out both hands. They were warmly grasped, and luminous caressing eyes looked candor into hers.

"I have a passion for bibelots, and those are good bits." To soften obvious disappointment Mrs. Shortbridge added, "But perhaps I did know your father." She clung to a hand which Jeanne would have withdrawn. She drew the girl to a sofa. "Tell me about him. Where could we have met? I cannot remember any John Smith. That was your father's name, wasn't it? I've been hearing all about you from our pilot. My dear, it sounded romantic." She shook her head, and added with sympathy, "But now that I see the princess I see appalling loneliness and isolation."

Resenting sympathy, Jeanne rebuffed advances, but could not long stand up against the winning charm of manner. Eyes wistful, appealing, were so sincere as to convince, though they looked from beneath artificial brows and from between lustered lashes, and through carmined lips came a voice of tenderness with the ring of truth. For the first time in her life Jeanne was in intimate touch with a woman of the world who was not a shallow egotist. She struggled against the spell, for she was still distrustful. When, however, Mrs. Shortbridge became absurdly enthusiastic about a Tanagra figurine that had not belonged to her father in his pre-island existence, she was convinced that this delightful lady had not known him, and was no more than crazy over pretty things.

Jeanne found this foible attractive; it was an appealing weakness in one who seemed in other ways to have complete self-control. She heard with satisfaction that these people were no more than train acquaintances of Charlie Bonsal, and she was annoyed that she flushed on hearing his name, and that she could not speak casually of him.

"We are glad to have him with us," Mrs. Shortbridge said. "He asked if we had room for him. Mr. Shortbridge will come in tomorrow. He left his excuses. He has sent the launch back for me."

"But of course you will stay to dinner?"

"My dear, I hoped you would ask me."

Jeanne clapped her hands. She was conscious that she was under constant courteous scrutiny, but she felt that she was approved. Perhaps a little added dignity came into her manner as she gave orders to the old colored man.

"You are more than princess," Mrs. Shortbridge said. "You wear a magic ring and its slaves fly to your command."

"My father's." Jeanne held out a finger.

Mrs. Shortbridge's firm friendly clasp sent a pleasant little wave down Jeanne's back. The magnetism of a healthy, likable woman had never before been felt by her.

"A griffin, is it?"

Mrs. Shortbridge was bending far over. The girl looked with envy at the well-ordered hair and wished she dared to stroke lustrous strands.

"I wonder you knew it—so small and deep cut. A fierce thing with a fiercer family motto, 'Gripe, Griffin, hold fast.'"

Mrs. Pillinger, long unused to the saddle, did not appear, and Drake Holton had not been asked, so to Mrs. Shortbridge's evident satisfaction she dined alone with Jeanne. She was greatly struck with the elegance of the table, with the perfection of the appointments, with the swift, trained attendance, but most of all with Jeanne. No woman had ever praised so much or so frankly, but Jeanne openly courted the approval of an expert so qualified.

"I could not have believed it," said Mrs. Shortbridge.

"If you had known my father ——" Jeanne shook her head, smiling. "He lived by the family motto. He let nothing go, not even the manners of his Devonshire home."

"Devonshire?" Mrs. Shortbridge's voice was sharp.

"Oh, do you know it? Some day I shall see it."

"Oh, you don't remember it?"

"I was born here."

"Oh! And ——" Mrs. Shortbridge shut her teeth, but Jeanne understood and answered.

"I have no memories of my mother," she said stiffly. "My father had not either." She turned the subject, having made it clear that on one matter she must not be questioned.

Later Drake Holton appeared in the drawing-room, immaculate in white, excelling in charm, exhilarated by Bonsal's departure and stimulated by Mrs. Shortbridge's presence and by Jeanne's warm friendliness. Jeanne's note of extra cordiality was unconscious. It came in part from reaction against Charlie Bonsal, but more from a comforting sense of the protecting presence of Mrs. Shortbridge, who, Jeanne heard with intense pleasure, knew Devon. She listened with vivid interest while the two others exchanged memories.

(Continued on Page 68.)

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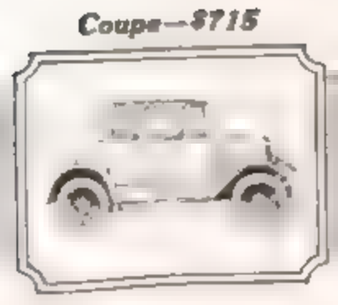

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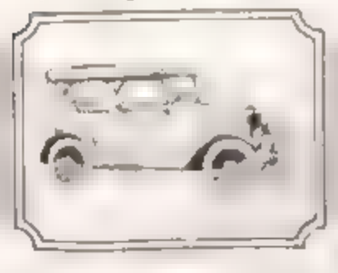

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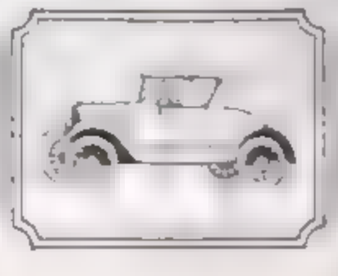

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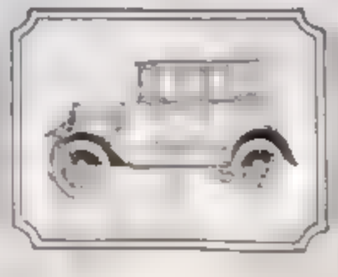

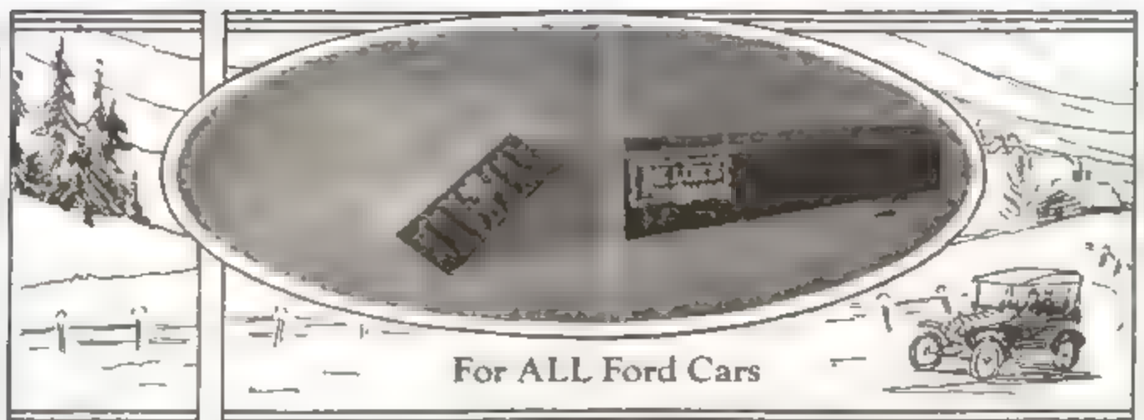

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Continued from Page 66.

"I think," said Mrs. Shortbridge, "that the most striking thing was the old Roman road along the Dart with that immense crumbly old tower and the thousands of pigeons that flew out of its open top."

Drake Holton, it seemed, had climbed the tower many a time, but Jeanne could not remember that her father had ever spoken of this wonderful landmark; nor of the church near by, with a Cromwell cannon ball embedded in the door; nor of Grimestone Manor ghost, headless, who rode the valley at midnight on a headless white horse. But Drake Holton had seen the cannon ball and all but seen the ghost. He described with much humor a frightened man who came running one night, declaring himself pursued by the dreadful apparition.

Jeanne sang with her usual graceful unconsciousness, and Holton bent like a lover, turning pages. No glance, no movement escaped the visitor. She watched, absorbed, judging the relations of these two. Sometimes she smiled—that was training; sometimes she frowned—that was worry breaking through. Seven bells came faintly over the still water from the yacht before she got up to go. She clasped Jeanne's arm as they strolled together to the pierhead. Her last words were, "I am coming in tomorrow. Business—I think it will please you."

Jeanne turned, anxious, suspicious. Business! An ominous word these days, meaning new difficulties and fresh troubles. Unconsciously she paused as her nostrils faintly quivered to a little rill of breeze that carried the scent of the night-blooming jasmine. She saw the light on the veranda go out and she liked the consideration of Drake Holton, who thus showed her that he had slipped off to bed. She was too tired even to say good night. So she dragged along, her eyes on the starlit ground, her vagrant thoughts on the happenings of this crowded day, her mind unbraced and her muscles relaxed; and when she found Drake Holton sitting in the shadows of the veranda she felt as though he had invaded sacred privacies. She passed him with a chilling good night.

"Please, Miss Smith." A new touch of earnestness was expressed in his voice, and a note of resolution which had its influence in arresting her steps. "I turned out the light," he said, "because I did not choose to let your enemies watch us through glasses."

"My enemies?" She echoed words so pat to her thought, as though confirming them.

"You are very tired." He arranged cushions in a lounge chair, but she shook her head and asked if what he had to say was important.

"Very," he gravely told her. "The sooner you are resting there the sooner you'll hear."

She sat without a word, and he drew a chair close.

"She played every card in the pack to make you like her, didn't she?"

"She liked me. She wanted me to like her." Jeanne struggled to retain belief in somebody.

"What if she played false cards?"

"Not she!" The vehemence of the denial was the measure of Jeanne's growing suspicion.

"Her heart is as false as the flush on her cheek." He spoke in sharp condemnation. "If she would lie about one thing she would lie about all things. She was never in Devon."

"Absurd!" Jeanne snapped; she had braced herself for some serious charge. "Why should she fib about a small thing like that?"

"Our county—your father's home; and she sees how you love it. One false card in the pack, mind you, shows the card sharper. She spoke of towers and churches, and pigeons and legends. I led her on. They are not there. They don't exist. But she was glib, all right. She never hesitated."

Jeanne drew a deep sigh as she admitted that she had never heard her father speak of them.

"Of course not. He did not invent fairy tales to catch your fancy. She can hypnotize, all right. She would have fooled me if I had not had the clew."

He paused, frowning, staring out at the lights on the yacht. Jeanne clenched her fists and waited his pleasure. It did not occur to her that he knew to the ounce the value of suspense and that he was working up to his climax with studied art.

"Shortbridge was taken straight to Bonsal," he said at length. "My room was next. How could I help hearing? 'My boy,' Shortbridge shouted, 'it's fine! It's great! Your photographs are pale libels on this paradise, my paradise now. I've got it.'" It seemed that Holton was too upset to go on.

Jeanne shot up, her back straight, shocked to a fighter's attitude. "So that's what she meant!" she cried. "He's taken over the mortgage."

"You've said it." He half stretched out two hands as though to clasp hers in sympathy and support, but quickly withdrew them as she turned away. She did not know why she turned on the lights, but it is probable that she wished clearly to see the face of Drake Holton. She was close on shipwreck, and she was absolutely alone. She had no legal knowledge, no idea how to defend herself. She sensed in him now a force that she had not expected to find in an agreeable trifler, experienced in the arts of the drawing-room and inclined to be sentimental.

"Bonsal gave you dead away." Holton was frowning now and she saw a surprising hard glint in the deep blue eyes. "He said you couldn't pay. 'Fine,' says Shortbridge, rubbing his hands. 'I'll make perfumes here that'll scent a hurricane and be smelt round the equator.'" Jeanne ground her teeth together. "I don't wonder," Holton said, hearing the grating sound. "Bonsal's afraid to face you, now that his part is done. He's gone for good. Oh, you knew? Well, now you know why. Can you pay? Must you yield? Shall we fight the pirates? May I help?"

"I will never yield!" Jeanne cried. "I can pay if I am given time. I —— But why should I burden you? No. Good night."

He stood in front, stopping her. "Because I love you," he said.

She flung her head back. "You too?" she said in scathing contempt.

Her arms stiffened. Fight—there is no other word. She meant to fight; he should never clasp her as Bonsal had. She knew now.

He stepped back, opening wide eyes in wonder.

"I am sorry," he said. "All I meant was that I wanted to help, and asked nothing and expected nothing. Now, never mind that. Tomorrow—everything hangs on tomorrow. You hate these people. So you ought. Don't show it. Smiles, friendliness. That's your cue." He turned abruptly. "Play them soft."

"B-r-r-r!"

He laughed, but did not turn. Jeanne watched him striding away in the starlight.

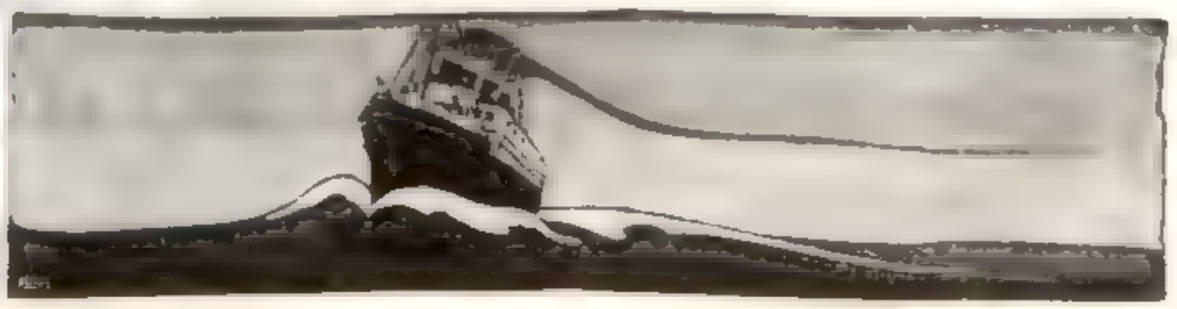
"What strange things men are," she said to herself as she turned out the light. She glanced towards the yacht and made comparisons. "If he dares to come ashore——" She turned away with a deep frown on her forehead.

Charlie Bonsal, at that moment ending a long confidential talk, promised Mrs. Shortbridge that he would try and make his peace with Jeanne in the morning.

"If I can do that I can help you in your plans, I'm afraid," he predicted, "that I'll fail. If I had hit her she might forgive, but ——"

"No girl condones a blow," the charming lady sententiously said, "but some have been known to forgive an embrace."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



COMMITTEE LAND

Continued from Page 23

Speaker of the House. According to his judgment, he placed men on highly important committees, which meant their ultimate rise to power; or on unsignificant committees, which meant their perpetual submergence. If a weak man, by the seniority system, was pushed into a committee chairmanship of dangerous importance, the Speaker of the House could and frequently did oust him from his position and replace him with a strong man who could fill the job without bringing discredit on his party. As a result the Speaker of the House was extremely powerful. Every man on every committee was under obligations to him; he controlled legislation and current business; he designated the measures to be taken up and the amount of time that should be given to them and the members who were to be allowed to speak on them.

A terrific uproar developed against the czarlike powers of the Speaker in 1906. Congressmen—especially new congressmen—tore out large handfuls of their flowing locks and howled that the Speaker of the House, abetted by the rules, was destroying independence and ability, and making it practically impossible for individual congressmen to make their marks. The fault, of course, did not lie with the Speaker of the House, but with the enormous and constantly increasing amount of business with which the House had to deal. If the business was to be transacted, it was highly essential to gag, choke or even murder the individual who wished to hinder the transacting of business by waving his hands on high and orating violently at his own sweet will. The Speaker of the House happened to be the unfortunate instrument to effect the gagging. All that was seen in 1906, however, was that the Speaker was an autocrat, and that everybody was being gagged, and that something ought to be done about it. Since Joseph G. Cannon was Speaker, the cry of Cannonism arose and became a byword and a hissing in the mouths of all uplifters. As a result of the bitter protests against Cannonism, the Speaker in 1906 was shorn of his power. He was no longer permitted, in other words, to name the committees. Deprived of this power, the Speaker of the House became an insignificant figure. About the only real powers left to him are those of presiding over the sessions of the House and the apportioning of offices in the House Office Building. For that reason the Speaker of the House is occasionally referred to today as a glorified hotel clerk.

Formation of Committees

Today the Republican members of the House committees are named by the Committee on Committees, which is a special party committee. Each state which has one or more Republicans in its congressional delegation is entitled to one member on the Committee on Committees; and each member of the Committee on Committees votes the entire vote of the Republican delegation from his state. Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, for example, is the Ohio representative on the Committee on Committees. There are twenty-two Republican representatives from Ohio in the House of Representatives; so Mr. Longworth casts twenty-two votes. The Democratic members of the House committees are named by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee.

The overthrow of Cannonism and the institution of the present system of naming committees failed to enable individual congressmen to make their marks more easily. It is as hard today for a new congressman to obtain the floor and rid himself of a powerful burst of oratory as it was when Cannonism flourished. In fact it is harder, for there is more business before the House today than there was in 1906, and consequently there is more necessity for the gagging of obstreperous individuals. Moreover, there is a greater chance for logrolling in the naming of members for important committees than there was when the Speaker named the members. If there are vacancies to be filled on the highly desirable Ways and Means Committee, let us say, it would be an easy matter for four or five members of the Committee on Committees who control the votes of four or five large states to come to an agreement and fill these vacancies to suit themselves.

The percentage of Democrats to Republicans on each committee depends on the size of the Republican or Democratic majority in the House. In the last House there were three hundred Republicans and one hundred and thirty-one Democrats; so it was agreed by the leaders of the two parties that there should be about twice as many Republicans on every committee as there were Democrats. Thus, the powerful Appropriations Committee is entitled to twenty-three Republicans and twelve Democrats. The equally powerful Ways and Means Committee has seventeen Republicans and eight Democrats. As the Republican majority in the House is cut down, so will the Republican majorities on the committees be cut down by agreement.

The Seniority Rule

To all intents and purposes, the personnel of the different House committees remains the same from year to year. When a new member is named on a committee, he goes on at the bottom and moves up as his length of service grows longer. The chairmanship of the committee is held by that committee member belonging to the party in power who has held his seat in Congress for the greatest number of consecutive terms. The committee lists are written down in all government publications so that the status of a committee can be told at a glance. For example, the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization is lined up in the following way:

Albert Johnson, of Washington
Isaac Siegel, of New York
J. Will Taylor, of Tennessee
John C. Kleczka, of Wisconsin
William N. Vaile, of Colorado
Hays B. White, of Kansas
Guy L. Shaw, of Illinois
Robert S. Maloney, of Massachusetts
Arthur M. Free, of California
John L. Cable, of Ohio

Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois
John E. Raker, of California
Riley J. Wilson, of Louisiana
John C. Box, of Texas
Lilius B. Rainey, of Alabama

Those above the line are Republicans and those below the line are Democrats. Since Albert Johnson is at the top of the longer list, he is the senior member on the Republican side and therefore chairman of the committee. If he were to be defeated, or were to leave Congress for any reason, his place would be taken by the next Republican in line, who is Isaac Siegel. If Mr. Siegel were unable to accept because, let us say, he had been appointed to a judgeship, then the next in line would become chairman. If the Democrats returned to power, however, a number of Democrats would be added, a number of Republicans would be dropped off and the Hon. Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois, would be in line to become chairman of the committee.

The House, then, is made up of sixty of these committees, or little legislatures, and every one of the thousands of bills that are introduced at every session of Congress must first go to a committee for consideration. The House as a whole doesn't deliberate on bills; the committees deliberate on bills and tell the House what to do about them; and the House, with little further argument, does as it is told. The reason that it does as it's told is that it is humanly impossible for any member of the House to have a comprehensive grasp of the vast number of bills which are constantly being considered by the committees. It can't stop to argue the matter, for there isn't time.

From this it may be seen why legislation is frequently so very bad. The House is not blessed with too many men of ability and experience. An effort is made to put the ablest men on a few of the most important committees—such as the Ways and Means Committee, which has to do with all bills dealing with the raising of money; and the Appropriations Committee, which has to do with all bills dealing with the spending of money—and the other fifty-five or fifty-eight committees are left to stagger along as best they can. Not all the men in the House, to put it conservatively, are men of ability, and a great many of them are newly elected at the beginning of every Congress. Consequently most of the congressmen on practically

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every committee lack either ability or experience. It is little wonder that such committees evolve legislation that is heavily decorated with sour spots, and the remarkable thing is that all legislation which they produce isn't wholly rancid.

When a bill is introduced in the House by the Hon. Grimes Grimble, of Texakota, it is merely dropped in a basket on the long desk below the great mahogany throne of the Speaker of the House. For so doing the Hon. Grimes Grimble usually receives frequent mention in the Texakota newspapers, and the mere fact that he has introduced the bill usually leads the folks back home to think that the bill is as good as passed. It isn't, however. As a matter of fact, it has barely started. The Speaker's clerk, seeing a batch of new bills in the basket, picks them out and looks them over. Each one is referred to the proper committee, and then all of them are sent to the Government Printing Office to be printed. Nine times out of ten the bills that are introduced in the House are so unimportant that the printing of them is a waste of good white paper, and the committees waste a great deal of time deciding not to take up these unimportant bills. Let us suppose, however, that the bill introduced by the Hon. Grimes Grimble is an important bill which affects the well-being and the pocketbooks of various people or various classes of people. In that case the committee which has charge of it decides to hold hearings on it.

Washington is as full of the representatives of special interests as a watch is full of works. Every organization in the country has established national headquarters in Washington, and the chief duty of the Washington representatives of these organizations is to keep track of all proposed legislation in which the organizations are interested. If they consider the proposed legislation favorable to their organizations, they appear before the House committee which has charge of the hearings on the bill under consideration and present arguments in favor of it. Or they produce persons who seem to have no connection with any interested organization, and these persons argue in favor of it. If, on the other hand, they are opposed to the legislation, they appear before the House committee and attack it bitterly, and they also produce seemingly unbiased citizens who make vicious assaults on it. These organizations are also responsible for letter drives and telegram drives on committeemen by their members when a bill in which they are interested is in committee. The general public has no knowledge whatever of the fact that a committee is considering a certain bill, and that the bill's fate depends on the committee's decision. The interested organizations, however, tipped off by their Washington representatives and instructed as to how they shall proceed, deluge the committeemen with letters or telegrams demanding favorable or unfavorable action on the bill. The committeemen too often interpret this rain of demands as being the voice of the country, when in reality it is merely the voice of an infinitesimal minority. The success of these representatives of special interests in influencing legislation has caused some people to speak of our Government as a government by minorities, and has also caused it to be said that it is a government of committees, by committees and for minorities.

The Logrolling Evil

Sometimes committee hearings are open to the public and sometimes they are not. The most important part of the proceeding comes when the committee sits down with the enormous mass of facts, distorted facts and propaganda that have been poured out at the hearings, and debates whether to make a favorable report on the bill, or whether to amend it to meet certain objections that have been raised against it. This part of the committee's work is never open to the public. No allusion can be made on the floor of the House to the arguments and facts brought out in these committee meetings, no matter how important they may be, unless they have been published in the committee's reports.

Protected by the privacy of the committee rooms, the committeemen indulge constantly in the delightful American political sport of logrolling, which is the granting of a political favor by one legislator to another in return for a like favor. Congressman Snaffle, of Massafornia, for example, wishes to protect certain of his constituents by a duty on hitching posts, while Congressman Knuckle, of Texakota, wishes to protect certain of his constituents by a duty on cocktail shakers. Congressman Snaffle knows that a duty on cocktail shakers would be a bad thing for the country at large, and Congressman Knuckle knows that a distinct hardship will be imposed on many sections of the country by a duty on hitching posts. Yet Snaffle agrees to vote for a high duty on cocktail shakers if Knuckle will vote for a high duty on hitching posts. And they so vote, placing an unnecessary burden on the country for the sake of being able to pose before their constituents as great go-getters.

The people of the United States, who are the ones that must benefit or suffer by all laws that are passed, are in a state of constant and blissful ignorance concerning the measures that are being considered by Congress. The people may think that they see Congress at work when they see it voting on bills that have been reported out by various committees. This voting, however, is merely the formal approval by the whole House of the work that was done long before in the privacy of the committee room—the little legislature. The proceedings in sixty different committee rooms cannot be followed by the people, because the newspapers cannot give the space to reporting the trash that is poured out at the hearings under the head of testimony. Most of it is so hopelessly uninteresting that it would send a victim of insomnia into a deep coma. If a bill is a very important one, the newspapers are able to give it the proper amount of press-agenting while it is still being considered by the committee. But the great majority of bills are decided one way or another in committee before the country at large has the slightest idea that any such bills are in existence.

Who Is to Blame?

One of the most agonizing features of the committee system is the impossibility of locating the forces that are responsible for the glaring mistakes and the criminal foolishnesses which so frequently appear in our legislation. The newspapers and the people of the country, Democrats and Republicans alike, frequently unite in ferocious and ear-splitting howls against Congress. They are usually howls that are entirely justified, as are the epithets that whistle through the trembling air. Almost invariably, however, these attacks are glittering generalities; and when the people of the country try to single out and defeat the individuals who are responsible for the conditions that give rise to the howls and the epithets they find themselves entirely baffled.

No blame, for example, can be attached to the Speaker of the House, for he has no power. No blame can be attached to the floor leader, no matter how weak and ineffective he may be, for he has nothing to do with the quality of the legislation which he engineers through the House. No blame can be attached to the entire membership of the House, for in its voting it must, because of the impossibility of keeping itself informed on all legislation, vote according to the findings of the committees that have charge of the bills. No blame can be attached to the person who introduces a measure which is passed and turns out to be bad, for the measure which he introduces is usually so changed and distorted by amendments that it is scarcely recognizable. The committee comes the closest to being the unit responsible for bad legislation; and yet the committee cannot be held to account for recommending spineless or vicious bills, and for these reasons: Two parties are represented on each committee, so that a part of the committee in every case has been opposed to those who did the recommending. The deliberations of the committee are private, so that the public can obtain no definite proof of what has happened during them. If the chairman of the committee is a strong man, he forces his opinions on and obtains the sometimes unwilling support of the weaker members, so that the other committeemen cannot be blamed. And if the chairman of the committee is stupid and devoid of ability, other committeemen will rarely admit it publicly or work for his defeat for fear that they in turn may be deprived of the advantages of the seniority system.

How difficult it is for the public to learn the facts concerning committeemen may be seen from the following incident: A certain House committee has charge of an issue that is vital to the people of the United States. The senior member of the minority party on this committee—a man who has consistently opposed every beneficial measure brought forward by the committee—had a hard fight on his hands for reelection. He therefore asked the chairman of the committee, whose every move for the benefit of the country he had fought stubbornly for years, for a letter which would bring him support in his district. The chairman at once gave him a letter stating that he had been a conscientious, consistent and valuable worker on his committee. So he had been; but he had always worked against the interests of the United States as a whole. He was valuable, but only to a highly undesirable class of citizens. On the strength of this letter the member was reëlected, and is still a thorn in the flesh of his committee. Congressmen occasionally—very occasionally—tell the truth about Congress; but they almost never tell the public the truth about undesirable members of Congress.

Periodically, when a Congress has been making a general mess of things, and when screams of execration are being directed at it from every section of the country, distinguished citizens are heard declaring that the only way in which better legislation and better Congresses can be obtained is by educating the public. There is nothing at all the matter with that declaration; but there is a great deal the matter with the chances of educating the public under America's existing legislative system. Nobody has yet discovered any means by which the general public can be forced to submit to education in matters which are supremely dull, and our legislation and the activities of our Congresses are exactly that. They are dull because they are cluttered up with vast masses of uninteresting detail, and they are dull because the differences of opinion which arise over them never result in anybody's downfall. Neither the American people nor any other people can be kept permanently interested in windy arguments unless the persons who lose the arguments lose their jobs also, or unless the persons who win the arguments get the jobs of those who lost. A good many million people are keenly interested in an argument as to which one of two burly gentlemen is the heavyweight champion of the world, and a good many thousand will travel long distances to see the finish of the argument, since the finish consists of one of the burly gentlemen knocking the other burly gentleman into the middle of next week. If the two gentlemen told each other how good they were for a week or two, but never came to any definite conclusion as to just how good, the entire country would be about as much interested in them as it is in the debates of Congress. Just after David Lloyd George was forced out of power in England, and while he was making speeches tending toward the regaining of his power, the showing of his picture in American moving-picture theaters was the signal for violent applause. American movie audiences were taking more interest in Mr. Lloyd George than in any American cabinet officer or in any congressman seeking reëlection.

The English System

The English legislative system is one that practically forces the newspaper-reading public to a keen interest in politics. The English cabinet ministers, to put the English system briefly and simply, are theoretically the best brains of the political party in power. They not only head the executive departments of the government but they form a legislative committee which originates and guides all public legislation. The opposition party is constantly engaged in fighting the ministry, and when the opposition wins the ministry falls with a dull crash and is at once supplanted by a new ministry. Therefore every vote in Parliament is watched with keen interest by the people, for whenever the party in power sponsors a piece of legislation and a vote is taken on it there is a chance that the party in power will find itself on the rocks before nightfall, especially if the proposed piece of legislation is bad.

The English system, however, is not our own, and never can be because of the limitations of our Constitution. But since there is continued and apparently sincere talk of more business in government, there appears to be no particular reason why businesslike methods shouldn't be applied to the introduction of legislation as well as to the budget system. There may be persons who can put up a good argument as to why the country should depend upon the judgment and advice of its weakest and most incapable legislators for the bulk of its legislation, as it now does, instead of on the counsel of its best men; and there may be men who can convince voters that it is best for the bulk of its congressional business to be wretchedly handled by incompetents, as is the case at present. The person of average common sense, nevertheless, will agree with John Stuart Mill that there is a great distinction between the function of making laws, for which a large popular assembly is radically unfit, and that of getting good laws made; and that the only way in which a large popular parliament or Congress can get good laws made is to create a legislative commission "consisting of a small number of highly trained political minds, on whom, when parliament has determined that a law shall be made, the task of making it should be devolved; parliament retaining the power of passing or rejecting the bill when drawn up, but not of altering it otherwise than by sending proposed amendments to be dealt with by the commission." There is many a committee of the House, and the Senate, too, that has fiddled and fussed for years over the framing of a law, only to evolve one so faulty and flabby as to make everyone interested in a good law burst into low moans of horror. The same law could have been properly and soundly framed in a week's time by a legislative commission like that suggested by Mill.

Lord Bryce's Comments

It is customary for American legislators to resent bitterly any intimation that the American forms of government aren't the best in the world. Yet it is a fact that any business on earth which was run in as haphazard a way, and with such a plethora of incompetents in high positions, as the United States Congress is run, would be in the receiver's hands in no time at all.

Viscount Bryce, a kindly and helpful commentator on American legislative forms, remarked in speaking of our committee system, that "the marvel comes to be, not that legislation is faulty, but that an intensely practical people tolerates such defective machinery.

"Legislation," he goes on, "is a difficult business in all free countries, and perhaps more difficult the more free the country is, because the discordant voices are more numerous and less under control. America has sometimes sacrificed practical convenience to her dislike for authority.

"The Americans surpass all other nations in their power of making the best of bad conditions, getting the largest results out of scanty materials or rough methods. Many things in that country work better than they ought to work, so to speak, or could work in any other country, because the people are shrewdly alert in minimizing such mischiefs as arise from their own haste or heedlessness, and because they have a great capacity for self-help.

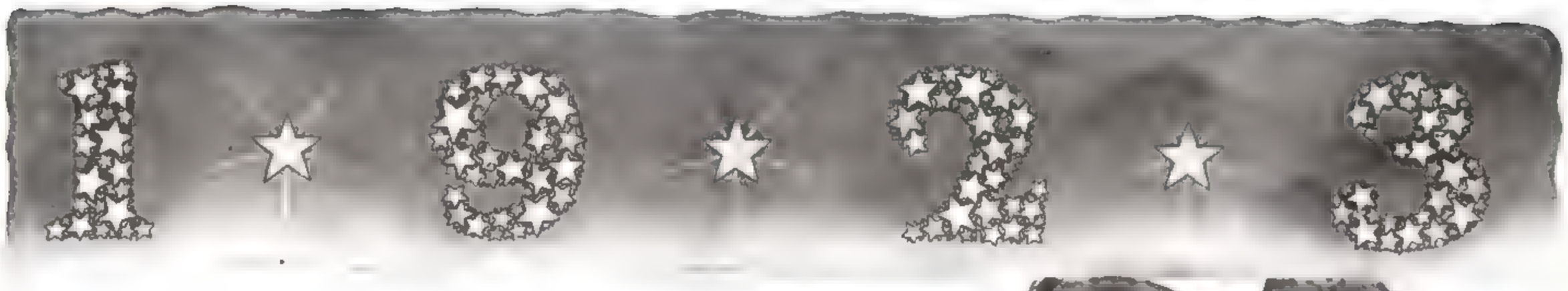
"Aware that they possess this gift, the Americans have been content to leave their political machinery unreformed. Persons who propose comprehensive reforms are suspected as theorists or faddists. The national inventiveness, active in the spheres of mechanics and moneymaking, spends little of its force on the details of governmental methods, and the interest in material development tends to diminish the interest felt in politics."

These few well-chosen words should be thoroughly digested by those congressmen who like to declare in sonorous tones that all criticisms of Congress are merely the sheeplike utterances of peevish critics who are at a loss for other things to criticize.

When a bill has been approved by the committee that has charge of it, it is reported out to the House and is taken in hand by the Steering Committee. The Steering Committee is the party committee which decides how and when bills shall be considered on the floor of the House, and which steers them through the troubled seas of both branches of Congress. The power which once lodged in the Speaker of the House is now lodged in the Committee on Committees and the Steering Committee, with the floor leader of the majority party ex-officio chairman of both committees.

Eventually it comes to a vote in the House. If it is passed it is sent over to the

(Continued on Page 72)



"A man has but one moment of life to call his own.

"The moment just passed into the score of Time's count, the moment which the hand of the clock trembles over, a hair's breadth yet to go—these are no man's to claim. One is gone forever; the other may mark the passage of his soul

"Only this moment, this throb of the heart, this half-drawn breath, is a living man's to claim. The beggar has it—the monarch can command no more."

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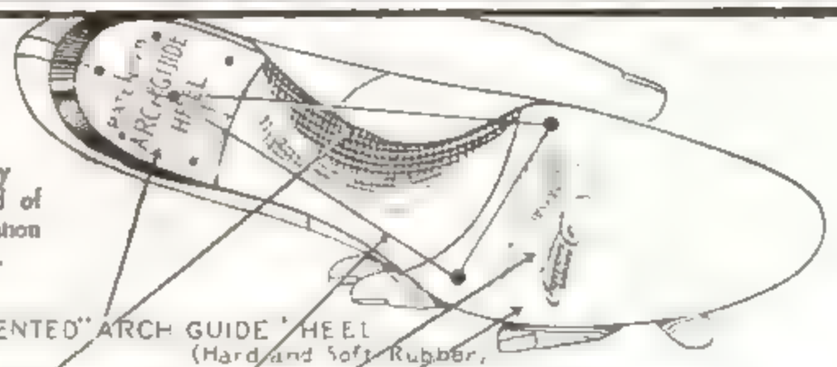

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(Continued from Page 70)

Senate. In the Senate it must go through the same tiresome journey that it traveled in the House. It must be referred to the Senate committee that has jurisdiction over it, and be considered for weeks, months or even years in a Senate committee room.

The overwhelming and constantly increasing mass of business that has kept Congress in practically continuous session for the past ten years has caused some congressional minds to turn toward the possibility of a more businesslike system of dealing with legislation.

The Hon. R. Walton Moore, of Virginia, a member of the special joint committee of the House and the Senate on the reorganization of the government departments, has advanced the idea of having bills considered by joint committees of the House and Senate, instead of having them first considered at great length by a House committee, and then at equally great, if not greater, length by a Senate committee.

In the old days the different states of the Union seemed competent to care for themselves and their affairs, and they so cared. Recently, and particularly since the outbreak of the war, the states appear to have lost confidence in their ability to take care of themselves. They are passing the buck with greater and greater frequency to the Federal Government, with the result that Congress is busying itself more and more with legislation that it should never have been obliged to undertake. Overburdened with these duties, and with the varied and complex problems that increase as the population of the country increases, Congress is in a fair way to be completely overwhelmed with work. But in addition to this it continues to retain its archaic and wasteful method of disposing of this work—a method which requires two complete sets of hearings on each subject which it considers. With an apparent determination to make itself as inefficient as possible, it carefully avoids all comprehensive, united and coherent effort in the initial stages of legislation.

Let us consider, for example, the involved movements of the late tariff bill. The Ways and Means Committee of the House began open hearings on the tariff on January 6, 1921, and took about one thousand oral or written statements, which filled four thousand printed pages—more material than is contained in ten ordinary-sized novels. The witnesses, because of their great number, were not searchingly examined or cross-examined.

Consumers Rarely Represented

"The great preponderance of testimony," declared Mr. Moore, Democrat, of Virginia, in a speech before the House, "was furnished by corporations and individuals anxious to increase duties and clamoring for the very highest duties that the committee might be persuaded to report; and it is not at all doubtful that they were asking rates the effect of which, in their opinion, would be to advance the prices of their own commodities."

This statement was corroborated by Mr. Frear, Republican, of Wisconsin, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, who reported to the House that "in all tariff hearings the producers are generally heard on different schedules and are often represented by experts, attorneys and many witnesses, all of whom urge on the committee high protective rates for their particular schedules. Rarely are the great army of consumers represented by witnesses."

In other words, the Ways and Means Committee in its hearings on the tariff, like practically all committees of Congress at the present time, received one-sided and biased information from minorities.

The hearings closed on February sixteenth, whereupon the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee went into executive session and drafted the tariff bill behind closed doors. No minutes were kept of the proceedings, no statements were given to the press, and the public was deprived of all information concerning the progress of this extremely important piece of legislation. On June twenty-ninth the chairman of the committee introduced the tariff bill in the House, and on July sixth it was reported out of committee after one committee meeting in which the Democratic members of the committee participated. General debate on the bill began in the House on July eighth and ended on July fourteenth. No amendments whatever were permitted during this period. Beginning July fifteenth it was given more detailed consideration for six days, but a special rule brought forward by the Committee on Rules made it practically impossible for any amendments to be offered except by the Republican majority of the Ways and Means Committee. On July twenty-first this bill was passed by the House. The House knew nothing whatever, strictly speaking, about the tariff bill. It blindly accepted the work of the seventeen Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee, "trusting," as Mr. Moore, of Virginia, and many others pointed out, "to the Senate to rescue it and the country from the consequences of its own reckless action."

The Joint Committee System

Having been passed by the House, the tariff bill then went over to the Senate, where it was referred to the Finance Committee on July 22, 1921. The Finance Committee considered it until April, 1922, and during the months that it was being considered by this committee more than two thousand amendments to the House bill were proposed. The Finance Committee reported the bill to the Senate on April 10, 1922, and the Senate, after much dreary, evasive, enlightening and boring debate, and after adopting more than twenty-three hundred amendments, passed it on August 19, 1922. It then went before a conference committee of the two Houses of Congress—a joint committee which compromised the differences between the two bills.

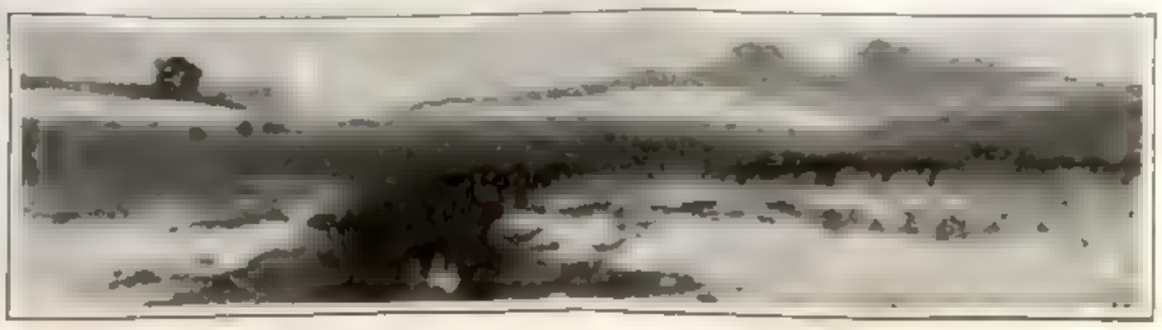
If the tariff could have been handled in the beginning by a joint committee from the House and the Senate an enormous amount of time would have been saved, there would have been less logrolling, and the public would have been better informed as to the nature of the bill.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, in his work on American Legislatures and Legislative Methods, points out the fact that joint committees are in use in the New England states of Maine, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

"The compactness of interests," says he, "the public attention bestowed on legislative matters, the legacy of political experience, the ultra-practical type of the Yankee mind, serve to render this field a favorable one for the joint action of legislative committees."

Professor Reinsch adds that "it is far more difficult to manipulate a joint committee in which the public is interested, and whose hearings are attended by all persons concerned, than to use the system of separate committees in such a manner as to defeat the public interest, even though maintaining the appearance of careful consideration and normal procedure. Among the great practical advantages of the joint-committee system are the saving of time through avoiding duplication, the lessening of the tendency toward the mutual shifting of responsibility, and strong educational influence of the newer members, the increase of efficiency due to intimate contact of men of both Houses and a varied experience, the closer scrutiny and more intensive investigation of legislative problems."

The American form of government has worked well in the past, and few people want to forsake it for any other form. There never yet was any sort of government that couldn't be improved, however, and there is much room for improvement in the committee form of government.



THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART

Continued from Page 21

threading. Sharon raised her face and looked at him with swimming eyes.

"I want you to kiss me, Shane. Just once. Then drive home."

Shane kissed her, just once, then drove home.

XVIII

SHANE left Sharon feeling rather like a man who in the midst of a sanguinary campaign where hostile forces are arrayed on every side strays unawares into an exquisite rose garden.

There in sheer relief from stress and strain he might give himself up for some precious moments to the soft glamour of the place and even stoop to bury his lips in the petals of the sweetest, freshest rose with no desire to purloin it. Why pluck it from its stem to carry it away into strife and turmoil or to suffer neglect in the distraction of harsh preoccupations?

There was something of this sort in Shane's attitude towards Sharon. It did not seem to him that his sensational life was of the sort to ask a girl like that to share. It held too many rough irregular incidents and episodes. As Cynthia had pointed out, Shane was actually a young man of irregular habits, and although these were far from being depraved or even self-indulgent to any harmful degree they were yet not married habits, or at least what married habits ought to be.

It occurred to him then that possibly Sharon might have no more desire for these same well-ordered married habits than had he himself, and that they might go along together as married lovers exploring in company the bizarre and *sui generis* and even freakish phases of things and people without reproaches on Sharon's part for exposures to occasional rough contacts, or discontent on Shane's for being forbidden them. He had never got this aspect of matrimony, but regarded it always from the angle of a settling down, like the sediment drawn from a centrifugal machine, the active principle, perhaps, but no longer in solution. And it was the very fact of being one of many component parts rotating around the other ingredients that spelled life for Shane. He did not want to be decanted as a unit, even as a family unit.

But it did not seem to him that with Sharon this would be apt to happen until it came in the natural order of things, and with a sort of tacit mutual consent. They would be more apt to whirl together in the sunshine, to fly together through high air or swim in the vortices of a clear and sparkling sea. It would not be a sudden withdrawal from swift swirling currents into a placid backwater.

All this was rather a confused impression that Shane brought back with him to his apartment. It cleared gradually and became more concrete as he recalled what Sharon had said about the necessity for lovers, mates belonging to the same era of evolution. In this respect it seemed to Shane that he and Sharon were contemporaries who had stepped from a fairly savage epoch into this, in some respects more savage. This idea grew as the hours passed. It seemed to warrant her spontaneous instinctive selection of him as a mate and, as Shane thought of her more as a woman than as an impulsive girl, to justify his steadily increasing fondness for her.

For the next few days his professional work kept him fully occupied. He saw Clamart once or twice at the Players' Club, but only to exchange casual friendly greetings. He thought that Clamart eyed him rather sharply, seemed on the point of offering some warning or proposal. Shane did not know whether or not Clamart considered the criminal factions to be smashed or discouraged. He did not wish to think about them. The destruction of the hangar had been complete and there was some comment in the press on the incinerated remains found inside it, the conclusion being that there had been an explosion of inflammable material and a suffocation of the victims before they had been able to get out. Their identity was undetermined. Shane reasoned that even if there were active members left, whether drug smugglers or killers, they would have no means of knowing just what happened. Or suspecting Clamart's hand from the finding of the two bodies by the creek, their awe for that sinister renegade must be augmented.

Then came a note from Sharon asking him for dinner at her father's house. Shane was loath to accept because of his feeling for Jedburgh, but Olivant, evidently anticipating his declining of the invitation, dropped in to see him before Shane had answered it.

"I hope you'll come for dinner, Emmet," Olivant said. "Sharon would be awfully hurt if you don't. Can't you bury the hatchet for her sake?"

"I don't know, Olivant," Shane answered. "I've never been much of a forgiver where a raw insult has been served me. You like Jedburgh, but I don't."

"I've got every reason to like him," Olivant answered, "but more than that, I exempt him from the usual requirements of polite behavior. Actually, Jedburgh is the only man who ever seemed to find some use in me, and that's worth a lot. Then I'm devoted to Sharon. She likes me, I think, but that's all. She's really in love with you, old chap. She's as good as told me so."

"Sharon is a sweet lovely girl," Shane said, "but I'm too used to my free way of living to take advantage of a romantic situation. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"You got her out of a horrid mess," Olivant said, "and put them both under lasting obligation."

"Well," said Shane, "I'm mighty glad to have come through clean with no further complications."

"I wonder if you have," said Olivant musingly. "Now don't get your back up, Emmet, when I ask you, man to man, if you're absolutely convinced yourself of Clamart's squareness."

"Absolutely," Shane answered, "so far as the ultimate object is concerned. I think he's fanatical in his hatred of crime and criminals. I do wish, though, that he'd work under due legal authority and not alone. Or he might continue to work alone, but with the proper police authorization. The trouble is they wouldn't give it to him here. They haven't ruled off his dossier as they did in France. He got out of this country with too many outstanding accounts."

"He sure proposes to make the world safe for the police," Olivant said, and as he spoke Shane's telephone bell jingled.

Shane picked up the instrument, and such was the clearness of the connection that the voice at the other end was audible to Olivant.

"This is the manager of the Actors' Hostel speaking. We have here a guest who says that he is an old friend of yours, and wants to know if you could drop in to see him. He is an actor, Barrett Demarest."

Shane glanced at Olivant, who nodded.

"What's the matter with Mr. Demarest?" Shane asked.

"General breakdown, I should say, sir. Call it poverty and past misfortune. We are not a hospital, but merely a small private charity for helping members of the theatrical profession through temporary distress. But I should say that Mr. Demarest would be unable to work for some time to come."

"All right," said Shane briefly. "I'll drop in and see him within the hour." He asked for and was given the number, that of a side street in the Thirties, then looked at Olivant.

"Poor old Barrett Demarest," he said. "You know him, of course."

"Yes, everybody knows Barrett. One of the old guard. Too bad."

"I saw him about a month ago," said Shane, "and helped him a little. 'Fraid he's done for. Another victim to the poppy, I should say. Know anything about this place?" He looked a little puzzled. "I've heard of it, but can't remember when or where."

Olivant shook his head. "No. I'll go round there with you if you like," said he. "We were all fond of Barrett. Last time I saw him he did a skit in the Lambs' Gambols."

Shane took his hat and coat and stick. "Well, let's see what's to be done. Can't ignore an S O S like that."

The two went out. Olivant was glad of an opportunity to improve a growing friendship with Shane, whom he had always admired. Also, he was kind and willing to do his part toward helping an old Broadway acquaintance in distress. It was about five o'clock, and they both were free. Shane also was pleased at Olivant's evidence of heart. His opinion of this young man had changed. The address was only five or six blocks away, so they walked down Fifth Avenue, then crosstown, facing a raw gusty wind that struck across the Hudson out of dark heavy masses of cloud. The house proved to be an old one in no way distinguished from those on either side, of dingy brownstone with a low squat stoop and a little iron balcony. Beside the door was a bronze plate on which was rather inconspicuously lettered "Actors' Hostel." The lower windows were fitted with iron grilles and there was a basement door of the same sort. Olivant glanced at it with a faint smile of recognition.

"I remember this dump. Dave Redfield's old gambling house. Closed up years ago when they made war on the get-poor-quick joints."

"That's right," said Shane. "This whole neighborhood was shady."

He glanced across the street, and as he did so noticed without remarking a flashily dressed woman entering what might have been a shabby boarding house. The woman appeared to be blond and painted, but something about her carriage struck Shane as not unfamiliar. At that moment the door was opened in answer to his ring and the two men found themselves confronted by a swarthy compact youth whose long hair and spectacles suggested the student. His loose black clothes were shiny from wear, but neat enough, and when he spoke his diction was that of a foreigner who has been at pains to learn an accurate English.

"Mr. Emmet?" he asked, and stood aside for them to enter.

"Yes," said Shane, "and Mr. Olivant."

He sniffed the rather heavy stuffy air of the interior. Its odor suggested a mixture of Russian cigarettes and cheap perfume and also a faint smell of some sort of disinfectant.

"Mr. Demarest sleeps most of the time," said the young man, and looked at Shane with eyebrows slightly lifted, and a significant expression. "I am afraid that we shall have to rouse him. It is not always very easy."

"I get you," Shane answered. "Whose charity is this hostel?"

"The upkeep of it is subscribed by several of the more successful and retired members of the profession. Its object is merely to tide over temporary distress. We cannot keep a guest for more than a week, and Mr. Demarest has been here for that length of time. He really ought to be placed in some institution. This way, gentlemen."

He led the way to the stairs. The house appeared to be clean, but its atmosphere affected Shane as though it were charged with the vital breaths and bodily emanations of many squalid people, like a stuffy clinic in some old barrack of a city hospital or the location of low-priced quacks with a large unclean clientele. And yet there was no distinctly disagreeable odor. It was rather a closeness, the lack of living air or any sort of ventilation.

The manager led them up the creaky stairs, two flights, then down a narrow hall that was dimly lighted by a gas jet. He rapped at a door and receiving no answer opened it and stood aside with a low-voiced "Come in, please, gentlemen."

Shane and Olivant entered. The room was almost dark, though a faint glimmer of the daylight that remained outside came in through the slits of the closed sheet-iron blinds, which were like those with which the windows of French houses are provided. In the far corner of the room was a single bed, on which appeared to be the figure of a man.

As Shane and Olivant moved toward it the manager said quietly "I'll give you some light," and stepped outside. The door swung to behind him and there came a sharp metallic click that told its own sinister story.

Shane knew then for the next few seconds the frantic desperation of the human or animal victim caught up in a fatal coil. He flung himself against the door. It was solid, and the knob had been removed. He rushed to a window and found the iron blind secured by a heavy padlock. A pallid flare of light shone through a narrow half-opened transom over the door. There was a slight thumping noise outside, as if a chair had been placed against the door. Then as Shane glared up at the transom the upper half of the manager's face appeared in the aperture. A hand was thrust in for an inch or two. Its fingers clutched a small spherical flask of thin glass, like a

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chemist's bell jar. Shane guessing the contents of this froze in his tracks, commending his soul to the hazard of eternity.

The voice of the manager, faintly mocking, said, "You know, perhaps, what this container holds. You were with Clamart that night."

Shane did not answer. Olivant, beside the bed, stared dumbly from Shane to the pallid upper segment of the face at the transom. The glass vessel was withdrawn. Shane, breathing heavily and the sweat bursting from every pore, sank into a shabby upholstered armchair. Olivant sat down upon the edge of the bed, which he had already discovered to be empty.

Shane pulled himself together. "Well," he barked between his set teeth, "why don't you chuck it and get it over with?"

"Not yet, Mr. Emmet, if you are quiet. Perhaps not at all. Our object is not revenge, but money. Clamart and Jedburgh have ruined us between them. They are both rich men, and they have got to pay."

"How can they pay?" Shane asked. "And why should they pay for us?"

"They can pay in clean bank notes of small denomination. Our price is two hundred thousand dollars. And it must be paid before tomorrow noon. You two are their friends and associates, and they got you into this. I shall ask you each to write a letter explaining your position and advising them that unless this money is paid to our messenger before noon of tomorrow you will both be dead an hour later."

"And if it should be paid?" Shane asked.

"Then you will be free to leave as soon as you recover from the effects of a narcotic given you. There is nothing to fear. I was a student of Professor Humboldt and got into this affair through my devotion to him. But I have nothing personally against either of you. We need this money to compensate our losses through the burning of the balloon hangar by Jedburgh or Clamart. Which one of them did that?" He looked at Shane.

"Suppose you blame it on me," Shane answered shortly.

"Stick it on us both," said Olivant. "Since we're the goats, why not make the most of us? But your life-insurance proposition sounds like bunk to me, brother. Mr. Jedburgh and Clamart are no pikers and might be willing to come across, but they are both sadly lacking in a faith in human nature. They wouldn't believe in a million years that once you got the money you would take a chance on letting us off."

"Couldn't you manage to deliver our persons?" Shane asked.

"That is what I advocated, but my comrades refuse to take the risk. We are to have a meeting in about an hour, when I shall urge it again. We are all too afraid of Clamart. We regard him as an almost superhuman agency. I am afraid that you will have to take your chance on getting the money delivered to us here."

"A darned slim chance," said Olivant.

"Clamart was the rock on which we split," the manager continued. "Our first mistake was in not offering him enough, a third share or even half. Our next great blunder was in approaching Jedburgh at all. But the most fatal piece of stupidity was in kidnaping his daughter. He blamed that to Clamart, so to save himself Clamart had to smash us. And smash us he did. That's what comes of trying to work with fools."

"From the bitterness with which you speak," said Olivant, "one might think that you were describing the collapse of some splendid commercial enterprise. You could never really have got away with it, you know."

"Pardon me, but the most difficult part of it was done. The rest should have been easy if handled with any sense. This place was only one of about five hundred distributing agencies differently disguised. But this was the headquarters of a group organized to deal with dangerous enemies."

Shane nodded. So Clamart, that astute ex-criminal, had been right. And he, Shane, was now not far removed from paying the final price of his destruction of the hangar, the depot of supply for all these substations organized to tear down into the slough the health and sanity of a great commonwealth. For a moment Shane felt that if it had not been for the gallant Olivant this price would not have been too great.

"Was Barrett Demarest one of your clients?" he asked.

"No," said the manager. "He came here in all good faith because he was sick and destitute. We received a number of actors like that for the sake of the fence they offered. Some, of course, were opium habitués. Many could not carry on without the drug. As I see it, that is a man's own affair, an important factor of his personal liberty."

"The same old bunk," said Shane wearily. "You've got your nerve to defend it with us waiting for our euthanasia."

"Ah, but you brought it on yourselves by interfering with that very liberty. For my part, there has never been but one thing in the life of a man that really counts, and that is liberty. Perhaps now you may agree with me."

"My word," Olivant sighed, "but you are the cheerful young assassin!"

"I have to my credit the removal of a number of lesser tyrants," was the modest answer. "From my viewpoint, whoever seeks to curtail liberty loses his right to live. I speak of course in the broader sense."

"Then you think we really ought to get snuffed out?" said Shane.

"I honestly do. All reformers are clogs to the cause of liberty when they get to passing prohibitive laws. Society must work out its own salvation. I discovered through Mr. Demarest that you were old friends of his, then had you watched with the purpose of finding you together when I telephoned. I hoped that you would both come. But in your case it was purely a commercial measure. For that reason I am going to advocate risking the delivery of your persons against the ransom money. But I doubt if I succeed."

"Well," said Olivant, "let's hope you do for all our sakes, because you certainly won't get it otherwise." And then to Shane's astonishment he added casually, "Emmet is Mr. Jedburgh's prospective son-in-law, you know, and the old boy is strong for him. But while he might consider that a nice live son-in-law was worth a hundred thousand dollars, his business principles would tell him that a dead one isn't worth a cent."

"I shall present that for consideration," said the manager. "I must now call a comrade to relieve me here. I warn you gentlemen that the slightest suspicious act of yours will be instantly fatal. A quick and painless ending."

He turned and gave some order in a foreign tongue. His head disappeared from the aperture in the transom. The upper segment of a face replaced it, eyes dark and luminous and widely spaced, with prominent cheek bones and a broad low forehead. The wild eyes stared down at them with a sort of frightened fascinated glare. They did not waver when Olivant waved his hand in a flippant semisalute.

XIX

ABOUT an hour passed. The two young men smoked and exchanged occasional remarks in the lifeless fashion of men who feel inwardly convinced that death is hovering close.

Neither doubted for a moment Jedburgh's or Clamart's willingness to do his best. But though they might find the ransom money readily enough and pay it to whatever messenger was sent, such was Shane's opinion of the unemotional mercilessness of their captors that he really did not believe that they would think it worth while to take any chances in their getaway. Certainly two dead men who might remain some days undiscovered in an abandoned house were safer than two live ones. And Olivant agreed with Shane that Clamart knowing the sort of criminals with whom he had to deal would not risk any attempt to shadow the messenger. He would prefer letting the remnants of the mob make good their escape and taking the slim chance of their keeping the agreement to spare Shane and Olivant to risk the precipitation of their doom.

Shane told Olivant briefly the whole history of the affair, and how he had been drawn into it.

"Looks as if my boss were right about Clamart's always having wanted the lion's share," said Olivant.

"Well now, Olivant," Shane answered, "I can't yet believe that Frank is crooked. For one thing I don't think he'd have let me in for it if he had been. If he kept them guessing it was just for that—to keep them guessing—sort of a protection in a way."

"My word, Emmet, but you're a loyal friend."

"Well, I'd rather die believing that I hadn't been entirely a dupe and with still a lingering faith in the friendship of my fellow man."

"I'm not so sure we're going to die," said Olivant. "Such absolute cold-bloodedness doesn't seem quite human."

Shane shook his head. "Safety first is the motto of devils like these. They like to kill. They consider it an act of weakness to show a grain of mercy and let an enemy get by. However, we've only got to wait and see. If it does come it will come quick. Something chucked through that transom—then good night—or good morning, Judge Peter, as the case may be."

"It's a rum finish," said Olivant, "but it's in good company, old chap, and that's worth a lot."

Shane was conscious of a swelling in his throat, not self-pity but an admiration for this nonchalant companion. "You've said it, Olivant. I've met some nervy men in my time, but never one that I'd be prouder to break the fresh trail with than with you."

This emotional crisis, strongly restrained, left them silent for a moment. Then Olivant, whose good cheer was of the immortal, imperishable sort that defies anything so insignificant as pressing death, remarked almost blithely, "I say, Shane, I can't help banking a little on what I told them about your being Jedburgh's prospective son-in-law. Because you're headed that way, you know, whether you've fully discovered it or not."

"Well," said Shane reflectively, "the curious fact about it is that almost as you were saying it I did discover it. That's what makes me so loath to quit."

"That girl's pure gold," said Olivant. "Sometimes I've thought that she strikes the balance of everything that's raw in her dad. And she's in love with you until it hurts. Will you do me a favor—grant me a last request in case we don't come through?"

"Anything you like, old man."

"Then write Sharon a brief line to say that if die you must, you do so loving her. That it's worth it to have saved her from these swine."

"All right," said Shane. "It would be a final *beau geste*, even if it weren't the truth; and I've just recently discovered that it would be about the truest letter to a girl I ever wrote."

"We're getting on," said Olivant. "'O death, where is thy sting?'"

"There's no sting in the sort he promised us, old boy," Shane said. "A perfect euthanasia."

Another little silence fell in contemplation of this thought. It was interrupted by the sounds of people moving quietly past the door, then the slight rustling of furniture and the low murmur of voices in the next room, this so audible that Shane remarked upon it.

"Must be a mighty thin partition or perhaps a listening post of sorts. If they discuss our fate in ordinary tones we shan't have to be told."

"They should worry about what we overhear," said Olivant, "because we've got about as much chance for an appeal as the poor devil strapped on the chair waiting to short-circuit the lighting system."

It was apparent that a number of people were in conclave. The sounds from the adjoining room indicated chairs drawn up to a table, as if for a directors' meeting or the deliberations of a jury, which was actually what it amounted to. Also a certain decorousness obtained in the discussion, as if a presiding officer were addressing and responding in turn to different members of the meeting. The voices slowly rose in pitch and volume, but this availed the listeners nothing, for the language spoken was a foreign one that neither understood—Russian or Polish or Spanish, muffled by the intervening diaphragm of thin wall in a way to make even its nationality unintelligible.

Shane and Olivant sat waiting apathetically. From time to time they caught a glimpse of the eyes and forehead of their guard outside the door peering over the transom in a cursory way, as though performing reluctantly an unnecessary duty. They could in fact anticipate the inspection from the rustle made as he mounted on a chair.

Then as the discussion in the room adjoining became more general and disputative, as though there were a growing lack of accord, it seemed to Shane that this transom surveillance was growing more infrequent, longer spaced in intervals. The man might be sitting for longer lapses or slipping off to listen to the progress of the debate. Shane began to wonder how many lunges against that door would burst it through, but it was a heavy old-fashioned one and opened inward. Shane knew that it was easy to burst in a door from without, but not out from within, because of the supporting jambs.

He abandoned any such hopeless endeavor. He was also beginning to abandon any other sort of hope because it seemed to him that the argument was moving in their disfavor. Shane reasoned that if favorable it would not have lasted so long. There seemed to be a kind of protest against some sort of folly, and a premonition told him that this folly would be considered that of risking their release.

The head appeared again above the transom. Shane watching it abstractedly could see only its upper half, a segment of the nose, the eyes and forehead. It had for him a curious fascination, perhaps because the eyes were luminous against a very pallid skin. This and a sort of masklike absence of expression held his gaze. He began to concentrate upon those eyes to see how long he might be able to fix and hold their almost hypnotic stare, and while doing this it seemed presently to him as though he were slowly acquiring a mastery. They appeared to darken and the skin against which they were set, to whiten. It flashed then across Shane's mind that a number of people, particularly women, had at different times remarked the forcefulness of his regard.

He thought suddenly of Cynthia and how she had been whelmed with a sort of horror and confusion on meeting his stare for that brief moment in which his mind was focused in retrospect of his strangling match with the watcher down there by the creek and he had seemed to feel again the contortions of the man's body against his.

Shane had never experimented in hypnotism and had a mild aversion for such practice as one partly hysterical, partly unclean.

It occurred then to him that not many days ago he had been drawn into a staring match with Jedburgh, when that crushing personality had transferred his fixity of gaze from the polished top of the humidor to the focal point of Shane's vision, as though driving in a spike. And in that brief encounter the visual outpourings of Shane's will had smote against that of Jedburgh and blunted and crumpled and flung it back at him with the insulting violence of a stream of spittle.

Shane had not thought much of it at the time because he was too incensed and the encounter had on his part been impromptu. But he thought of it now, and remembered that the dominant Jedburgh had seemed to him to shift his gaze with a decided effort.

All this while—two or three seconds, perhaps—Shane seemed to feel within himself a swiftly growing mastery. He became instinctively conscious of a tremendous force within himself. His will poured out with a sort of gripping tenacity to hold the gaze of that section of a mask that was peering through the transom.

Beside him Olivant was leaning back in a semidrowse, the result, perhaps, of the diminished oxygen in the small unventilated room. The noise of the voices on the other side of the partition had mounted to a wrangling crescendo.

For the first time in his life Shane put out a violent and conscious effort at the projection of moral force in a purely occult way.

Then something went wrong. Shane discovered to his dismay that the eyes glaring at him through the slit in the transom were becoming glazed. They rolled upward to expose the white eyeballs. Also the head in which they were set was tilting slowly backward. Four clutching fingers hooked themselves over the transom's edge as if for support. They began to slip a little.

Was the man fainting? Losing consciousness from the crushing weight of Shane's projected will? Whatever the cause, the effect threatened disaster to any effort of Shane's. The man was about to fall. Shane waited for the crash.

But there was no crash; merely a faint rustling and what sounded like an expiring sigh. The chalky visage set with its white eyeballs disappeared. The gripping fingers slipped off the transom's edge. Shane found himself staring at the empty space as one might stare at the swimming void left in the fading of an apparition. Shane, bewildered, was still staring in this blind

Continued on Page 76

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(Continued from Page 74)

fashion when he heard a door creak sharply on its hinges.

The diapason of babble that had been rising and falling in the room adjoining trailed off in a syncopated diminuendo. It checked, stopped, and in the breathless silence that followed Shane heard smothered, gasping pronunciation of the name that had passed through his brain so many times and with such varying claims on his belief and disbelief.

"Clamart! Clamart! Clamart!"

Shane's heart checked in mid-air, like a shot pigeon. There was another mortal second of silence. Then, as if some feline beast, one of the great carnivora, were starting its rattling, snarling growl, Shane heard in fierce tones of such inflection as he had never heard before in Clamart's throaty voice: "Where are they? Are they still alive? Speak up, you spawn of hell!"

Olivant roused with a start. Shane gripped his knee with a warning "Sh-sh-h." It was not a moment to create the least diversion. How Clamart could hope to hold fast such a roomful or impress his mastery upon it was unimaginable, but there must at least be nothing to distract his attention. The suddenness of his appearance, the dread of his personality, and perhaps even more the ferocious contempt of his bearing as he flung in upon them unsupported had produced a sort of stasis of thought and speech and action. Or so it seemed to Shane as no man of them spoke.

"Where are they?" Clamart next demanded. "Speak out, some of you stinking snakes!" And then as the silence still continued his voice broke louder with a husky, almost coughing aspiration: "Hand me that list, hellion! Sit still, the whole rotten scum of you!"

Another silence of breathless tension. Shane, expectant of a sudden uproar when the spell broke, as any moment promised that it must, heard from Clamart a sort of furious strangled imprecation that was part a sob. Then: "Ruled off, by the Lord! That does it. Here you go!"

There came at this a curious bleating sound. "Ah, Gott, no!" cried a thin reedy voice; and another panted, "Wait, Clamart! They are still alive. No, no!" A wailing chorus quavered, "Wait! Wait! They are alive! No, no!"

But it seemed to Shane that this agonized babel that was yet not loud confined itself to smothered protests, stifled implorings and the sort of breathless supplications that might come from grovelers, their heads in the dust, almost inviting the lethal stroke and already moribund from dread expectation of it. Victims of the arena might have uttered such lifeless inarticulate cries as the lions crouched and crawled to take them.

"That's the breed you spawn from," Clamart growled. "Liars and belly-crawlers to your last poisonous breath. Suck it in, you devil-brew!"

There came a rustle, a sharp tinkle of breaking glass and the sliding of quick feet. A door slammed. There was a tremulous wail or two, followed by the confused bumping of bodies; then silence again.

XX

SOMEBODY was breathing heavily just outside the room where Shane and Olivant were sitting petrified with wonder.

Shane found his voice and called softly, "Frank."

"Shane!"

The door was shaken violently, then unlocked and opened. Clamart stood staring dazedly at the pair. At his feet lay the body of a man, the guard.

"I thought they'd done for you," Clamart panted. "Come quick before it gets us!"

They hurried down the stairs. At the foot Olivant paused, clinging to the newel post. "I feel groggy," he gasped.

Clamart took him under the arm. "This way, hurry!" he said, and led them to the rear of the house.

He opened two windows, then sat Olivant in a chair by one of them. Shane himself was conscious of no discomfort. Clamart, after a few deep breaths, seemed at his ease again.

"What happened up there, Frank?" Shane asked, though partly guessing.

"The last act. The grand finale. Scarcely that, though. Call it the scraping of the dirty dishes. Lord, but I'm happy, boy. I thought I'd got around to it too late. I was watching that skunk outside your door, from the head of the stairs. When he waited I thought he must have got a whiff from inside your room. But it was what he was about to give you, not what he had already given you. I took it from his hand as he keeled over. He had loosened the cork a little."

"Gosh! And you took it?"

"I jammed it down again. Even then, it nearly got me. I was fighting for breath in there. Then I looked on their list and saw your names ruled off. That settled it. I fed it to 'em. Smashed the flask along the table they were sitting round. Swift action. It got them all at once."

"They're right about you, Frank," Shane said. "Thought perhaps they'd all died of fright." He looked at Olivant. "How's she sparking, buddy?"

"Better now." Olivant sat up. "Makes me sick to go through smiling until the big rescue scene, then flop from funk."

"No blooming fear," Shane said. "We know all about that. Who tipped you off that we were here, Frank?"

"Léontine. We've been keeping our eye on this joint. She saw you come in just before dark."

Shane struck his thigh. "That girl in a blond wig, across the street! I might have guessed."

Clamart shook his head. "You might have remembered, Shane. She mentioned this place in your hearing at my house. Said she saw Humboldt come out of it."

Shane nodded gloomily. "That's right. I wondered where I'd heard the name. I now recall your saying that it was pretty raw for a great chemist like Humboldt to get down to peddling dope. I need a nurse in constant attendance. That or an undertaker."

"Not the latter now." Clamart drew another long breath. "This crowd is cooked."

Olivant rose to his feet and stood a little unsteadily. "Well, that's some dish for old William H. Satan. Shall we go?"

"Just a moment," Clamart said. "I want to take a look around up there."

Shane shook his head. "Too devilish risky, Frank."

"I don't think so. This stuff acts instantaneously and then loses its good, like an explosion. You know Léontine went into Colling's place right after they got him, and sat there three-quarters of an hour. I did the same. Went into my study not long after it was dropped down the chimney. It's a highly volatile toxic ether acting on the heart centers, and the chances are that the contact with the air renders it almost immediately inert. They say a drop of pure prussic acid on a dog's tongue will kill him before he gets his mouth shut, and a whiff of this stuff seems to have about the same effect. The ancients had subtle poisons like that. You chaps wait here. I'll be careful."

Shane caught him by the sleeve. "Don't chance it, Frank. It's not worth it."

"I really ought to, Shane."

"Then I'll go with you."

"So will I," said Olivant—"but go slow about it."

"You bet. I want to get the list, and air the room." He led the way up the stairs, then paused outside the closed door of the fatal room. Sniffing tentatively around its crevices Clamart opened it a crack. "All right," he said, and entered.

Shane followed, scarcely breathing. On the threshold he fetched up aghast.

"This will do me, thanks," he said. "Get your list and come along."

"All right," Clamart answered. "I only wanted to make sure. It's made. We'll leave the door open. No danger now." And he followed Shane out and down the stairs. "Let's slip out now unostentatiously. If we're suspected of being mixed up in this party we'd spend the rest of our lives explaining things and trying to prove the virtue of our action and intentions."

"Yes, in jail," Shane agreed.

"No blooming fear with Papa Jedburgh in the party. The gullet of any jail would choke on him."

"What price slime like that?" asked Clamart with contempt. "They are criminals on such a lot of counts, and not one of them with the saving grace of manhood. They sneak into the country through Cuba. Their European record is anarchy and assassination, poison mostly or bombs. They prey on a clean nation through pandering to vices of their own dissemination. They blackmail, murder, abduct or poison, and all by stealth. And when you get them cornered there's not a man of them dares lift his eyes to look death in the face. Faugh!" He spat on the rug.

"What you've just done," said Shane, "is rather like sticking a formalin candle into a room infected with tetanus or cholera bacilli."

"That's it," said Olivant. "They even have the look of magnified microbes. What if we go?"

"Come on," said Clamart, and they went out. "I'll leave the front door open. That will attract the notice of the patrolman when he passes. No use in empesting the place any more than necessary."

The night was dark with a cold drizzle. They walked unnoticed to the next big thoroughfare. None of them had spoken since leaving the house.

Pausing now on a corner to look around for a taxi Clamart asked, "Is Mr. Jedburgh apt to be at home, Olivant?"

"Why, yes. At home, and cursing me for my A. W. O. L. He wanted me to help draft up a big advertising drive."

"Then he shall not want in vain," Clamart said dryly. "It's only about nine o'clock, and he'll still be digesting. Mr. Jedburgh will have not only your valued services but Shane's and mine also. Does he ever play chess?"

"Why—yes."

"Well, then," said Clamart, "it is his move. Let's go up and see how good a sport he is." And he signaled a questing taxi.

XXI

THE great Jedburgh had achieved his habitual Gargantuan repast and was in his study impatiently awaiting Olivant, when this valued confidential secretary entered. Jedburgh glanced at his face and frowned.

"You look like you had been on the loose," he growled.

"On the contrary, Mr. Jedburgh," Olivant answered, "I have never been in a position that seemed to offer so little hope of ever being on the loose again."

"Hah!"

Jedburgh's frown deepened. He disliked cryptic or ambiguous speech when addressed directly to himself, though it amused him to hear Olivant vex and bewilder other people with it, those coming to him with propositions that they displayed in gilded frames.

"Shane Emmet and I walked into a deadfall late this afternoon, Mr. Jedburgh. The price of our lives was two hundred thousand dollars to be paid a messenger by you or Clamart or both. It wouldn't have been much of a business proposition though, because they meant to kill us anyway. We knew it all the time."

Jedburgh stared at him stonily. The big cigar began to roll its way to the opposite hemisphere of his face.

"Another of this feller Clamart's games," he growled.

Olivant's pale blue eyes appeared to freeze as pale blue water sometimes does, in a quick and bitter frost. Jedburgh had never seen that hard and icy sheen upon their surface.

"Then if it was a game of his, Mr. Jedburgh, he played it to a brilliant finish. Clamart came to that place alone and said a few brief valedictory words to these five people and killed them dead as thoroughly poisoned rats. He's outside with Emmet and wants a little visit with you. He said something about a game of chess. I don't quite get his drift, but then, I'm still muddled in my thoughts and fancies."

"You're drunk or balmy," muttered Jedburgh.

Olivant sank wearily into his secretarial chair. "Then suppose you call them in, Mr. Jedburgh, and see if they are drunk and balmy too."

Jedburgh touched a button. A moment later Shane and Clamart entered. They acknowledged in kind Jedburgh's brief and noncommittal nod.

"What you fellers been doin' to Olivant?" he asked.

Shane answered curtly: "Running him into a death trap and out of it again. I did the first, and Mr. Clamart did the second."

"Let's have the brief of it," said Jedburgh. "Sit down."

They seated themselves, Shane in the state of vibrant animosity with which this man inspired him, and Clamart calm, unruffled, indifferent so far as one could see, but with a sort of lurking amusement in his gray thoughtful eyes. Shane, as though grudging the trouble he took to tell the story, described the sequence of events from the beginning in his studio to the end where they had made their brief survey of Clamart's finished work. There was in

Shane's style of narration a sort of impatient intolerant curtness, as though he were saying to himself, "Why am I bothering to make a report to this unblinking image that hasn't and never will have the sense to believe in any individual except the one that he stares at when he shaves?"

At his sulky conclusion Jedburgh, who had listened entirely unmoved, rotated his big head in the direction of Clamart.

"Looks like you saved us our two bright young fellers and a big bunch of money, Clamart."

"I may have saved you more than that, Jedburgh," Clamart answered pleasantly. He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and pushed it across the table. "Here is a list of thirteen names of people evidently intended for the scrap heap. The first is that of Colling, my late associate. It's ruled off. They got him. A little farther down, you come to mine, also ruled off, then written in again. They were a little hasty about that. Then, next to the last, is your own. That would seem to indicate that they still had some hope of doing business with you until quite recently. That fourth name ruled off, I don't know. One of their own mob, very likely."

"Emmet and Olivant are ruled off," Jedburgh muttered.

"Yes," said Clamart. "When I saw that I did some ruling off myself. I took it for granted that I'd got there too late—except for reprisals. I had reason to believe that they already had just done for these two boys, because when I got to the head of the stairs I saw a man standing on a chair in the act of slowly collapsing and hanging to the edge of the transom by one hand. It seemed plain enough that he'd done his job to those inside the room and got a dose of his own medicine before he could get clear. I caught him as he fell and eased him down and took the flask out of his hand."

"What is this here stuff?" Jedburgh asked.

"I'm not chemist enough to tell you. Something like what the court poisoner used to put on a rose that some royal sweetheart who had got troublesome was apt to smell."

"Do you think you got 'em all?" Jedburgh asked.

"I hope so. But I think you got the worst of them, the leaders. And that was my game too."

Jedburgh gave him a piercing look, for his big bulging eyes could be intent enough. "What do you mean, your game? What sort of a game?"

"Call it chess," said Clamart. "You were the opposing king. I was playing to checkmate you, not to destroy you. You don't jump the king in chess. When he's checkmated the game stops and the other fellow wins. Then the beaten party pays his ransom."

"Don't get you," said Jedburgh. "Let's have it in straight talk."

"Well, then, Mr. Jedburgh, I've been playing a big game for a definite stake. That was to smash the narcotic traffic in this country. I believed that it might find a powerful backer in you. That's where I began really to play. My king was a clean country. I took on Emmet as my king's knight. Léontine was the queen. Then there were bishops and castles and pawns and things. My first moves were less at you than around you. I had nothing at all to do with the abduction of your daughter, but I sent you down there after her hoping that one of two things would happen: That either you would commit yourself in some way so as to get into a pocket where I could nail you; or in your rage at being coerced you would sweep a lot of my adversaries off the board and stop the game. You did. You did both. But I wanted more than merely to stop your backing of these others, I wanted your support for that great movement of mine that I told Olivant about. And I think I've got it."

"Why?" Jedburgh demanded. His cigar rolled back again.

"From an estimate of your own true character." Clamart leaned forward, dropped his elbows on the desk and his eyes fastened those of Jedburgh. "You hate to find yourself under obligation to any man. But you are now under a deep obligation to me, and an even greater one to Shane Emmet, who is allied with me. Emmet saved your daughter from God knows what. He may have saved your life in that fight at the balloon shed, and he may have saved you no end of trouble in burning up the place with the bodies of the men you shot."

"I was wrong about Emmet," Jedburgh growled, "and I don't mind saying so. I guess I've been wrong about you too."

"I guess you have," Clamart retorted. "Tonight I have saved the life of Olivant, who if loyal service and devotion count for anything ought to be pretty close to you. And I think I may claim to have eliminated the future possibility of your name being ruled off a list like this. There's nobody left to rule it off unless I'm very much mistaken."

Jedburgh leaned back in his chair, clasped his thick hands behind his head and stared thoughtfully at Clamart. "So now you've come to collect your pay," he said.

"Call it a bet, Jedburgh. The wager of the game. I never did believe that you'd believe in me, but I hoped I might persuade you that what I offer is worth it to you in advertising—popular publicity. I've been playing not so much against you as for you against this horrible outfit. I've been making moves and shifting players and risking the loss of the best, with you the prize. In many ways you are a king, Jedburgh, and I think you're princely enough to square an obligation."

For several seconds Jedburgh remained immobile as the lower section of the totem pole that he so much resembled. Then a curious phenomenon began slowly to manifest itself in the stolid bulk of the big man.

Shane watching him intently could not immediately determine what was happening. Jedburgh, eying Clamart with a sort of enveloping comprehension, shifted his eyes to Shane.

"What do you want, young feller?" he rumbled.

"A whole lot," Shane answered, "more than Clamart. I want Sharon."

Jedburgh's eyes began to twinkle. Shane would never have believed it possible that they could twinkle. Jedburgh shifted them again to Olivant.

"What's yours, Olivant?"

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All over the United States are scattered prosperous, contented representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them, who devote a large part or all of their time to subscription work, are earning $50.00 a week and more—practically all of them receive from us for their spare time up to $1.50 an hour. Yet the popularity of the three Curtis publications is so great that these subscription workers have hardly scratched the surface of the opportunities open to live workers in every community. As Mr. Hoefer, one of the representatives pictured at the left, so truly remarks, "Any hustler should easily earn $100.00 to $200.00 extra each month looking after the renewals and new subscriptions for the Curtis publications."

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To Motion Picture Exhibitors and Patrons Everywhere

See Page 75 THIS ISSUE

If Building Your Own Radio

PATENTS.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"It's about time you asked, Mr. Jedburgh," Olivant answered in a dry crackling voice. "By Gad, I want a drink."

A convulsive movement shook Jedburgh. He goggled at his secretary and was seized by a sort of eruptive strangling in his throat. Then suddenly and without the slightest warning hoarse bellowings broke out of him, and Shane understood. Jedburgh was laughing.

Even Olivant, the habitually unperturbed, looked alarmed. He touched a bell, and ordered whisky, but Jedburgh's unwonted ebullition stopped as suddenly as it had begun. He leaned across his desk and stretched out a thick mottled hand.

"Shake, Clamart. I had you wrong. I'm a practical sort of feller, and it's hard for me to swaller anything outside my line. But you're all right. Go as far as you like. Carry on your Christian crusade, now that there's been a good house cleanin'."

Shane, watching Clamart, saw what he had never expected to see on that handsome virile masterful face that could be so terrific at times. A wonderful softening was set upon it, as an artist might lay in the delicate human contours after having mapped out the vigorous planes and angles of his portrait.

"Well, that's fixed," Jedburgh said, and looked at Shane.

"Do you think my girl will have you, young feller?"

"I don't know, sir," Shane answered in a sudden dawning of respect. "I haven't asked her."

"Well, then," Jedburgh said, "go upstairs in the pink silk sittin' room and ask her." And wheeling suddenly to Olivant he said, "And there's your drink. Clamart had me right. I always try to pay my shot."

An hour later Shane went back to his apartment. He was desperately tired, but with that not unpleasant fatigue that comes when the strain is over, the work well finished, and one yields to the demands of brain and body with the consciousness of a merited repose.

Undressing slowly he paused several times to stare thoughtfully at the photograph of Cynthia that so long had occupied its place upon his desk, rather like an icon in its big silver frame.

He now appeared to weigh the justice of its claim to be there, in that position of undisputed sovereignty. Shane picked it up, looked at it curiously for a moment, and with deliberation took it from its shrine. Then stepping back his eyes rested on the void that it had left. This emptiness was singularly lacking in any poignant sense of loss; in fact, it seemed already to possess a tenant, a young and very lovely tenant of whom the personality might fill not the lacking complementary part that hitherto he had felt himself to need but a supplementary one.

He began to understand a little better why since meeting Sharon he had felt the inadequacy of Cynthia to fill more than a few of his empty places. It was because Cynthia did not wish to fill these gaps with anything of her very own. She would have liked to smooth them over by the introduction of foreign matter followed by a glaze—like makeshift carpentry where a wedge is driven to remedy the poor juxtaposition of a mortise. Their two natures did not interlock. There must always be points of missing contact. But something told Shane that with Sharon there would be none of these. There was a richness about her that seemed to promise a pouring in of her to fill the heart and soul of the man of her choice like a molten precious metal into a mold.

Some women, he reflected, made captives of their husbands and held them in chains. Others colonized them, very often wisely and well. But still others effected a union that resulted in a new and stronger race. He knew that Sharon would be like that.

So he stared at the empty oval of the frame and the distinctive faculty of visualization that he possessed began to create an image there. Sharon, summoned from the void, looked out at him where formerly he had looked at Cynthia. Shane smiled a little to himself.

Then musingly he stepped across the room to the line of bookshelves, and there he made of Cynthia's photograph the most final disposition that one can possibly find for such. He placed it with the other pretty portraits that were there.

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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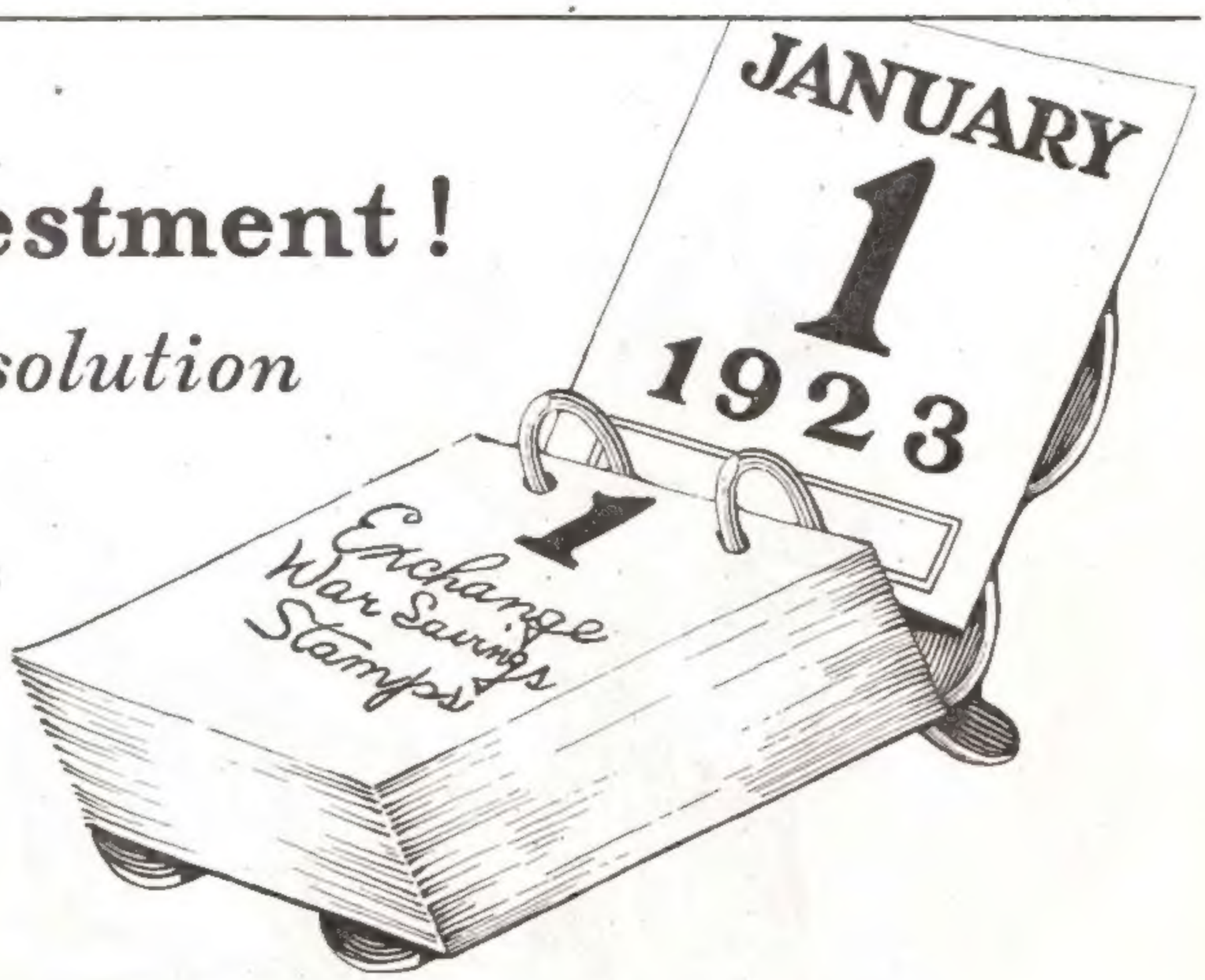
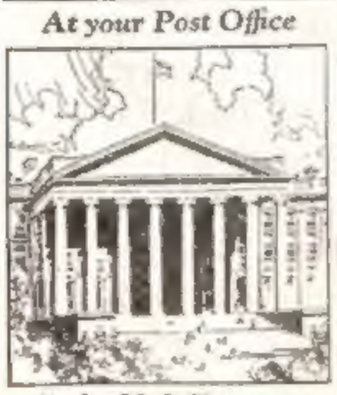
—your first resolution for the New Year



Exchange your 1918 War Savings Stamps for Treasury Savings Certificates

At your Post Office



At the U. S. Treasury

At your Bank

Sound investment and constant reinvestment! That's the secret of success.

Your 1918 War Savings Stamps become due January 1, 1923. Reinvest this money in Treasury Savings Certificates—one of the safest investments in the world today. Until January 15, 1923, you can do this as of January 1, 1923, without loss of interest.

How 1918 War Savings Stamps may be exchanged

Take your War Savings Stamps to your post office or bank.

If you have $25 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $25 Treasury Savings Certificate and $4.50 in cash.

If you have $100 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $100 Treasury Savings Certificate and $18 in cash.

If you have $1000 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $1000 Treasury Savings Certificate and two $100 Treasury Savings Certificates and $16 in cash.

These examples show what you can get with your War Savings Stamps. You can make similar exchanges in other amounts.

Some advantages in owning Treasury Savings Certificates

1. Backed by the credit of the United States Government, Treasury Savings Certificates are one of the soundest investments in the world today.
2. Issued in denominations within the reach of all. A $25 Certificate costs you only $20.50, a $100 Certificate $82, a $1000 Certificate $820.
3. Each member of the family may buy up to $5000 maturity value of any one series.
4. At present prices Treasury Savings Certificates earn 4 per cent per year, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity. Each certificate matures five years from date of issue.
5. If cashed before maturity you receive 3 per cent simple interest.
6. The certificates are exempt from normal Federal Income Tax, and from all State and local taxation (except estate and inheritance taxes).

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SAVINGS SYSTEM

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Photo © U. & U., N. Y.

Infantrymen of the U. S. Regular Army fraternizing with loyal native scouts during Philippine insurrection.... Many of the men who served with Dewey at Manila, or with Wheeler at San Juan returned to their homes in this year.... Other events of '99 were the first Universal Peace Conference, the ratification of the Paris Treaty between the United States and Spain, the outbreak of the Boer War, and the Windsor Hotel holocaust in New York City.

IT was back in 1899 that James Leffel & Company built and installed turbines to transmute the roaring, tumbling waters of Niagara into useful electric power. And it was in the same year—the very dawn of this electrical age—that Robbins & Myers Motor No. 34 started its life work in the Leffel plant at Springfield, Ohio.

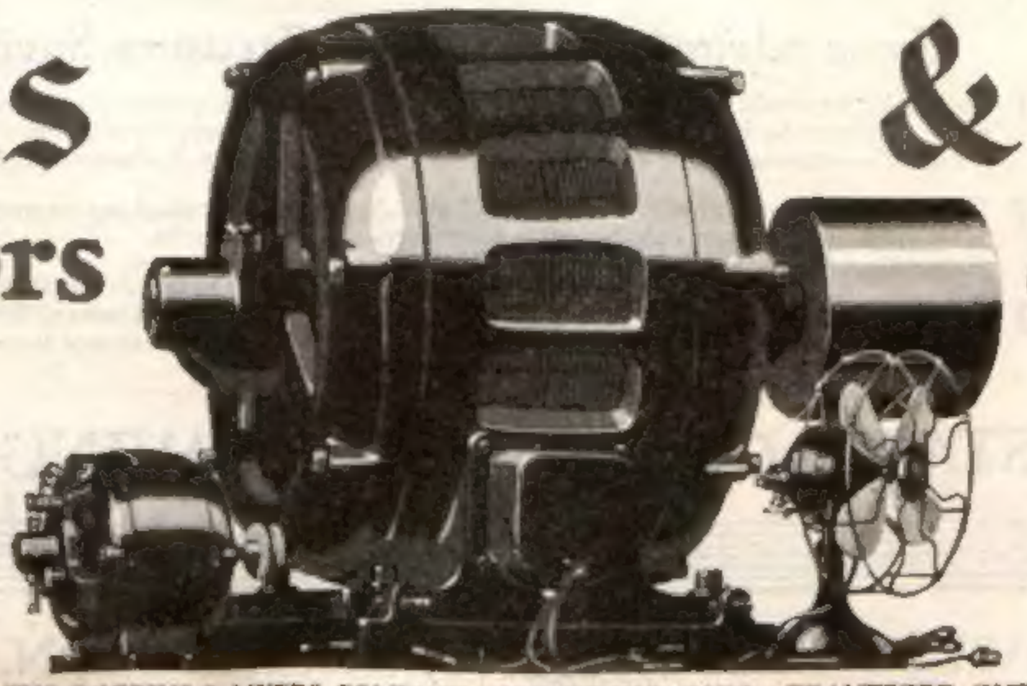
"Old Thirty-Four" is still there, giving its full 2½ horsepower in daily service. Keeping it company are ten other R&M veterans of '99 and scores of modern R&M units installed when the Leffel plant was enlarged and rebuilt in 1920. Trust the foremost hydro-electric engineers to know motors!

You, too, can enjoy the long, dependable, satisfactory service of R&M Motors. They are made for every purpose in sizes from 1/40 to 150 horsepower. Specify "R&M" for all power purposes and look for the R&M name plate when you buy motor-driven household or office appliances, or fans.

How long will an R&M Motor last? That remains for time to determine, for there are thousands of R&M Motors that, like No. 34, have been working for twenty-three years or more and seem good for years to come.

Robbins & Myers

Motors and Fans



THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · BRANTFORD, ONT.

Don't Forget — Bon Ami is made in both Cake and Powder form!

Most everybody uses Bon Ami to keep their windows and mirrors crystal clear—but do you know that Bon Ami is also without an equal for cleaning and polishing

Fine Kitchen Utensils	Bathtubs
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

Whether you use the cake or powder form of Bon Ami is largely a matter of taste—one is just as good as the other. For some things housewives prefer the cake—for others the soft powder in its handy sifter top can.

In either form Bon Ami is far better than the old-fashioned gritty cleaners that *scratch* off the dirt. Bon Ami *absorbs* dirt—it doesn't grind it away—and so it's safe to use on any surface.

One should really keep both a can and a cake of Bon Ami always on hand—there are so many uses for these popular partners in cleanliness.

BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Luscious Summer Freshness *for* Winter Breakfasts

BREAKFASTS can be both more delicious and more healthful—particularly *winter* breakfasts—if sliced oranges are the regular fruit course.

For oranges bring delightful *summer freshness* to those winter meals. And that is of real importance according to the best known food authorities.

More Raw Foods

The nutrition experts everywhere are warning against too many cooked foods. Raw, green vegetables and fresh fruits are strongly urged for their fine vitamine content.

Fresh, ripe, luscious oranges are available throughout the year. And because of their rare appetizing qualities, due to their natural salts and acids, they are the finest every-day fruit known.

Especially desirable if you eat ham and eggs or other meat at breakfast because oranges, although called "acid fruit," have an alkaline reaction in the blood and thus act as an *offset* to the excess acidity often caused by such good and necessary foods as eggs and meat.

Do you know another breakfast dish that tastes so good and renders equal *service* at the same time?

Order a dozen now, and start the every-morning orange habit in *your* home.

Serve healthful oranges with sliced bananas as a "raw food" dessert of the most attractive kind.

Perhaps you prefer an orange whole, like millions who have this most beneficial of all eating habits.

Best for

Peeling

Slicing

Separating

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Real Orange Juice

You are now able to get pure orangeade between meals at soda fountains. Look for the machine described at the right, and stop in at those stores to try a glass.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
Dept. 112, Los Angeles, California

Look For This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the Sunkist Electric Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.